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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
FELICIA HEMANS



MRS. HEMANS.

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OF
FELICIA HEMANS

INTRODUCTION
BY
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FELICIA HEMANS

SENTIMENT without passion, and suffering without abjection—these, along with a deep religious sense, and with the gifts of a brilliant mind taking the poetical direction through eager sympathy and some genuine vocation, constitute the life of Mrs. Hemans. Whatever may be the deservings of the poems in other respects, they do not fail to convey to the reader a certain impression of beauty, felt to be inherent as much in the personality of the authoress as in her writings : they show as being the outcome of a beautiful life, and in fact they are so. The impression which the reader will thus have received from perusing the poems is not only confirmed but intensified when he knows the events of the writer's life.

Felicia Dorothea Browne, born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September 1793, was daughter of a merchant of considerable eminence, a native of Ireland, belonging to a branch of the Sligo family. Her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was partly Italian and partly German by extraction, her father having held the post of Consul at Liverpool for the Austrian and Tuscan Governments. The surname Wagner was in reality a corruption from the illustrious Venetian name Veniero, borne by three Doges, and by the Commander of the fleet of the Republic at the great battle of Lepanto. Felicia was the fifth child in a family of seven, of whom one died in infancy ; she was distinguished, almost from her cradle, by extreme beauty and precocious talents. " The full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early " is one of the expressions used by the poetess's sister in describing the former at the age of fifteen. This reference to " early fading " appears to be intended to apply rather to the death of Mrs. Hemans when only in her forty-second year, and to the ravages of disease in the few years preceding, than to any loss of comeliness in mature womanhood. An engraved portrait of her by the American artist William E. West, one of three which he painted in 1827, shows us that Mrs Hemans, at the age of thirty-four, was eminently pleasing and good-looking, with an air of amiability and sprightly gentleness, and of confiding candour which, while none the less perfectly womanly, might almost be termed childlike in its limpid depth. The features are correct and harmonious ; the eyes full ; and the contour amply and elegantly rounded. In height she was neither tall nor short. A sufficient wealth of naturally clustering hair, golden in early youth, but by this time of a rich auburn, shades the capacious but not over-developed forehead, and the lightly-pencilled eyebrows. The bust and form have the fullness of a mature period of life ; and it would appear that Mrs Hemans was somewhat short-necked and high-shouldered, partly detracting from delicacy of proportion, and of general aspect or impression on the eye. We

would rather judge of her by this portrait (which her sister pronounces a good likeness) than by another engraved in Mr Chorley's *Memorials*. This latter was executed in Dublin in 1831 by a young artist named Edward Robinson. It makes Mrs Hemans look younger than in the earlier portrait by West, and may on that ground alone be surmised unfaithful; and, though younger, it also makes her heavier and less refined.

The childhood of Felicia Browne was probably rendered all the happier by a commercial reverse which befell her father before she was seven years of age. The family hereupon removed to Wales, and for nine years they lived at Gwrych near Abergele in Denbighshire, close to the sea and amid mountains. This was the very scene for the poetically-minded child to enjoy, and to have her powers nurtured by: a great love of nature, and in particular an affectionate delight in Wales, its people and associations, constantly traceable in her writings, followed as an almost necessary consequence. Her mother, a most amiable and excellent woman, fully qualified to carry on her daughter's education, devoted the most careful attention to this object, and was repaid by an unswerving depth and constancy of love. A large library was kept in the house, and Felicia drew heavily upon its stores: a pretty picture is presented to the mind's eye, and would be not unworthy of realization by art, in the anecdote that it was her habit, at the age of six, to read Shakespeare while seated in the branches of an apple-tree. Along with great rapidity of comprehension, she had a memory of surprising retentiveness, and would repeat whole pages of poetry after a single reading. At the age of about eleven she passed a winter in London, and was there again in the following year—never afterwards.

In 1808—age fourteen—Felicia first appears as an authoress. She published a volume of poems which got abused in some review: this was the only time that really harsh criticism befell her. The mishap so far affected the impressionable damsel as to keep her in bed some days: but she surmounted it pretty soon, and resumed writing. In the same year she wrote a poem named *England and Spain*; being then under the influence of military enthusiasm arising from the events of the Peninsular War, in which one of her brothers was serving: another of them was also in the army, and in the same regiment, the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The next year was a momentous one in the life of Felicia Browne. She met Captain Hemans, of the 4th (or King's Own) Regiment, an officer not rich in purse, but having advantages, as we are informed, both of person and education: he professed admiration of the bewitching girl, and she gave him her love. He shortly had to return to Spain; and nearly three years elapsed before they again met. Meanwhile, in 1809, the Browne family removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph in Flintshire; and in 1812, for the second and last time, appeared a volume of poetry bearing the name of Felicia Dorothea Browne, *The Domestic Affections, and Other Poems*. In the summer of 1812 she married the man of her choice.

Biographers have not permitted us to know distinctly whether or

not the conjugal life of Mrs. Hemans was happy, or what Captain Hemans might possibly have found to say on the subject : at any rate, it was a short one, practically speaking. The wedded couple resided at first at Daventry in Northamptonshire, where the Captain was Adjutant to the County Militia : here they remained about a year, and here was born their son Arthur, the first of a family of five, all of whom were boys. They then went to live with Mrs. Hemans' own family at Bronwylfa ; her mother was now at the head of the house, as her father, having resumed the mercantile career, had gone out to Quebec, where finally he died. In 1818 Captain Hemans resolved to go to the south of Europe "for the sake of his health"—a very inconvenient motive, or a highly convenient one according to circumstances ; he had suffered much from the vicissitudes of a military life, especially during the retreat to Corunna, and afterwards through fever caught in the Walcheren expedition. He departed just before the birth of his fifth son ; went to Rome ; and there settled down. The parting proved to be a final one. It might have been fancied that even the shattered frame of a young officer who had survived Corunna and Walcheren would suffice for the effort of coming to Wales, England, or Ireland, at some time between 1818 and 1835, so as to behold a wife whom he had left in the bloom of youth and loveliness, and whose literary fame, for many years succeeding his departure, lent an ever-brightening lustre to the name of Hemans, and so as to get a glimpse of his five promising boys. But this was not to be : for some reason or other, not defined to us, even the charms of Bronwylfa, with a wife, five sons, and a resident mother-in-law, did not relax the tenacious grasp which Italy and Rome obtained on Captain Hemans. Or again it might have seemed conceivable that not only Captain Hemans but also his wife, the author of *Lays of Many Lands*, sensitive to the historic and romantic associations of such a country as Italy, would find it compatible with her liking as well as her duties to pay a visit to Rome, or possibly to make it her permanent dwelling-place. As to this, it may perhaps be inferred, in a general way, that the family affections of daughter and mother were more dominant and vivid in Mrs. Hemans than conjugal love : her intense feeling of the sacredness of home, which it would be both idle and perverse to contest, may have set before her, as more binding and imperative, the duties of service to her own mother, and of guidance to her own children, than the more equal, passionate, and in some sense self-indulgent relation between wife and husband. However, abandoning conjecture, it may be best here to transcribe the reticent hints on the subject which are given by the poetess's sister Mrs. Hughes, in her Memoir, and which show that the *de facto* separation between Captain and Mrs. Hemans depended partly upon general considerations of family obligation, and partly upon special circumstances not clearly indicated, but apparently reflecting more or less on the marital deportment of the Captain. "It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well

known that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful ; yet it must be stated that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation ; and, from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again.”

With this incident of the lifelong separation between her husband and herself, anything of a romantic character in the occurrences of Mrs. Hemans’ career comes to a close ; although the colouring of light-toned romance in her mind and writings never died out, but to the last continued to permeate, enliven, and beautify, that other element and staple of her life, its sweet and earnest domesticity. Now we have only to contemplate the loving daughter, glad, as long as fate permitted, to escape being the head of a household, although invested with the matronly dignity proper to the motherhood of five boys. We see in her the not less deeply affectionate, tender, and vigilant mother ; the admired and popular poetess, distinguished and soon burdened by applause ; shortly afterwards the cureless invalid, marked out for an early death, towards which she progresses with a lingering but undeviating rapidity—calm in conscience, bright and cheerful in mind, full of faith and hope for eternity, and of the gentlest charities of life for her brief residue of time.

In 1818, before the departure of her husband, Mrs. Hemans had published a volume of poetical Translations ; and about the same time she wrote *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy*, and *Modern Greece*, and other poems which were afterwards included in the series named *Tales and Historic Scenes*. In 1820 she brought out *The Sceptic* : a mild performance which some still milder-minded disbeliever found of convincing efficacy, assuring Mrs. Hemans, in a personal interview not long before her death, that it had wrought his conversion to the Christian religion. In the same year she made the acquaintance of the Rev. Reginald (afterwards Bishop) Heber, then Rector of Hodnet—the first eminent literary personage whom she knew well. He encouraged her in the composition of another poem destined to extirpate religious error, entitled *Superstition and Revelation* : it had been begun some while before this, and was never distinctly abandoned, but remained uncompleted. Towards this time also Mrs. Hemans wrote a set of papers in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* on Foreign Literature ; almost the only prose that she ever published, and serving chiefly as a vehicle for poetic translations. She obtained two literary prizes for poems, and her ambition was equal to the composition of a five-act tragedy intended for stage-representation—*The Vespers of Palermo*. This was a work that occupied some time. At last, after she had received £210 for the copyright of the tragedy, it was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 12th of December 1823. No doubt the authoress’ own hopes were not alto-

gether low as to the success of the piece, and her friends were in high expectancy. Young and Charles Kemble took the principal male characters: Miss Kelly appeared as Constance. The acting of this lady is said, fairly or unfairly, to have been disastrous to the piece: it proved "all but a failure," and was withdrawn after the opening night, and never reproduced in London. Not long afterwards, however, the tragedy was acted in Edinburgh, and with a considerable measure of success. Mrs. Hemans' talent was not of the dramatic kind. Perhaps there never yet was a good five-act stage-tragedy written by a woman; and certainly the peculiar tone and tint of Mrs. Hemans' faculty were not such as to supply the deficiency which she, merely as a woman, was almost certain to evince. Even as a narrative poet, not to speak of the drama, she shows to no sort of advantage: her personages not having anything of a *full-bodied* character, but wavering between the romantically criminal and the longwindedly virtuous—poor supposititious creatures, inflated and diluted. Something better may nevertheless be said for the second of her tragedies, *The Siege of Valencia*, published in 1823 along with *Belshazzar's Feast* and some other poems. Besides the two dramas of *The Vespers of Palermo* and *The Siege of Valencia*, Mrs. Hemans began likewise two others—*De Châtillon, or the Crusaders*, and *Sebastian of Portugal*: neither of these was finished.

Soon before the production of *The Vespers of Palermo* on the stage, she had taken up with great zest the study of the German language; and her *Lays of Many Lands*, published in 1826, were to a considerable extent suggested by Herder's work, *Stimmen der Völker in Liedern*. The same volume contained her poem of *The Forest Sanctuary*, which had occupied her in the latter part of 1824 and commencement of 1825: this she was disposed to regard as her finest work. It is the most important of her narrative or semi-narrative poems, and, as compared with the others of that class, may reasonably claim a preference, without our committing ourselves to any very high eulogium upon it. The *Records of Woman* followed in 1828, being the first of the authoress' works that Messrs. Blackwood published: into this series she put more of her personal feeling than into any of the others. In the summer of 1830 appeared the *Songs of the Affections*, being the last of her publications prior to her departure for Ireland.

Meanwhile the course of her private life had been marked only by such variations as removal of residence, and by one deep and irreparable affliction in the death of her beloved mother on the 11th of January 1827, followed soon afterwards by the failure of her own health. The first removal, in the spring of 1825, had been from Bronwylfa to Rhyl-lon, a house distant from the former only about a quarter of a mile: here she settled along with her mother, sister, and four boys—the eldest son being then at a school at Bangor. For a time also her second brother, Major Browne, afterwards Commissioner of Police in Dublin, and his wife, resided in the same house, on their return from Canada. Rhyl-lon, though with attractive surroundings, was a much less picturesque house than Bronwylfa; but this brief period of Mrs. Hemans' life proved to be probably the happiest that she had passed

since childhood. Besides many sources of tranquil domestic satisfaction, and for awhile a somewhat firmer condition of her own health, she was in the enjoyment of a considerable reputation not now confined to her native country, for the fame of her poems had spread to America, and flourished there with extraordinary vigour. She was at one time invited to emigrate to Boston, and there conduct a periodical under an arrangement which would have secured her an income. Her literary correspondence became very large ; and gradually the urgencies of editors of annuals, owners of albums, and other such predacious assailants of leisure and patience, besieged and waylaid her to a burdensome and harassing extent. In the summer of 1828 she paid a visit to some friends at Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Her health was now exceedingly frail, with palpitation of the heart, and inflammatory and other distressing symptoms, frequently aggravated by her exceeding carelessness in all matters affecting herself. Her friends induced her to take medical advice, and she was directed to assume a reclining posture as often as practicable. Another consequence of this visit was her resolution to move to the village of Wavertree, chiefly with a view to the better education of her three younger boys : the two others, at the same time that their mother quitted Wales in the autumn, went away to Rome, to the care of their father. Mrs. Hemans' sister had married, her brother was appointed to a post in Ireland, and the cherished Welsh home was thus irremediably broken up. The residence at Wavertree, however, turned out unsatisfactory : Mrs. Hemans did not find it healthy for herself, nor its educational advantages equal to her expectations. She had some friends in Liverpool whom she liked, more especially the Chorley family : but for the most part was oppressed by the importunities of undiscerning and uncongenial neighbours, upon whom, moreover, she often failed even to produce a favourable impression. She was regarded as odd—"wore a veil on her head, like no one else" (as is shown indeed in Mr. West's portrait of her) : and she, for her part, could hardly be induced to go into any general society, and would fain have got a friend "to procure her a dragon to be kept in her courtyard," as a protection against intruders. Her house was itself very small, and on her arrival comfortless : but she managed to make it comparatively elegant. She now conceived a great passion for music, and, in the winter of 1830 and ensuing spring, applied herself to the study of the art under Zeugheer Herrmann, receiving also some assistance from a well-known amateur, Mr. Lodge. She so far cultivated her faculty in music as to be able to invent airs for some of her own lyrics. Playing on the harp and the pianoforte had been among her earlier accomplishments : and her voice was naturally good, but failed in youth owing to the weakness of her chest.

The residence at Wavertree was varied by excursions to Scotland and to the Lake country. In July 1829 she paid a visit to Mr. Hamilton, the author of *Cyril Thornton*, at Chiefswood near Abbotsford, and saw a great deal of Sir Walter Scott. Two of his kindly compliments to Mrs. Hemans have been preserved in her sister's record. "I should say you had too many gifts, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to

give pleasure to those around you"; and afterwards at leave-taking, "There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of those." The Scotch trip included visits to Yarrow, Abbotsford, and Edinburgh, and sitting for a bust to Mr. Angus Fletcher. The excursion to the Lakes of Westmoreland took place in the following year, 1830: the poetess went to Wordsworth's house, Rydal Mount, with her son Charles; and, on afterwards moving to a neighbouring cottage named Dove's Nest, overlooking Windermere, was joined by her two other boys from Wavertree. Mrs. Hemans' letters show how much she liked Wordsworth, both poetically and personally: she found him more impulsive than she had expected, and greatly enjoyed his fine reading, and the frequent touches of poetry in his talk. Nor was her admiration unresponded to, as proved by the lines which Wordsworth devoted to her memory but a few years afterwards—

"Mourn rather for that holy spirit
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For her who ere her summer faded
Has sunk into a breathless sleep."

She left Dove's Nest towards the middle of August, and revisited Scotland, and then re-entered Wales by way of Dublin and Holyhead.

As the experiment of Wavertree had proved disappointing, and as her brother Major Browne was now settled in Ireland, Mrs. Hemans determined to take up her residence in Dublin from the following spring. In the late autumn of 1830 therefore she saw her last of Bronwylla, and towards the close of April 1831 she quitted Wavertree and England, never (as it was fated) to return. She passed a few weeks in Dublin; then stayed at her brother's house, the Hermitage, near Kilkenny; and in the early autumn was finally domiciled in the Irish capital. At first she dwelt in Upper Pembroke Street; afterwards at No. 36, Stephen's Green; and thirdly at a house which proved more comfortable, and in which her life came to a close, 20, Dawson Street. In Dublin, as before at Wavertree, Mrs. Hemans lived retired from society, but in familiar intercourse with a few sterling friends, among whom were Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Archbishop and Mrs. Whately, and the Rev. Blanco White. Her health was in a very shattered state, the palpitation of the heart continuing, and being attended by frequent fainting-fits. Every now and then, however, she rallied, and it was still possible for her friends to flatter their hearts with hope; and the gentle sweetness and even playfulness of her temper, mingled with tender sentiment and ever-deepening religious impressions, never failed her. She now had to pass a great part of her time lying on a sofa.

After her settlement in Ireland Mrs. Hemans published the following volumes of poetry—her prevailing tendency being at this period towards themes of a religious character. Early in 1834, the *Hymns for Childhood* were first issued from the home press, in Dublin—having previously, however, as far back as 1824, appeared in an American edition. The *National Lyrics* were collected, and produced by the

same Dublin publishers, almost simultaneously with the *Hymns for Childhood*; and were succeeded, at no long interval, by the *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, which volume obtained much applause. This was the last publication during her lifetime. She afterwards wrote *Despondency and Aspiration*, and dictated the series of sonnets named *Thoughts during Sickness*: the last composition of all was the *Sabbath Sonnet*, produced on the 26th of April, only twenty days prior to her death.

The other events of the last two years of Mrs. Hemans' life may be very briefly summarized: fatal illness, and the attentions of relatives and friends, are nearly all that the record includes. Not only her brother and his wife, but also her sister Mrs. Hughes, with the husband of the latter, were with her with more or less continuity. In May 1833 her son Claude went to America, to engage in commercial life; another son, Willoughby, was employed on the Ordnance Survey in the north of Ireland: Charles, and during his holidays Henry, tended her affectionately. The latter, shortly before his mother's death, was unexpectedly appointed to a clerkship in the Admiralty by Sir Robert Peel, who added "a most munificent donation." In July 1834 Mrs. Hemans caught a fever: she went to the county of Wicklow for the sake of her health, but here another illness, scarlet fever, assailed her. Returning to Dublin, and being ordered to pass as much time as possible in the open air, she caught a cold, through having sat out too long reading in the gardens of the Dublin Society, where an autumnal fog overtook her: the cold was followed by ague, and this, with a hectic fever which supervened, may be regarded as the final stage in her disease, now mainly of a dropsical character. At the beginning of March 1835, after spending some while at Redesdale, the seat of her attached friends the Whatelys, she returned to Dublin, having almost lost the use of her limbs; and on the 16th of May, without a sigh or movement, she ceased to live. She lies buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin.

Mrs. Hemans, while sprightly, versatile, and conversible, was not the less of a very retiring disposition, shrinking from self-display, and the commonplaces of a public reputation. Her character was extremely guileless. Notwithstanding her exceeding sensitiveness—which extended not only to the affections and interests of life, but to such outer matters as the sound of the wind at night, the melancholy of the sea-shore, and in especial (though there was no reason for this in any personal occurrences) to the sadness of burials at sea—she was yet very free from mere ordinary nervous alarms. "My spirits," she once wrote, "are as variable as the lights and shadows now flitting with the wind over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes when I can scarcely define the cause. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety." Her conversation was various and brilliant, with a total freedom from literary pretence. She had a strong perception of the ludicrous, but abstained from sarcasm or ill-nature, more especially as weapons against any who had injured or neglected her; and personal or invidious literary gossip was her aversion. She would not

permit herself to be vexed at small things: but was wont to quote the saying of Madame L'Espinasse (applying it no doubt chiefly to the severance of her matrimonial ties), "Un grand chagrin tue tout le reste." She had a keen dislike to any sort of coarseness in conversation or in books, and would often tear out peccant pages from volumes in her possession. Her accomplishments were considerable, and not merely superficial. She knew French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in mature life German, and was not unacquainted with Latin. She had some taste and facility not only in music (as already referred to), but likewise in drawing; and some of her sketches of localities have served for vignettes in the copyright edition of her complete works. Her poetry was often written with a readiness approaching improvisation: this she felt as in some degree a blemish, and towards the close of her life she regretted having often had to write in a haphazard way, so as to supply means for the education of her sons. Byron, Shelley, and Madame de Staël, were among the writers she was in the habit of quoting. Jealousy of contemporary female writers, prominent in the public eye, was unknown to her gentle and true-hearted nature: Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher) was among her intimates, and she indulged herself in friendly correspondence with Miss Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, and others. The first-named of these ladies, Mrs. Fletcher (whose death preceded that of her friend by about a year), has, in her book named *The Three Histories*, described Mrs. Hemans under the name of Egeria; and, as the faithfulness of the portrait, allowing for some degree of idealization, is attested by Mrs. Hughes, I am induced to repeat it here:—"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute: but *I* never saw one so exquisitely feminine. Her birth, her education, but above all the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a 'golden finger.' Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her. Her knowledge was extensive and various; but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound: there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition; the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections. These would sometimes make her weep at a word—at others, imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken with the wind.' Her voice was a sad sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

Golden lamps hid in a night of green,

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and, if in her depression she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

In Mrs. Hemans' poetry there is (as already observed) a large measure of beauty, and, along with this, very considerable skill. Aptitude and delicacy in versification, and a harmonious balance in the treatment of the subject, are very generally apparent: if we accept the key-note as right, we may with little misgiving acquiesce in what follows on to the close. Her skill, however, hardly rises into the loftier region of art: there is a gift, and culture added to the gift, but not a great native faculty working in splendid independence, or yet more splendid self-discipline. Her sources of inspiration being genuine, and the tone of her mind feminine in an intense degree, the product has no lack of sincerity: and yet it leaves a certain artificial impression, rather perhaps through a cloying flow of "right-minded" perceptions of moral and material beauty than through any other defect. "Balmy" it may be: but the atmosphere of her verse is by no means bracing. One might sum up the weak points in Mrs. Hemans' poetry by saying that it is not only "feminine" poetry (which under the circumstances can be no imputation, rather an encomium) but also "female" poetry: besides exhibiting the fineness and charm of womanhood, it has the monotone of mere sex. Mrs. Hemans has that love of good and horror of evil which characterize a scrupulous female mind; and which we may most rightly praise without concluding that they favour poetical robustness, or even perfection in literary form. She is a leader in that very modern phalanx of poets who persistently co-ordinate the impulse of sentiment with the guiding power of morals or religion. Everything must convey its "lesson," and is indeed set forth for the sake of its lesson: but must at the same time have the emotional gush of a spontaneous sentiment. The poet must not write because he has something of his own to say, but because he has something *right* to feel and say. Lamartine was a prophet in this line. After allowing all proper deductions, however, it may be gratefully acknowledged that Mrs. Hemans takes a very honourable rank among poetesses; and that there is in her writings much which both appeals, and deserves to appeal, to many gentle, sweet, pious, and refined souls, in virtue of its thorough possession of the same excellent gifts. According to the spiritual or emotional condition of her readers, it would be found that a poem by this authoress which to one reader would be graceful and tender would to another be touching, and to a third poignantly pathetic. The first we can suppose to be a man, and the third a woman; or the first a critic, the second a "poetical reader," and the third a sensitive nature, attuned to sympathy by suffering.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

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THE FOREST SANCTUARY

Ihr Plätze aller meiner stillen Freuden,
Euch lass' ich hinter mir auf immerdar!

So ist des Geistes Ruf an mich ergangen,
Mich treibt nicht eitles, irdisches verlangen.

Die Jungfrau von Orleans.

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds.

Remorse; a Tragedy.

[The following poem is intended to describe the mental conflicts, as well as outward sufferings, of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, in the sixteenth century, takes refuge, with his child, in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself, amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.]

PART FIRST

I

THE voices of my home!—I hear
them still!

They have been with me through
the dreamy night—

The blessed household voices, wont
to fill

My heart's clear depths with un-
alloyed delight!

I hear them still, unchanged:
though some from earth

Are music parted, and the tones of
mirth—

Wild, silvery tones, that rang
through days more bright—

Have died in others; yet to me
they come

Singing of boyhood back—the voices
of my home!

II

They call me through this hush of
woods reposing

In the grey stillness of the summer
morn;

They wander by when heavy
flowers are closing,

And thoughts grow deep, and
winds and stars are born.

Even as a fount's remembered
gushings burst

On the parched traveller in his
hour of thirst,

E'en thus they haunt me with
sweet sounds, till worn

By quenchless longings, to my soul
I say—

Oh! for the dove's swift wings, that
I might flee away.

III

And find mine ark! Yet whither?
I must bear

A yearning heart within me to the
grave.

I am of those o'er whom a breath
of air—

Just darkening in its course the
lake's bright wave,

And sighing through the feathery
canes—hath power

To call up shadows, in the silent
hour,

From the dim past, as from a
wizard's cave!

So must it be! These skies above
me spread:

Are they my own soft skies?—Ye
rest not here, my dead!

IV

Ye far amidst the southern flowers
lie sleeping,

Your graves all smiling in the sun-
shine clear;

Save one! a blue, lone, distant
main is sweeping

High o'er *one* gentle head. Ye
rest not here !—
'Tis not the olive, with a whisper
swaying,
Not thy low rippings, glassy water,
playing
Through my own chestnut groves
which fill mine ear ;
But the faint echoes in my breast
that dwell,
And for their birthplace moan, as
moans the ocean-shell.

V

Peace !—I will dash these fond
regrets to earth,
Even as an eagle shakes the cum-
bering rain
From his strong pinion. Thou
that gav'st me birth
And lineage, and once home,—my
native Spain !
My own bright land—my father's
land—my child's !
What hath thy son brought from
thee to the wilds ?
He hath brought marks of torture
and the chain—
Traces of things which pass not as
a breeze ;
A blighted name, dark thoughts,
wrath, woe—thy gifts are these !

VI

A blighted name ! I hear the
winds of morn—
Their sounds are not of this ! I
hear the shiver
Of the green reeds, and all the
rustlings, borne
From the high forest, when the
light leaves quiver :
Their sounds are not of this !—the
cedars, waving,
Lend it no tone : His wide savan-
nahs laving, [river !
It is not murmured by the joyous
What part hath mortal name,
where God alone
Speaks to the mighty waste, and
through its heart is known ?

VII

Is it not much that I may worship
Him
With nought my spirit's breathings
to control,

And feel His presence in the vast
and dim,
And whispery woods, where dying
thunders roll
From the far cataracts ? Shall I
not rejoice
That I have learned at last to
know *His* voice
From man's ? I will rejoice !—
my soaring soul
Now hath redeemed her birthright
of the day.
And won, through clouds, to Him her
own unfettered way !

VIII

And thou, my boy ! that silent at
my knee
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark,
earnest eyes,
Filled with the love of childhood,
which I see
Pure through its depths, a thing
without disguise ;
Thou that hast breathed in slumber
on my breast,
When I have checked its throbs to
give thee rest,
Mine own ! whose young thoughts
fresh before me rise !
Is it not much that I may guide thy
prayer,
And circle thy glad soul with free and
healthful air ?

IX

Why should I weep on thy bright
head, my boy ?
Within my father's halls thou wilt
not dwell,
Nor lift their banner, with a
warrior's joy, [who fell
Amidst the sons of mountain chiefs,
For Spain of old. Yet what if
rolling waves
Have borne us far from our ances-
tral graves ?
Thou shalt not feel thy bursting
heart rebel,
As mine hath done ; nor bear
what I have borne,
Casting in falsehood's mould the
indignant brow of scorn.

X

This shall not be thy lot, my
blessed child !

I have not sorrowed, struggled,
lived in vain.
Hear me ! magnificent and ancient
wild ;
And mighty rivers, ye that meet
the main,
As deep meets deep ; and forests,
whose dim shade
The flood's voice, and the wind's,
by swells pervade ;
Hear me ! 'Tis well to die, and not
complain ;
Yet there are hours when the
charged heart must speak,
E'en in the desert's ear to pour itself,
or break !

XI

I see an oak before me : it hath
been
The crowned one of the woods ;
and might have flung
Its hundred arms to heaven,
still freshly green ;
But a wild vine around the stem
hath clung,
From branch to branch close
wreaths of bondage throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no
tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died those ser-
pent folds among.
Alas ! alas ! what is it that I
see ?
An image of man's mind, land of my
sires, with thee !

XII

Yet art thou lovely ! Song is on
thy hills :
O sweet and mournful melodies of
Spain,
That lulled my boyhood, how your
memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden-
wakening pain !
Your sounds are on the rocks :—
that I might hear
Once more the music of the moun-
taineer !
And from the sunny vales the
shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary
place
With the old tuneful names of Spain's
heroic race.

XIII

But there was silence one bright,
golden day,
Through my own pine-hung moun-
tains. Clear, yet lone,
In the rich autumn light the vine-
yards lay,
And from the fields the peasant's
voice was gone ;
And the red grapes untrodden
strewed the ground ;
And the free flocks, untended,
roamed around.
Where was the pastor ?—where the
pipe's wild tone ?
Music and mirth were hushed the
hills among,
While to the city's gates each hamlet
poured its throng.

XIV

Silence upon the mountains ! But
within
The city's gate a rush, a press, a
swell
Of multitudes, their torrent-way
to win ;
And heavy boomings of a dull deep
bell,
A dead pause following each—like
that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breath-
less hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell
after knell ;
And sounds of thickening steps,
like thunder rain
That plashes on the roof of some
vast echoing fane !

XV

What pageant's hour approached ?
The sullen gate
Of a strong ancient prison-house
was thrown
Back to the day. And who, in
mournful state,
Came forth, led slowly o'er its
threshold-stone ?
They that had learned, in cells of
secret gloom,
How sunshine is forgotten ! They
to whom
The very features of mankind were
grown
Things that bewildered ! O'er
their dazzled sight

They lifted their wan hands, and
covered before the light !

XVI

To this, man brings his brother !
Some were there,
Who, with their desolation, had entwined
Fierce strength, and girt the stern-
ness of despair
Fast round their bosoms, even as
warriors bind
The breastplate on for fight ; but
brow and cheek
Seemed *theirs* a torturing panoply
to speak !
And there were some, from whom
the very mind
Had been wrung out ; they smiled
—oh ! startling smile,
Whence man's high soul is fled !
Where doth it sleep the while ?

XVII

But onward moved the melan-
choly train,
For their false creeds in fiery pangs
to die. [Spain—
This was the solemn sacrifice of
Heaven's offering from the land
of chivalry !
Through thousands, thousands of
their race they moved—
Oh ! how unlike all others !—the
beloved,
The free, the proud, the beautiful !
whose eye
Grew fixed before them, while a
people's breath
Was hushed, and its one soul bound
in the thought of death !

XVIII

It might be that, amidst the
countless throng,
There swelled some heart with
pity's weight oppressed :
For the wide stream of human
love is strong ;
And woman, on whose fond and
faithful breast
Childhood is reared, and at whose
knee the sigh
Of its first prayer is breathed—she,
too, was nigh.
But life is dear, and the free foot-
step blessed,

And home a sunny place, where
each may fill
Some eye with glistening smiles,—
and therefore all were still.

XIX

All still,—youth, courage, strength !
—a winter laid,
A chain of palsy cast, on might
and mind !
Still, as at noon a southern forest's
shade,
They stood, those breathless masses
of mankind, [wave
Still, as a frozen torrent ! But the
Soon leaps to foaming freedom ;
they, the brave,
Endured—they saw the martyr's
place assigned
In the red flames—whence is the
withering spell
That numbs each human pulse ?
They saw, and thought it well.

XX

And I, too, thought it well ! That
very morn
From a far land I came, yet round
me clung
The spirit of my own. No hand
had torn
With a strong grasp away the
veil which hung
Between mine eyes and truth. I
gazed, I saw
Dimly, as through a glass. In
silent awe
I watched the fearful rites ; and if
there sprung
One rebel feeling from its deep
founts up,
Shuddering, I flung it back, as guilt's
own poison-cup.

XXI

But I was wakened as the dreamers
waken,
Whom the shrill trumpet and the
shriek of dread
Rouse up at midnight, when their
walls are taken,
And they must battle till their
blood is shed
On their own threshold floor. A
path for light
Through my torn breast was shat-
tered by the might

Of the swift thunder-stroke ; and
freedom's tread
Came in through ruins, late, yet
not in vain,
Making the blighted place all green
with life again.

XXII

Still darkly, slowly, as a sullen mass
Of cloud o'ersweeping, without
wind, the sky, [pass,
Dream-like I saw the sad procession
And marked its victims with a tear-
less eye.
They moved before me but as pic-
tures, wrought
Each to reveal some secret of
man's thought,
On the sharp edge of sad mortality ;
Till in his place came one—oh !
could it be ?
My friend, my heart's first friend !—
and did I gaze on thee !

XXIII

On thee ! with whom in boyhood
I had played,
At the grape-gatherings, by my
native streams ;
And to whose eye my youthful soul
had laid
Bare, as to the heaven's, its glowing
world of dreams ;
And by whose side midst warriors
I had stood,
And in whose helm was brought—
oh ! earned with blood !—
The fresh wave to my lips, when
tropic beams
Smote on my fevered brow ! Ay,
years had passed,
Severing our paths, brave friend !—
and *thus* we met at last !

XXIV

I see it still—the lofty mien thou
borest !
On my pale forehead sat a sense of
power—
The very look that once thou
brightly worst.
Cheering me onward through a
fearful hour,
When we were girt by Indian bow
and spear,
Midst the white Andes—even as
mountain deer,

Hemmed in our camp ; but through
the javelin shower
We rent our way, a tempest
of despair !
And thou—hadst thou but died
with thy true brethren there !

XXV

I call the fond wish back—for thou
hast perished
More nobly far, my Alvar !—
making known
The might of truth ; and be thy
memory cherished
With theirs, the thousands that
around her throne
Have poured their lives out smiling,
in that doom [tomb !
Finding a triumph, if denied a
Ay, with their ashes hath the wind
been sown,
And with the wind their spirit
shall be spread,
Filling man's heart and home with
records of the dead.

XXVI

Thou Searcher of the soul ! in
whose dread sight
Not the bold guilt alone that mocks
the skies,
But the scarce-owned unwhispered
thought of night,
As a thing written with the sun-
beam lies ;
Thou knowest—whose eye through
shade and depth can see,
That this man's crime was but to
worship thee,
Like those that made their heart
thy sacrifice,
The called of yore—wont by the
Saviour's side
On the dim Olive Mount to pray at
eventide.

XXVII

For the strong spirit will at times
awake,
Piercing the mists that wrap her
clay abode ;
And, born of thee, she may not
always take
Earth's accents for the oracles of
God ;
And even for this—O dust, whose
mask is power !

Reed, that wouldst be a scourge
thy little hour!
Spark, whereon yet the mighty
hath not trod,
And therefore thou destroyest!—
where were flown
Our hopes, if man were left to man's
decree alone!

XXVIII

But this I felt not yet. I could
but gaze
On him, my friend; while that
swift moment threw
A sudden freshness back on van-
ished days,
Like water-drops on some dim
picture's hue;
Calling the proud time up, when
first I stood
Where banners floated, and my
heart's quick blood [blew,
Sprang to a torrent as the clarion
And he—his sword was like a
brother's worn,
That watches through the field
his mother's youngest born.

XXIX

But a lance met me in that day's
career—
Senseless I lay amidst the o'er-
sweeping fight;
Wakening at last, how full, how
strangely clear,
That scene on memory flashed!—
the shivery light,
Moonlight, on broken shields—the
plain of slaughter,
The fountain-side, the low sweet
sound of water—
And Alvar bending o'er me—from
the night
Covering me with his mantle. All
the past
Flowed back; my soul's far chords
all answered to the blast.

XXX

Till, in that rush of visions, I
became
As one that, by the bands of
slumber wound,
Lies with a powerless but all-thrill-
ing frame,
Intense in consciousness of sight
and sound,

Yet buried in a wildering dream
which brings
Loved faces round him, girt with
fearful things!
Troubled even thus I stood, but
chained and bound
On that familiar form mine eye to
keep:
Alas! I might not fall upon his neck
and weep!

XXXI

He passed me, and what next? I
looked on two,
Following his footsteps to the same
dread place,
For the same guilt—his sisters!
Well I knew
The beauty on those brows, though
each young face
Was changed—so deeply changed!
—a dungeon's air
Is hard for loved and lovely things
to bear.
And ye, O daughters of a lofty
race,
Queen-like Theresa! radiant Inez!
—flowers
So cherished! were ye then but
reared for those dark hours?

XXXII

A mournful home, young sisters,
had ye left!
With your lutes hanging hushed
upon the wall,
And silence round the aged man,
bereft
Of each glad voice once answering
to his call.
Alas, that lonely father! doomed
to pine [decline;
For sounds departed in his life's
And, midst the shadowing banners
of his hall,
With his white hair to sit, and deem
the name
A hundred chiefs had borne, cast
down by you to shame!

XXXIII

And woe for you, midst looks and
words of love,
And gentle hearts and faces, nursed
so long!
How had I seen you in your beauty
move,

Wearing the wreath, and listening
to the song !—
Yet sat, even then, what seemed
the crowd to shun,
Half-veiled upon the pale clear
brow of one,
And deeper thoughts than oft to
youth belong—
Thoughts, such as wake to even-
ing's whispery sway,
Within the drooping shade of her
sweet eyelids lay.

xxxiv

And if she mingled with the festive
train,
It was but as some melancholy
star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on
the plain,
In its bright stillness present,
though afar.
Yet would she smile—and that, too,
hath its smile—
Circled with joy which reached
her not the while,
And bearing a lone spirit, not at
war
With earthly things, but o'er
their form and hue
Shedding too clear a light, too sorrow-
fully true.

xxxv

But the dark hours wring forth
the hidden might
Which hath lain bedded in the
silent soul, [night
A treasure all undreamt of,—as the
Calls out the harmonies of streams
that roll
Unheard by day. It seemed as if
her breast
Had hoarded energies, till then
suppressed
Almost with pain, and bursting
from control,
And finding first that hour their
pathway free :
Could a rose brave the storm, such
might her emblem be !

xxxvi

For the soft gloom whose shadow
still had hung
On her fair brow, beneath its gar-
lands worn,

Was fled ; and fire, like prophecy's,
had sprung
Clear to her kindled eye. It might
be scorn—
Pride—sense of wrong ; ay, the
frail heart is bound
By these at times, even as with
adamant round,
Kept so from breaking ! Yet not
thus upborne
She moved, though some sustaining
passion's wave
Lifted her fervent soul—a sister for
the brave !

xxxvii

And yet, alas ! to see the strength
which clings
Round woman in such hours !—a
mournful sight,
Though lovely !—an o'erflowing
of the springs,
The full springs of affection, deep
as bright ! [twined
And she, because her life is ever
With other lives, and by no stormy
wind
May thence be shaken, and because
the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her
eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—
therefore she thus can die.

xxxviii

Therefore didst *thou*, through that
heart-shaking scene,
As through a triumph move ; and
cast aside
Thine own sweet thoughtfulness
for victory's mien,
O faithful sister ! cheering thus
the guide,
And friend, and brother of thy
sainted youth,
Whose hand had led thee to the
source of truth,
Where thy glad soul from earth
was purified ;
Nor wouldst thou, following him
through all the past,
That he should see thy step grow
tremulous at last.

xxxix

For thou hadst made no deeper
love a guest

Midst thy young spirit's dreams,
 than that which grows
 Between the nurtured of the same
 fond breast,
 The sheltered of one roof; and
 thus it rose
 Twined in with life. How is it that
 the hours
 Of the same sport, the gathering
 early flowers
 Round the same tree, the sharing
 one repose,
 And mingling one first prayer in
 murmurs soft,
 From the heart's memory fade in
 this world's breath so oft?

XLI

But thee that breath had touched
 not; thee, nor him,
 The true in all things found!—and
 thou wert blest
 Even then, that no remembered
 change could dim
 The perfect image of affection
 pressed
 Like armour to thy bosom! Thou
 hadst kept
 Watch by thy brother's couch of
 pain, and wept,
 Thy sweet face covering with thy
 robe, when rest
 Fled from the sufferer; thou hadst
 bound his faith
 Unto thy soul; one light, one hope ye
 chose—one death.

XLI

So didst thou pass on brightly!—
 but for her,
 Next in that path, how may *her*
 doom be spoken!
 All Merciful! to think that such
 things were,
 And *are*, and seen by men with
 hearts unbroken!
 To think of that fair girl, whose
 path had been
 So strewn with rose-leaves, all one
 fairy scene!
 And whose quick glance came ever
 as a token
 Of hope to drooping thought, and
 her glad voice
 As a free bird's in spring, that makes
 the woods rejoice!

XLII

And she to die!—she loved the
 laughing earth
 With such deep joy in its fresh
 leaves and flowers!
 Was not her smile even as the sud-
 den birth
 Of a young rainbow, colouring
 vernal showers?
 Yes! but to meet her fawn-like
 step, to hear
 The gushes of wild song, so silvery
 clear,
 Which oft, unconsciously, in hap-
 pier hours
 Flowed from her lips, was to forget
 the sway
 Of Time and Death below, blight,
 shadow, dull decay!

XLIII

Could this change be? The hour,
 the scene, where last
 I saw that form, came floating
 o'er my mind:
 A golden vintage-eve; the heats
 were passed,
 And, in the freshness of the fan-
 ning wind,
 Her father sat where gleamed the
 first faint star
 Through the lime-boughs; and
 with her light guitar,
 She, on the greensward at his feet
 reclined,
 In his calm face laughed up; some
 shepherd lay
 Singing, as childhood sings on the lone
 hills at play.

XLIV

And now—oh! God—the bitter
 fear of death,
 The sore amaze, the faint o'er-
 shadowing dread,
 Had grasped her!—panting in her
 quick drawn breath,
 And in her white lips quivering.
 Onward led,
 She looked up with her dim be-
 wildered eyes,
 And there smiled out her own
 soft brilliant skies,
 Far in their sultry southern azure
 spread,
 Glowing with joy, but silent!—
 still they smiled,

Yet sent down no reprieve for earth's
poor trembling child.

XLV

Alas ! that earth had all too strong
a hold,
Too fast, sweet Inez ! on thy
heart, whose bloom
Was given to early love, nor knew
how cold
The hours which follow. There
was one, with whom
Young as thou wert, and gentle,
and untried,
Thou mightst, perchance, un-
shrinkingly have died :
But he was far away ; and with
thy doom
Thus gathering, life grew so
intensely dear,
That all thy slight frame shook with
its cold mortal fear !

XLVI

No aid ?—thou too didst pass !—
and all had passed
The fearful—and the desperate—
and the strong !
Some like the bark that rushes
with the blast,
Some like the leaf swept shiver-
ingly along ;
And some as men, that have but
one more field
To fight, and then may slumber
on their shield,—
Therefore they arm in hope. But
now the throng
Rolled on, and bore me with their
living tide,
Even as a bark wherein is left no
power to guide.

XLVII

Wave swept on wave. We reached
a stately square,
Decked for the rites. An altar
stood on high,
And gorgeous in the midst : a
place for prayer,
And praise, and offering. Could
the earth supply
No fruits, no flowers for sacrifice,
of all [fall ?
Which on her sunny lap unheeded
No fair young firstling of the flock
to die,

As when before their God the
patriarchs stood ?

Look down ! man brings thee,
heaven ! his brother's guiltless
blood !

XLVIII

Hear its voice, hear !—a cry goes
up to thee,
From the stained sod ; make
thou thy judgment known
On him the shedder !—let his
portion be
The fear that walks at midnight—
give the moan
In the wind haunting him, a
power to say,
“ Where is thy brother ? ”—and
the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit,
when alone,
With the dread splendour of their
burning eyes !
So shall earth own thy will—
Mercy, not sacrifice !

XLIX

Sounds of triumphant praise ! the
mass was sung—
Voices that die not might have
poured such strains !
Through Salem's towers might
that proud chant have rung
When the Most High, on Syria's
palmy plains,
Had quelled her foes !—so full
it swept, a sea
Of loud waves jubilant, and rolling
free !
—Oft when the wind, as through
resounding fanes,
Hath filled the choral forests with
its power,
Some deep tone brings me back the
music of that hour.

L

It died away ;—the incense-cloud
was driven
Before the breeze—the words of
doom were said ;
And the sun faded mournfully
from heaven :
He faded mournfully and dimly
red,
Parting in clouds from those that
looked their last,

And sighed—"Farewell, thou
sun!" Eve glowed and passed;
Night—midnight and the moon—
came forth and shed
Sleep, even as dew, on glen, wood,
peopled spot—
Save one—a place of death—and
there men slumbered not.

LI

'Twas not within the city—but in
sight
Of the snow-crowned sierras, freely
sweeping,
With many an eagle's eyrie on the
height,
And hunter's cabin, by the torrent
peeping
Far off: and vales between, and
vineyards lay,
With sound and gleam of waters
on their way,
And chestnut woods, that girt the
happy sleeping
In many a peasant home!—the
midnight sky
Brought softly that rich world round
those who came to die.

LII

The darkly glorious midnight sky
of Spain,
Burning with stars! What had
the torches' glare
To do beneath that temple, and
profane
Its holy radiance? By their
wavering flare,
I saw beside the pyres—I see thee
now,
O bright Theresa! with thy lifted
brow,
And thy clasped hands, and dark
eyes filled with prayer!
And thee, sad Inez! bowing thy
fair head,
And mantling up thy face, all colour-
less with dread!

LIII

And Alvar, Alvar!—I beheld thee
too,
Pale, steadfast, kingly: till thy
clear glance fell
On that young sister; then per-
turbed it grew,
And all thy labouring bosom
seemed to swell

With painful tenderness. Why
came I there,
That troubled image of my friend
to bear
Thence, for my after years?—a
thing to dwell
In my heart's core, and on the
darkness rise,
Disquieting my dreams with its bright
mournful eyes?

LIV

Why came I?—oh! the heart's
deep mystery! Why
In man's last hour doth vain affec-
tion's gaze
Fix itself down on struggling
agony,
To the dimmed eyeballs freezing
as they glaze?
It might be—yet the power to will
seemed o'er—
That my soul yearned to hear his
voice once more!
But mine was fettered!—mute in
strong amaze,
I watched his features as the night-
wind blew,
And torch-light or the moon's passed
o'er their marble hue.

LV

The trampling of a steed! A tall
white steed,
Rending his fiery way the crowds
among—
A storm's way through a forest—
came at speed,
And a wild voice cried "Inez!"
Swift she flung
The mantle from her face, and
gazed around,
With a faint shriek at that familiar
sound;
And from his seat a breathless rider
sprung,
And dashed off fiercely those who
came to part,
And rushed to that pale girl, and
clasped her to his heart.

LVI

And for a moment all around gave
way
To that full burst of passion! On
his breast,
Like a bird panting yet from fear,
she lay,

But blest—in misery's very lap—
yet blest !
Oh ! love, love, strong as death !—
from such an hour
Pressing out joy by thine immortal
power ;
Holy and fervent love ! had earth
but rest
For thee and thine, this world were
all too fair !
How could we thence be weaned to
die without despair ?

LVII

But she—as falls a willow from the
storm,
O'er its own river streaming—
thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her
fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately
twined
Around his neck—with such a
trusting fold,
A full deep sense of safety in their
hold,
As if nought earthly might the
embrace unbind !
Alas ! a child's fond faith, believing
still
Its mother's breast beyond the light-
ning's reach to kill !

LVIII

Brief rest ! upon the turning bil-
low's height
A strange sweet moment of some
heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts
of night,
That sweep the seas to foam ! Soon
dark again
The hour—the scene ; the intensely
present rushed
Back on her spirit, and her large
tears gushed
Like blood-drops from a victim—
with swift rain
Bathing the bosom where she
leaned that hour,
As if her life would melt into the
o'erswelling shower.

LIX

But he whose arm sustained her !—
oh ! I knew
'Twas vain !—and yet he hoped—
he fondly strove

Back from her faith her sinking
soul to woo,
As life might yet be hers ! A
dream of love
Which could not look upon so fair
a thing,
Remembering how like hope, like
joy, like spring,
Her smile was wont to glance, her
step to move,
And deem that men indeed, in very
truth,
Could mean the sting of death for her
soft flowering youth !

LX

He wooed her back to life. " Sweet
Inez, live !
My blessed Inez !—visions have
beguiled
Thy heart ; abjure them ! thou
wert formed to give
And to find joy ; and hath not
sunshine smiled
Around thee ever ? Leave me not,
mine own !
Or earth will grow dark !—for thee
alone,
Thee have I loved, thou gentlest !
from a child,
And borne thine image with me
o'er the sea,
Thy soft voice in my soul. Speak !
Oh ! yet live for me ! "

LXI

She looked up wildly ; there were
anxious eyes
Waiting that look—sad eyes of
troubled thought,
Alvar's—Theresa's ! Did her
childhood rise,
With all its pure and home-affec-
tions fraught,
In the brief glance ! She clasped
her hands—the strife
Of love, faith, fear, and that vain
dream of life,
Within her woman's breast so
deeply wrought,
It seemed as if a reed so slight and
weak
Must, in the rending storm not quiver
only—break !

LXII

And thus it was. The young
cheek flushed and faded,

As the swift blood in currents came
and went,
And hues of death the marble
brow o'ershaded,
And the sunk eye a watery lustre
sent
Through its white fluttering lids.
Then tremblings passed
O'er the frail form, that shook it
as the blast
Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit
rent
Its way to peace—the fearful way
unknown.
Pale in love's arms she lay—*she*!—
what had loved was gone!

LXIII

Joy for thee, trembler!—thou
redeemed one, joy!
Young dove set free!—earth, ashes,
soulless clay,
Remained for baffled vengeance to
destroy.
Thy chain was riven! Nor hadst
thou cast away
Thy hope in thy last hour!—
though love was there
Striving to wring thy troubled soul
from prayer,
And life seemed robed in beautiful
array,
Too fair to leave!—but this might
be forgiven,
Thou wert so richly crowned with
precious gifts of heaven!

LXIV

But woe for him who felt the heart
grow still,
Which, with its weight of agony,
had lain
Breaking on his! Scarcely could
the mortal chill
Of the hushed bosom, ne'er to
heave again,
And all the silence curdling round
the eye,
Bring home the stern belief that
she could die—
That she indeed could die!—for,
wild and vain
As hope might be, his soul *had*
hoped: 'twas o'er—
Slowly his failing arms dropped from
the form they bore.

LXV

They forced him from that spot.
It might be well,
That the fierce reckless words by
anguish wrung
From his torn breast, all aimless
as they fell,
Like spray-drops from the strife
of torrents flung,
Were marked as guilt. There are
who note these things
Against the smitten heart; its
breaking strings
—On whose low thrills once gentle
music hung—
With a rude hand of touch unholy
trying,
And numbering them as crimes, the
deep, strange tones replying.

LXVI

But ye in solemn joy, O faithful
pair!
Stood gazing on your parted
sister's dust;
I saw your features by the torch's
glare,
And they were brightening with a
heavenward trust!
I saw the doubt, the anguish, the
dismay,
Melt from my Alvar's glorious
mien away;
And peace was there—the calm-
ness of the just!
And, bending down the slumberer's
brow to kiss,
"Thy rest is won," he said, "sweet
sister! Praise for this!"

LXVII

I started as from sleep;—yes!—
he had spoken—
A breeze had troubled memory's
hidden source!
At once the torpor of my soul was
broken—
Thought, feeling, passion, woke
in tenfold force.
There are soft breathings in the
southern wind,
That so your ice-chains, O ye
streams! unbind,
And free the foaming swiftness of
your course!
I burst from those that held me
back, and fell

Even on his neck, and cried—
 "Friend! brother! fare thee well!"

LXVIII

Did *he* not say "Farewell?"
 Alas! no breath
 Came to mine ear. Hoarse mur-
 murs from the throng
 Told that the mysteries in the face
 of death
 Had from their eager sight been
 veiled too long.
 And we were parted as the surge
 might part
 Those that would die together,
 true of heart.
His hour was come—but in mine
 anguish strong,
 Like a fierce swimmer through the
 midnight sea,
 Blindly I rushed away from that
 which was to be.

LXIX

Away—away I rushed; but swift
 and high
 The arrowy pillars of the firelight
 grew,
 Till the transparent darkness of
 the sky
 Flushed to a blood-red mantle in
 their hue;
 And, phantom-like, the kindling
 city seemed
 To spread, float, wave, as on the
 wind they streamed,
 With their wild splendour chasing
 me! I knew
 The death-work was begun—I
 veiled mine eyes,
 Yet stopped in spell-bound fear to
 catch the victims' cries.

LXX

What heard I then?—a ringing
 shriek of pain,
 Such as for ever haunts the tor-
 tured ear?
 I heard a sweet and solemn-
 breathing strain
 Piercing the flame, untremulous
 and clear!
 The rich, triumphal tones!—I
 knew them well,
 As they came floating with a
 breezy swell!
 Man's voice was there—a clarion-
 voice to cheer

In the mid-battle—ay, to turn
 the flying;
 Woman's—that might have sung of
 heaven beside the dying!

LXXI

It was a fearful, yet a glorious
 thing
 To hear that hymn of martyrdom,
 and know
 That its glad stream of melody
 could spring
 Up from the unsounded gulfs of
 human woe!
 Alvar! Theresa!—what is deep?
 what strong?
 —God's breath within the soul!
 It filled that song
 From your victorious voices!
 But the glow
 On the hot air and lurid skies in-
 creased:
 Faint grew the sounds—more faint:
 I listened—they had ceased!

LXXII

And thou indeed hadst perished,
 my soul's friend!
 I might form other ties—but thou
 alone
 Couldst with a glance the veil of
 dimness rend,
 By other years o'er boyhood's
 memory thrown!
 Others might aid me onward: thou
 and I
 Had mingled the fresh thoughts
 that early die,
 Once flowering—never more! And
 thou wert gone!
 Who could give back my youth,
 my spirit free,
 Or be in aught again what thou
 hadst been to me?

LXXIII

And yet I wept thee not, thou true
 and brave!
 I could not weep—there gathered
 round thy name
 Too deep a passion. *Thou* denied
 a grave!
Thou, with the blight flung on thy
 soldier's fame!
 Had I not known thy heart from
 childhood's time?
 Thy heart of hearts?—and couldst
 thou die for crime?

No! had all earth decreed that
death of shame,
I would have set, against all earth's
decree,
The inalienable trust of my firm soul
in thee!

LXXIV

There are swift hours in life—
strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in
their might!
They shake down things that stood
as rocks and towers
Unto the undoubting mind; they
pour in light
Where it but startles—like a burst
of day
For which the uprooting of an oak
makes way;
They sweep the colouring mists
from off our sight;
They touch with fire thought's
graven page, the roll
Stamped with past years—and lo!
it shrivels as a scroll!

LXXV

And this was of such hours! The
sudden flow
Of my soul's tide seemed whelming
me; the glare
Of the red flames, yet rocking to
and fro,
Scorched up my heart with breath-
less thirst for air,
And solitude, and freedom. It
had been
Well with me then, in some vast
desert scene, [to bear
To pour my voice out, for the winds
On with them, wildly questioning
the sky,
Fiercely the untroubled stars, of
man's dim destiny.

LXXVI

I would have called, adjuring the
dark cloud;
To the most ancient heavens I
would have said—
"Speak to me! show me truth!"
—through night aloud
I would have cried to him, the
newly dead,
"Come back! and show me truth!"
My spirit seemed

Gasping for some free burst, its
darkness teemed
With such pent storms of thought!
Again I fled,
I fled, a refuge from man's face to
gain,
Scarce conscious when I paused,
entering a lonely fane.

LXXVII

A mighty minster, dim, and proud,
and vast!
Silence was round the sleepers
whom its floor
Shut in the grave; a shadow of
the past,
A memory of the sainted steps
that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement,
seemed to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude;
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-
clad men;
And all was hushed as night in some
deep Alpine glen.

LXXVIII

More hushed, far more!—for there
the wind sweeps by,
Or the woods tremble to the
stream's loud play; [sigh
Here a strange echo made my very
Seem for the place too much a
sound of day!
Too much my footsteps broke the
moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft
flow pervading,
And I stood still: prayer, chant
had died away;
Yet past me floated a funeral
breath
Of incense. I stood still—as before
God and death.

LXXIX

For thick ye girt me round, ye long
departed!
Dust—imaged forms—with cross,
and shield, and crest;
It seemed as if your ashes would
have started
Had a wild voice burst forth above
your rest!
Yet ne'er, perchance, did wor-
shipper of yore

Bear to your thrilling presence
 what *I* bore
 Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling
 in the breast!
 I could have poured out words,
 on that pale air,
 To make your proud tombs ring.
 No, no! I could not *there*!

LXXX

Not midst those aisles, through
 which a thousand years,
 Mutely as clouds, and reverently,
 had swept;
 Not by those shrines, which yet
 the trace of tears
 And kneeling votaries on their
 marble kept!
 Ye were too mighty in your pomp
 of gloom [tomb!
 And trophied age, O temple, altar,
 And you, ye dead!—for in that
 faith ye slept,
 Whose weight had grown a moun-
 tain's on my heart,
 Which could not *there* be loosed. I
 turned me to depart.

LXXXI

I turned: what glimmered faintly
 on my sight—
 Faintly, yet brightening as a wreath
 of snow
 Seen through dissolving haze?
 The moon, the night,
 Had waned, and down poured in—
 grey, shadowy, slow,
 Yet dayspring still! A solemn
 hue it caught,
 Piercing the storied windows,
 darkly fraught
 With stoles and draperies of im-
 perial glow;
 And, soft and sad, that colouring
 gleam was thrown
 Where, pale, a pictured form above
 the altar shone.

LXXXII

Thy form, thou Son of God!—a
 wrathful deep,
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest
 round Thee spread,
 And such a weight of night!—a
 night, when sleep
 From the fierce rocking of the
 billows fled.

A bark showed dim beyond Thee,
 with its mast
 Bowed, and its rent sail shivering
 to the blast;
 But, like a spirit in thy gliding
 tread,
 Thou, as o'er glass, didst walk that
 stormy sea
 Through rushing winds, which left a
 silent path for Thee.

LXXXIII

So still Thy white robes fell!—no
 breath of air
 Within their long and slumberous
 folds had sway.
 So still the waves of parted, sha-
 dowy hair
 From Thy clear brow flowed droop-
 ingly away!
 Dark were the heavens above Thee,
 Saviour!—dark
 The gulfs, Deliverer! round the
 straining bark!
 But Thou!—o'er all Thine aspect
 and array
 Was poured one stream of pale,
 broad, silvery light:
 Thou wert the single star of that all-
 shrouding night!

LXXXIV

Aid for one sinking! Thy lone
 brightness gleamed
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er
 the wave,
 With its worn, fearful, *human* look,
 that seemed
 To cry, through surge and blast—
 “I perish—save!”
 Not to the winds—not vainly!
 Thou wert nigh, [agony,
 Thy hand was stretched to fainting
 Even in the portals of the unquiet
 grave!
 O Thou that art the life! and yet
 didst bear
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from
 mortal prayer!

LXXXV

But was it not a thing to rise on
 death,
 With its remembered light, that
 face of Thine,
 Redeemer! dimmed by this world's
 misty breath,

Yet mournfully, mysteriously
divine ?
O ! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic
eye,
With its dark depths of grief, love,
majesty !
And the pale glory of the brow !—
a shrine
Where power sat veiled, yet shed-
ding softly round
What told that *Thou* couldst be but
for a time uncrowned !

LXXXVI

And, more than all, the heaven of
that sad smile !
The lip of mercy, our immortal
trust !
Did not that look, that very look,
erewhile
Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on
the dust ?
Wert Thou not such when earth's
dark cloud hung o'er Thee ?—
Surely thou wert ! my heart grew
hushed before Thee,
Sinking with all its passions, as the
gust
Sank at Thy voice, along its billowy
way :
What had I there to do but kneel,
and weep, and pray ?

LXXXVII

Amidst the stillness rose my spirit's
cry
Amidst the dead—" By that full
cup of woe,
Pressed from the fruitage of
mortality,
Saviour ! for Thee—give light ! that
I may know [name,
If by *Thy* will, in Thine all-healing
Men cast down human hearts to
blighting shame,
And early death ; and say, if this
be so,
Where, then, is mercy ? Whither
shall we flee,
So unallied to hope, save by our hold
on Thee ?

LXXXVIII

" But didst Thou not, the deep sea
brightly treading,
Lift from despair that struggler
with the wave ?

And wert Thou not, sad tears, yet
awful, shedding,
Beheld a weeper at a mortal's
grave ?
And is this weight of anguish,
which they bind
On life—this searing to the quick
of mind,
That but to God its own free path
would crave—
This crushing out of hope, and
love, and youth,
Thy will, indeed ? Give light ! that
I may know the truth.

LXXXIX

" For my sick soul is darkened
unto death,
With shadows from the suffering
it hath seen ;
The strong foundations of mine
ancient faith
Sink from beneath me—whereon
shall I lean ?
Oh ! if from Thy pure lips was
wrung the sigh [to die—
Of the dust's anguish ? if like man
And earth round *him* shuts heavily
—hath been
Even to *Thee* bitter, aid me ! guide
me ! turn
My wild and wandering thoughts back
from their starless bourne !"

XC

And calmed I rose ; but how the
while had risen
Morn's orient sun, dissolving mist
and shade !
Could there indeed be wrong, or
chain, or prison,
In the bright world such radiance
might pervade ?
It filled the fane, it mantled the
pale form
Which rose before me through the
pictured storm,
Even the grey tombs it kindled,
and arrayed
With life !—How hard to see thy
race begun
And think man wakes to grief,
wakening to *thee*, O Sun !

XCI

I sought my home again ; and
thou, my child,

There at thy play beneath yon
 ancient pine,
 With eyes, whose lightning laugh-
 ter hath beguiled
 A thousand pangs, thence flashing
 joy to mine ;
 Thou in thy mother's arms, a babe,
 didst meet
 My coming with young smiles,
 which yet, though sweet,
 Seemed on my soul all mournfully
 to shine,
 And ask a happier heritage for
 thee,
 Than but in turn the blight of human
 hope to see.

XCII

Now sport, for thou art free ! the
 bright birds chasing,
 Whose wings waft star-like gleams
 from tree to tree ;
 Or with the fawn, thy swift wood-
 playmate, racing,
 Sport on, my joyous child ! for
 thou art free !
 Yes, on that day I took thee to
 my heart,
 And inly vowed, for thee a better
 part
 To choose ; that so thy sunny
 bursts of glee
 Should wake no more dim thoughts
 of far-seen woe,
 But, gladdening fearless eyes, flow
 on—as now they flow.

XCIII

Thou hast a rich world round thee
 —mighty shades
 Weaving their gorgeous tracery
 o'er thy head,
 With the light melting through
 their high arcades,
 As through a pillared cloister's ;
 but the dead
 Sleep not beneath ; nor doth the
 sunbeam pass
 To marble shrines through rain-
 bow-tinted glass ;
 Yet thou, by fount and forest-
 murmur led
 To worship, thou art blest ! to thee
 is shown
 Earth in her holy pomp, decked for
 her God alone.

PART SECOND

Wie diese treue liebe Seele

Von ihrem Glauben voll,

Der ganz allein

Ihr selig machend ist, sich heilig Quäle,
 Das sie den liebsten Mann verloren halten soll.

FAUST.

I never shall smile more—but all my days
 Walk with still footsteps and with humble eyes,
 An everlasting hymn within my soul.

WILSON.

I

BRING me the sounding of the
 torrent-water,
 With yet a nearer swell ! Fresh
 breeze, awake !
 And river, darkening ne'er with
 hues of slaughter
 Thy wave's pure silvery green,—
 and shining lake,
 Spread far before my cabin, with
 thy zone
 Of ancient woods, ye chainless
 things and lone !
 Send voices through the forest
 aisles, and make
 Glad music round me, that my
 soul may dare,
 Cheered by such tones, to look back
 on a dungeon's air !

II

O Indian hunter of the desert's
 race !
 That with the spear at times, or
 bended bow,
 Dost cross my footsteps in thy
 fiery chase
 Of the swift elk or blue hill's flying
 roe ;
 Thou that beside the red night-
 fire thou heapest,
 Beneath the cedars and the star-
 light sleepest,
 Thou know'st not, wanderer—
 never mayst thou know !—
 Of the dark holds wherewith man
 cumpers earth,
 To shut from human eyes the
 dancing seasons' mirth.

III

There, fettered down from day, to
 think the while
 How bright in heaven the festal sun
 is glowing,
 Making earth's loneliest places,
 with his smile,

Flush like the rose; and how the
streams are flowing
With sudden sparkles through the
shadowy grass,
And water-flowers, all trembling
as they pass;
And how the rich, dark summer
trees are bowing
With their full foliage: this to
know, and pine
Bound unto midnight's heart, seems
a stern lot—'twas mine!

IV

Wherefore was this? Because my
soul had drawn
Light from the Book whose words
are graved in light!
There, at its well-head, had I found
the dawn,
And day, and noon of freedom:
but too bright
It shines on that which man to
man hath given,
And called the truth—the very
truth, from heaven!
And therefore seeks he in his
brother's sight
To cast the mote; and therefore
strives to bind,
With his strong chains, to earth what
is not earth's—the mind.

V

It is a weary and a bitter task
Back from the lip the burning word
to keep,
And to shut out heaven's air with
falsehood's mask,
And in the dark urn of the soul to
heap
Indignant feelings—making e'en of
thought
A buried treasure, which may but
be sought
When shadows are abroad—and
night—and sleep.
I might not brook it long—and
thus was thrown
Into that grave-like cell, to wither
there alone.

VI

And I, a child of danger, whose
delights
Were on dark hills and many-
sounding seas—

I, that amidst the Cordillera
heights
Had given Castilian banners to the
breeze,
And the full circle of the rainbow
seen
There, on the snows; and in my
country been
A mountain wanderer, from the
Pyrenees
To the Morena crags—how left I
not
Life, or the soul's life, quenched
on that sepulchral spot?

VII

Because *Thou* didst not leave me,
O my God!
Thou wert with those that bore the
truth of old
Into the deserts from the oppress-
or's rod,
And made the caverns of the rock
their fold; [dead,
And in the hidden chambers of the
Our guiding lamp with fire im-
mortal fed;
And met when stars met, by
their beams to hold
The free heart's communing with
Thee,—and Thou
Wert in the midst, felt, owned—
the Strengtheners then as now!

VIII

Yet once I sank. Alas! man's
wavering mind!
Wherefore and whence the gusts
that o'er it blow?
How they bear with them, floating
uncombined,
The shadows of the past, that come
and go,
As o'er the deep the old long-
buried things
Which a storm's working to the
surface brings!
Is the reed shaken,—and must
we be so,
With every wind? So, Father!
must we be,
Till we can fix undimmed our stead-
fast eyes on Thee.

IX

Once my soul died within me,
What had thrown

That sickness o'er it? Even a
 passing thought
 Of a clear spring, whose side, with
 flowers o'ergrown,
 Fondly and oft my boyish steps
 had sought!
 Perchance the damp roof's water-
 drops that fell
 Just then, low tinkling through
 my vaulted cell,
 Intensely heard amidst the still-
 ness, caught
 Some tone from memory, of the
 music, welling
 Ever with that fresh rill, from its
 deep rocky dwelling.

x

But so my spirit's fevered longings
 wrought,
 Wakening, it might be, to the
 faint, sad sound,
 That from the darkness of the
 walls they brought
 A loved scene round me, visibly
 around.
 Yes! kindling, spreading, brighten-
 ing, hue by hue,
 Like stars from midnight, through
 the gloom, it grew,
 That haunt of youth, hope, man-
 hood!—till the bound
 Of my shut cavern seemed dis-
 solved, and I
 Girt by the solemn hills and burning
 pomp of sky.

xi

I looked—and lo! the clear,
 broad river flowing
 Past the old Moorish ruin on the
 steep,
 The lone tower dark against a
 heaven all glowing,
 Like seas of glass and fire!—I saw
 the sweep
 Of glorious woods far down the
 mountain side,
 And their still shadows in the
 gleaming tide,
 And the red evening on its waves
 asleep;
 And midst the scene—oh! more
 than all—there smiled
 My child's fair face, and hers the
 mother of my child!

xii

With their soft eyes of love and
 gladness raised
 Up to the flushing sky, as when
 we stood
 Last by that river, and in silence
 gazed
 On the rich world of sunset. But
 a flood
 Of sudden tenderness my soul
 oppressed;
 And I rushed forward, with a
 yearning breast,
 To clasp—alas!—a vision! Wave
 and wood,
 And gentle faces, lifted in the
 light
 Of day's last hectic blush, all melted
 from my sight.

xiii

Then darkness!—oh! the un-
 utterable gloom
 That seemed as narrowing round
 me, making less
 And less my dungeon, when, with
 all its bloom,
 That bright dream vanished from
 my loneliness!
 It floated off, the beautiful! yet
 left
 Such deep thirst in my soul, that
 thus bereft,
 I lay down, sick with passion's vain
 excess,
 And prayed to die. How oft
 would sorrow weep
 Her weariness to death, if he might
 come like sleep!

xiv

But I was roused—and how? It
 is no tale,
 Even midst *thy* shades, thou
 wilderness! to tell.
 I would not have my boy's young
 cheek made pale,
 Nor haunt his sunny rest with
 what befell
 In that drear prison-house. His
 eye must grow
 More dark with thought, more
 earnest his fair brow,
 More high his heart in youthful
 strength must swell;
 So shall it fitly burn when all is
 told:

Let childhood's radiant mist the free
child yet enfold.

xv

It is enough that through such
heavy hours
As wring us by our fellowship of
clay,
I lived, and undegraded. We have
powers
To snatch the oppressor's bitter
joy away!
Shall the wild Indian for his
savage fame
Laugh and expire, and shall not
Truth's high name
Bear up her martyrs with all-
conquering sway?
It is enough that torture may be
vain:
I had seen Alvar die—the strife
was won from Pain.

xvi

And faint not, heart of man!
Though years wane slow,
There have been those that from
the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastnesses
below [waves,
The stormy dashing of the ocean
Down, farther down than gold lies
hid, have nursed
A quenchless hope, and watched
their time, and burst
On the bright day, like wakeners
from the graves!
I was of such at last!—unchained
I trod
This green earth, taking back my
freedom from my God!

xvii

That was an hour to send its
fadeless trace
Down life's far-sweeping tide! A
dim, wild night,
Like sorrow, hung upon the soft
moon's face,
Yet how my heart leaped in her
blessed light!
The shepherd's light—the sailor's
on the sea—
The hunter's homeward from the
mountains free,
Where its lone smile makes tremu-
lously bright

The thousand streams!—I could
but gaze through tears.
Oh! what a sight is heaven, thus
first beheld for years!

xviii

The rolling clouds!—they have
the whole blue space
Above to sail in—all the dome of
sky!
My soul shot with them in their
breezy race
O'er star and gloom; but I had
yet to fly, [spot
As flies the hunted wolf. A secret
And strange, I knew—the sun-
beam knew it not,—
Wildest of all the savage glens that
lie
In far sierras, hiding their deep
springs,
And traversed but by storms, or
sounding eagles' wings.

xix

Ay, and I met the storm there! I
had gained
The covert's heart with swift and
stealthy tread:
A moan went past me, and the dark
trees rained
Their autumn foliage rustling on
my head;
A moan—a hollow gust—and
there I stood
Girt with majestic night, and
ancient wood,
And foaming water.—Thither might
have fled
The mountain Christian with his
faith of yore,
When Afric's 'tambour shook the
ringing western shore!

xx

But through the black ravine
the storm came swelling:
—Mighty thou art amidst the hills,
thou blast!
In thy lone course the kingly cedars
felling,
Like plumes upon the path of
battle cast!
A rent oak thundered down beside
my cave,
Booming it rushed, as booms a
deep sea wave;

A falcon soared ; a startled wild
 deer passed ;
 A far-off bell tolled faintly through
 the roar.
 How my glad spirit swept forth with
 the winds once more !

XXI

And with the arrowy lightnings !—
 for they flashed,
 Smiting the branches in their fitful
 play,
 And brightly shivering where the
 torrents dashed
 Up, even to crag and eagle's nest,
 their spray !
 And there to stand amidst the
 pealing strife,
 The strong pines groaning with
 tempestuous life,
 And all the mountain voices on
 their way,—
 Was it not joy ? 'Twas joy in
 rushing might,
 After those years that wove but one
 long dead of night !

XXII

There came a softer hour, a lovelier
 moon,
 And lit me to my home of youth
 again,
 Through the dim chestnut shade,
 where oft at noon,
 By the fount's flashing burst, my
 head had lain [as one
 In gentle sleep. But now I passed
 That may not pause where wood-
 streams whispering run,
 Or light sprays tremble to a bird's
 wild strain ;
 Because the avenger's voice is in
 the wind,
 The foe's quick, rustling step close on
 the leaves behind.

XXIII

My home of youth ! Oh ! if in-
 deed to part
 With the soul's loved ones be a
 mournful thing,
 When we go forth in buoyancy of
 heart,
 And bearing all the glories of our
 spring
 For life to breathe on,—is it less to
 meet,

When these are faded ?—who shall
 call it sweet ?
 Even though love's mingling tears
 may haply bring
 Balm as they fall, too well their
 heavy showers
 Teach us how much is lost of all that
 once was ours !

XXIV

Not by the sunshine, with its
 golden glow,
 Nor the green earth, nor yet the
 laughing sky,
 Nor the fair flower-scents, as they
 come and go
 In the soft air, like music wander-
 ing by ;
 —Oh ! not by these, the unfailing,
 are we taught
 How time and sorrow on our frames
 have wrought ;
 But by the saddened eye, the
 darkened brow
 Of kindred aspect, and the long
 dim gaze,
 Which tell us *we* are changed—how
 changed from other days !

XXV

Before my father, in my place of
 birth,
 I stood an alien. On the very floor
 Which oft had trembled to my
 boyish mirth,
 The love that reared me, knew my
 face no more !
 There hung the antique armour,
 helm and crest,
 Whose every stain woke childhood
 in my breast ;
 There drooped the banner, with the
 marks it bore
 Of Paynim spears ; and I, the worn
 in frame
 And heart, what there was I !—an-
 other and the same !

XXVI

Then bounded in a boy, with clear,
 dark eye—
 How should *he* know his father ?
 When we parted,
 From the soft cloud which mantles
 infancy,
 His soul, just wakening into
 wonder, darted

Its first looks round. Him followed
 one, the bride,
 Of my young days, the wife how
 loved and tried !
 Her glance met mine—I could not
 speak—she started
 With a bewildered gaze—until
 there came
 Tears to my burning eyes, and from
 my lips her name.

XXVII

She knew me then ! I murmured
 "*Leonore !*"
 And her heart answered ! Oh !
 the voice is known
 First from all else, and swiftest to
 restore [low tone
 Love's buried images, with one
 That strikes like lightning, when
 the cheek is faded,
 And the brow heavily with thought
 o'ershaded,
 And all the brightness from the
 aspect gone !
 —Upon my breast she sunk, when
 doubt was fled,
 Weeping as those may weep, that
 meet in woe and dread.

XXVIII

For there we might not rest.
 Alas ! to leave
 Those native towers and know
 that they must fall
 By slow decay, and none remain
 to grieve
 When the weeds clustered on the
 lonely wall !
 We were the last—my boy and I—
 the last
 Of a long line which brightly thence
 had passed !
 My father blessed me as I left his
 hall—
 With his deep tones and sweet,
 though full of years,
 He blessed me there, and bathed my
 child's young head with tears.

XXIX

I had brought sorrow on his grey
 hairs down,
 And cast the darkness of my
 branded name
 (For so *he* deemed it) on the clear
 renown,

My own ancestral heritage of fame.
 And yet he blessed me ! Father !
 if the dust
 Lie on those lips benign, my
 spirit's trust
 Is to behold thee yet, where grief
 and shame
 Dim the bright day no more ; and
 thou wilt know
 That not through guilt thy son thus
 bowed thine age with woe.

XXX

And thou, my *Leonore !* that unre-
 pinning,
 If sad in soul, didst quit all else for
 me,
 When stars, the stars that earliest
 rise, are shining,
 How their soft glance unseals each
 thought of thee !
 For on our flight they smiled ; their
 dewy rays,
 Through the last olives, lit thy
 tearful gaze
 Back to the home we never more
 might see.
 So passed we on, like earth's first
 exiles, turning
 Fond looks where hung the sword
 above their Eden burning.

XXXI

It was a woe to say, "*Farewell, my
 Spain !*
 The sunny and the vintage land,
 farewell !"
 —I could have died upon the
 battle-plain
 For thee, my country ! but I
 might not dwell
 In thy sweet vales, at peace. The
 voice of song
 Breathes, with the myrtle scent,
 thy hills along ;
 The citron's glow is caught from
 shade and dell :
 But what are these ? upon thy
 flowery sod
 I might not kneel, and pour my free
 thoughts out to God !

XXXII

O'er the blue deep I fled, the chain-
 less deep !
 Strange heart of man ! that e'en
 midst woe swells high,

When through the foam he sees
 his proud bark sweet,
 Flinging out joyous gleams to
 wave and sky!
 Yes! it swells high, whate'er he
 leaves behind,
 His spirit rises with the rising
 wind;
 For, wedded to the far futurity,
 On, on, it bears him ever, and the
 main
 Seems rushing, like his hope, some
 happier shore to gain.

XXXIII

Not thus is woman. Closely *her*
 still heart
 Doth twine itself with e'en each
 lifeless thing
 Which, long remembered, seemed
 to bear its part
 In her calm joys. For ever would
 she cling,
 A brooding dove, to that sole spot
 of earth
 Where she hath loved, and given
 her children birth,
 And heard their first sweet voices.
 There may Spring
 Array no path, renew no flower, no
 leaf,
 But hath its breath of home, its
 claim to farewell grief.

XXXIV

I looked on Leonore,—and if there
 seemed
 A cloud of more than pensiveness
 to rise
 In the faint smiles that o'er her
 features gleamed,
 And the soft darkness of her ser-
 ious eyes,
 Misty with tender gloom, I called
 it nought.
 But the fond exile's pang, a linger-
 ing thought
 Of her own vale, with all its
 melodies
 And living light of streams. Her
 soul would rest
 Beneath your shades, I said, bowers
 of the gorgeous West!

XXXV

Oh! could we live in visions!
 could we hold

Delusion faster, longer, to our
 breast!
 When it shuts from us, with its
 mantle's fold,
 That which we see not, and are
 therefore blest!
 But they, our loved and loving—
 they to whom
 We have spread out our souls in
 joy and gloom,
Their looks and accents, unto ours
 addressed,
 Have been a language of familiar
 tone
 Too long to breathe, at last, dark
 sayings and unknown.

XXXVI

I told my heart, 'twas but the
 exile's woe
 Which pressed on that sweet bosom;
 I deceived
 My heart but half: a whisper,
 faint and low,
 Haunting it ever, and at times
 believed,
 Spoke of some deeper cause.
 How oft we seem
 Like those that dream, and *know*
 the while they dream—
 Midst the soft falls of airy voices
 grieved
 And troubled, while bright phan-
 toms round them play,
 By a dim sense that all will float and
 fade away!

XXXVII

Yet, as if chasing joy, I wooed the
 breeze
 To speed me onward with the
 wings of morn.
 Oh! far amidst the solitary seas,
 Which were not made for man,
 what man hath borne,
 Answering their moan with his!—
 what *thou* didst bear,
 My lost and loveliest! while that
 secret care
 Grew terror, and thy gentle
 spirit, worn
 By its dull brooding weight, gave
 way at last,
 Beholding me as one from hope for
 ever cast!

XXXVIII

For unto thee, as through all
change, revealed
Mine inward being lay. In other
eyes
I had to bow me yet, and make a
shield,
To fence my burning bosom, of
disguise;
By the still hope sustained, ere
long to win
Some sanctuary, whose green re-
treats within
My thoughts unfettered to their
source might rise,
Like songs and scents of morn.
But thou didst look
Through all my soul, and thine e'en
unto fainting shook.

XXXIX

Fallen, fallen, I seemed—yet, oh!
not less beloved,
Though from thy love was plucked
the early pride,
And harshly by a gloomy faith
reproved,
And seared with shame! Though
each young flower had died,
There was the root,—strong living,
not the less
That all it yielded now was
bitterness;
Yet still such love as quits not
misery's side,
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like
embrace,
Nor turns away from death's its pale
heroic face.

XL

Yes! thou hadst followed me
through fear and flight!
Thou wouldst have followed had
my pathway led
E'en to the scaffold; had the
flashing light
Of the raised axe made strong
men shrink with dread,
Thou, midst the hush of thousands,
wouldst have been
With thy clasped hands beside
me kneeling seen,
And meekly bowing to the shame
thy head—
The shame!—oh! making beau-
tiful to view

The might of human love—fair
thing! so bravely true!

XLI

There was thine agony—to love so
well
Where fear made love life's chas-
tener. Heretofore,
Whate'er of earth's disquiet round
thee fell,
Thy soul, o'erpassing its dim
bounds, could soar
Away to sunshine, and thy clear
eye speak
Most of the skies when grief most
touched thy cheek.
Now, that far brightness faded,
never more
Could thou lift heavenwards for its
hope thy heart,
Since at heaven's gate it seemed
that thou and I must part.

XLII

Alas! and life hath moments when
a glance—
(If thought to sudden watchfulness
be stirred)
A flush—a fading of the cheek,
perchance— [word,
A word—less, less—the *cadence* of a
Lets in our gaze the mind's dim
vale beneath,
Thence to bring haply knowledge
fraught with death
Even thus, what never from thy
lip was heard
Broke on my soul. I knew that
in thy sight
I stood, howe'er beloved, a recreant
from the light.

XLIII

Thy sad, sweet hymn, at eve, the
seas along,—
Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—
the love, the woe,
The fervour, poured in that full
gush of song,
As it went floating through the
fiery glow
Of the rich sunset!—bringing
thoughts of Spain,
With all their vesper voices, o'er
the main,
Which seemed responsive in its
murmuring flow.

"*Ave sanctissima!*"—how oft that
lay
Hath melted from my heart the
martyr strength away!

Ave, sanctissima!
'Tis nightfall on the sea;
Ora pro nobis!
Our souls rise to thee!

Watch us, while shadows lie
O'er the dim waters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine too hath bled!

Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near!
Whisper of heaven to faith;
Sweet Mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora, Mater, ora!
Thou star of the deep!

XLIV

"*Ora pro nobis, Mater!*"—What a
spell
Was in those notes, with day's last
glory dying
On the flushed waters—seemed
they not to swell
From the far dust wherein my sires
were lying
With crucifix and sword? Oh!
yet how clear
Comes their reproachful sweetness
to mine ear!
"*Ora*"—with all the purple waves
replying,
All my youth's visions rising in
the strain—
And I had thought it much to bear
the rack and chain!

XLV

Torture! the sorrow of affection's
eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's
core,
Deeper, and teaching more of
agony,
May pierce than many swords!—
and this I bore
With a mute pang. Since I had
vainly striven
From its free springs to pour the
truth of heaven

Into thy trembling soul, my Leonore!
Silence rose up where hearts no
hope could share:
Alas! for those that love, and may
not blend in prayer!

XLVI

We could not pray together midst
the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire,
round us lay,
Through days of splendour, nights
too bright for sleep,
Soft, solemn, holy! We were on
our way
Unto the mighty Cordillera land,
With men whom tales of that
world's golden strand
Had lured to leave their vines.
Oh! who shall say
What thoughts rose in us, when
the tropic sky
Touched all its molten seas with
sunset's alchemy!

XLVII

Thoughts no more mingled! Then
came night—the intense
Dark blue—the burning stars! I
saw *thee* shine
Once more, in thy serene magnifi-
cence,
O Southern Cross! as when thy
radiant sign
First drew my gaze of youth. No,
not as then; [men
I had been stricken by the darts of
Since those fresh days; and now
thy light divine
Looked on mine anguish, while
within me strove
The still small voice against the
might of suffering love.

XLVIII

But thou, the clear, the glorious!
thou wert pouring
Brilliance and joy upon the crystal
wave,
While she that met thy ray with
eyes adoring,
Stood in the lengthening shadow
of the grave!
Alas! I watched her dark religious
glance,
As it still sought thee through the
heaven's expanse.

Bright Cross ! and knew that I
watched what gave
But passing lustre—shrouded soon
to be—

A soft light found no more—no more
on earth or sea !

XLIX

I knew not all—yet something of
unrest

Sat on my heart. Wake, ocean-
wind ! I said ;

Waft us to land, in leafy freshness
drest,

Where, through rich clouds of
foliage o'er her head,

Sweet day may steal, and rills
unseen go by,

Like singing voices, and the green
earth lie

Starry with flowers, beneath her
graceful tread !

But the calm bound us midst the
glassy main :

Ne'er was her step to bend earth's
living flowers again.

L

Yes ! as if heaven upon the waves
were sleeping,

Vexing my soul with quiet, there
they lay,

All moveless, through their blue
transparence keeping

The shadows of our sails, from day
to day ;

While she—oh ! strongest is the
strong heart's woe—

And yet I live ! I feel the sun-
shine's glow— [decay

And I am he that looked, and saw
Steal o'er the fair of earth, the

adored too much !—

It is a fearful thing to love what
death may touch.

LI

A fearful thing that love and death
may dwell

In the same world ! She faded on
—and I,

Blind to the last, there needed
death to tell

My trusting soul that she *could*
fade to die !

Yet, ere she parted, I had marked
a change ;

But it breathed hope—'twas beau-
tiful, though strange ;
Something of gladness in the mel-
ody

Of her low voice, and in her words
a flight

Of airy thought—alas ! too perilously
bright !

LII

And a clear sparkle in her glance,
yet wild,

And quick, and eager, like the
flashing gaze

Of some all-wondering and awaken-
ing child,

That first the glories of the earth
surveys.

How could it thus deceive me ?
She had worn [morn,

Around her, like the dewy mists of
A pensive tenderness through

happiest days ;

And a soft world of dreams had
seemed to lie

Still in her dark, and deep, and
spiritual eye.

LIII

And I could hope in that strange
fire !—she died,

She died, with all its lustre on her
mien !

The day was melting from the
waters wide,

And through its long bright hours
her thoughts had been,

It seemed, with restless and un-
wonted yearning,

To Spain's blue skies and dark
sierras turning ;

For her fond words were all of
vintage-scene,

And flowering myrtle, and sweet
citron's breath :

Oh ! with what vivid hues life comes
back oft on death !

LIV

And from her lips the mountain
songs of old,

In wild, faint snatches, fitfully
had sprung ;

Songs of the orange bower, the
Moorish hold,

The "*Rio Verde*," on her soul that
hung,

And thence flowed forth. But
 now the sun was low,
 And watching by my side its last
 red glow,
 That ever stills the heart, once
 more she sung
 Her own soft "*Ora, Mater!*" and
 the sound
 Was e'en like love's farewell—so
 mournfully profound.

LV

The boy had dropped to slumber
 at our feet;
 "And I have lulled him to his
 smiling rest
 Once more!" she said. I raised
 him—it was sweet,
 Yet sad, to see the perfect calm,
 which blessed
 His look that hour; for now her
 voice grew weak, [cheek,
 And on the flowery crimson of his
 With her white lips, a long, long
 kiss she pressed,
 Yet light, to wake him not. Then
 sank her head
 Against my bursting heart. What
 did I clasp?—the dead!

LVI

I called! To call what answers
 not our cries—
 By what we loved to stand unseen,
 unheard—
 With the loud passion of our tears
 and sighs,
 To see but some cold glittering
 ringlet stirred;
 And in the quenched eye's fixedness
 to gaze,
 All vainly searching for the parted
 rays—
 This is what waits us! Dead!—
 with that chill word
 To link our bosom-names! For
 this we pour
 Our souls upon the dust—nor tremble
 to adore!

LVII

But the true parting came!—I
 looked my last
 On the sad beauty of that slumber-
 ing face:
 How could I think the lovely spirit
 passed,

Which there had left so tenderly its
 trace?
 Yet a dim awfulness was on the
 brow—
 No! not like sleep to look upon art
 thou,
 Death, Death! She lay a thing for
 earth's embrace,
 To cover with spring wreaths.
 For earth's?—the wave
 That gives the bier no flowers, makes
 moan above her grave!

LVIII

On the mid-seas a knell!—for man
 was there,
 Anguish and love—the mourner
 with his dead!
 A long, low-rolling knell—a voice
 of prayer—
 Dark glassy waters, like a desert
 spread—
 And the pale-shining Southern
 Cross on high,
 Its faint stars fading from a solemn
 sky,
 Where mighty clouds before the
 dawn grew red:
 Were these things round me? Such
 o'er memory sweep
 Wildly, when aught brings back that
 burial of the deep.

LIX

Then the broad, lonely sunrise!—
 and the plash
 Into the sounding waves! Around
 her head
 They parted, with a glancing
 moment's flash,
 Then shut—and all was still. And
 now thy bed
 Is of their secrets, gentlest Leonore!
 Once fairest of young brides!—
 and never more,
 Loved as thou wert, may human
 tear be shed
 Above thy rest! No mark the
 proud seas keep,
 To show where he that wept may
 pause again to weep!

LX

So the depths took thee! Oh!
 the sullen sense
 Of desolation in that hour com-
 pressed!

Dust going down, a speck, amidst
the immense
And gloomy waters, leaving on
their breast
The trace a weed might leave
there! Dust!—the thing
Which to the heart was as a living
spring
Of joy, with fearfulness of love
possessed,
Thus sinking! Love, joy, fear,
all crushed to this—
And the wide heaven so far—so
fathomless the abyss!

LXI

Where the line sounds not, where
the wrecks lie low,
What shall wake thence the dead?
Blest, blest, are they
That earth to earth entrust, for
they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the
slumberer's clay
Shall rise at last; and bid the
young flowers bloom
That waft a breath of hope around
the tomb;
And kneel upon the dewy turf to
pray!
But thou, what cave hath dimly
chambered *thee*?
Vain dreams!—oh! art thou not
where there is no more sea?

LXII

The wind rose free and singing:
when for ever,
O'er that sole spot of all the watery
plain
I could have bent my sight with
fond endeavour
Down, where its treasure was, its
glance to strain;
Then rose the reckless wind!
Before our prow
The white foam flashed—ay,
joyously, and thou
Wert left with all the solitary main
Around thee—and thy beauty in
my heart,
And thy meek, sorrowing love—oh!
where could *that* depart?

LXIII

I will not speak of woe; I may not
tell—

Friend tells not such to friends—
the thoughts which rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild
farewell
Across the billows to thy grave
was sent,
Thou, there most lonely! He
that sits above,
In His calm glory, will forgive the
love
His creatures bear each other, even
if blent
With a vain worship; for its close
is dim
Ever with grief which leads the wrung
soul back to Him!

LXIV

And with a milder pang if now I
bear
To think of thee in thy forsaken
rest,
If from my heart be lifted the
despair,
The sharp remorse with healing
influence pressed,
If the soft eyes that visit me in
sleep
Look not reproach, though still
they seem to weep;
It is that He my sacrifice hath
blessed,
And filled my bosom, through its
inmost cell,
With a deep chastening sense that
all at last is well.

LXV

Yes! thou art now—Oh! where-
fore doth the thought
Of the wave dashing o'er thy long
bright hair,
The sea-weed into its dark tresses
wrought,
The sand thy pillow—thou that
wert so fair!
Come o'er me still! Earth, earth!
—it is the hold
Earth ever keeps on that of earthly
mould!
But *thou* art breathing now in
purer air,
I well believe, and freed from all
of error,
Which blighted here the root of thy
sweet life with terror.

LXVI

And if the love, which here was
 passing light,
 Went with what died not—oh!
 that *this* we knew,
 But this!—that through the silence
 of the night,
 Some voice, of all the lost ones
 and the true,
 Would speak, and say, if in their
 far repose,
 We are yet aught of what we were
 to those
 We call the dead! Their passion-
 ate adieu,
 Was it but breath, to perish?
 Holier trust
 Be mine!—thy love *is* there, but
 purified from dust!

LXVII

A thing all heavenly!—cleared
 from that which hung
 As a dim cloud between us, heart
 and mind!
 Loosed from the fear, the grief,
 whose tendrils flung
 A chain so darkly with its growth
 entwined.
 This is my hope!—though when
 the sunset fades,
 When forests rock the midnight
 on their shades,
 When tones of wail are in the
 rising wind,
 Across my spirit some faint doubt
 may sigh;
 For the strong hours *will* sway this
 frail mortality!

LXVIII

We have been wanderers since
 those days of woe,
 Thy boy and I! As wild birds
 tend their young.
 So have I tended him—my bound-
 ing roe!
 The high Peruvian solitudes among;
 And o'er the Andes' torrents borne
 his form,
 Where our frail bridge had quivered
 'midst the storm.
 But there the war-notes of my
 country rung,
 And, smitten deep of heaven and
 man, I fled

To hide in shades unpierced a marked
 and weary head.

LXIX

But he went on in gladness—that
 fair child!
 Save when at times his bright eye
 seemed to dream,
 And his young lips, which then no
 longer smiled,
 Asked of his mother! That was
 but a gleam
 Of memory, fleeting fast; and
 then his play
 Through the wild llanos cheered
 again our way,
 And by the mighty Oronoco stream,
 On whose lone margin we have
 heard at morn,
 From the mysterious rocks, the sun-
 rise-music borne:

LXX

So like a spirit's voice! a harping
 tone, [ear—
 Lovely, yet ominous to mortal
 Such as might reach us from a
 world unknown,
 Troubling man's heart with thrills
 of joy and fear!
 'Twas sweet!—yet those deep
 southern shades oppressed
 My soul with stillness, like the
 calms that rest
 On melancholy waves: I sighed
 to hear
 Once more earth's breezy sounds,
 her foliage fanned,
 And turned to seek the wilds of the
 red hunter's land.

LXXI

And we have won a bower of refuge
 now,
 In this fresh waste, the breath of
 whose repose
 Hath cooled, like dew, the fever
 of my brow,
 And whose green oaks and cedars
 round me close
 As temple walls and pillars, that
 exclude
 Earth's haunted dreams from their
 free solitude:
 All, save the image and the thought
 of those

Before us gone—our loved of early
years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost
the taste of tears.

LXXII

I see a star—eve's first-born!—in
whose train
Past scenes, words, looks, come
back. The arrowy spire
Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt
fane,
Rests dark and still amidst a
heaven of fire;
The pine gives forth its odours,
and the lake
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft
winds wake,
Till every string of nature's solemn
lyre
Is touched to answer; its most
secret tone
Drawn from each tree, for each hath
whispers all its own.

LXXIII

And hark! another murmur on the
air,
Not of the hidden rills or quivering
shades!—
That is the cataract's, which the
breezes bear,
Filling the leafy twilight of the
glades
With hollow surge-like sounds, as
from the bed
Of the blue, mournful seas, that
keep the dead:
But *they* are far! The low sun here
pervades
Dim forest arches, bathing with
red gold
Their stems, till each is made a
marvel to behold,—

LXXIV

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom! In
such an hour,
The vesper-melody of dying bells
Wanders through Spain, from each
grey convent's tower

O'er shining rivers poured and
olive dells,
By every peasant heard, and
muleteer,
And hamlet, round my home: and
I am here,
Living again through all my life's
farewells,
In these vast woods, where farewell
ne'er was spoken,
And sole I lift to heaven a sad heart
—yet unbroken!

LXXV

In such an hour are told the
hermit's beads;
With the white sail the seaman's
hymn floats by:
Peace be with all! whate'er their
varying creeds,
With all that send up holy thoughts
on high!
Come to me, boy! by Guadal-
quivir's vines,
By every stream of Spain, as day
declines [rosy sky.
Man's prayers are mingled in the
We, too, will pray; nor yet un-
heard, my child!
Of Him whose voice *we* hear at eve
amidst the wild.

LXXVI

At eve? Oh, through all hours!
From dark dreams oft
Awakening, I look forth, and learn
the might
Of solitude, while thou art breath-
ing soft,
And low, my loved one! on the
breast of night.
I look forth on the stars—the
shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake whose
gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-
flies' light:
A lonely world!—even fearful to
man's thought,
But for His presence felt, Whom
here my soul hath sought.

THE ABENCERRAGE

[The events with which the following tale is interwoven are related in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada*. They occurred in the reign of Abo Abdeli, or Abdali, the last Moorish king of that city, called by the Spaniards El Rey Chico. The conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella is said by some historians to have been greatly facilitated by the Abencerrages, whose defection was the result of the repeated injuries they had received from the king, at the instigation of the Zegrís. One of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra is pointed out as the scene where so many of the former celebrated tribe were massacred; and it still retains their name, being called the "Sala de los Abencerrages." Many of the most interesting old Spanish ballads relate to the events of this chivalrous and romantic period.]

Le Maure ne se venge pas parce que sa colère dure encore, mais parce que la vengeance seule peut écarter de sa tête le poids d'infamie dont il est accablé.—Il se venge, parce qu'à ses yeux il n'y a qu'une âme basse qui puisse pardonner les affronts; et il nourrit sa rancune, parce que s'il la sentoit s'éteindre, il croiroit avec elle, avoir perdu une vertu.

SISMONDI.

LONELY and still are now thy marble
halls,

Thou fair Alhambra! there the
feast is o'er;

And with the murmur of thy fountain-
falls,

Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy
no more.

Hushed are the voices that in years
gone by

Have mourned, exulted, menaced,
through thy towers,

Within thy pillared courts the grass
waves high,

And all uncultured bloom thy
fairy bowers.

Unheeded there the flowering myrtle
blows,

Through tall arcades unmarked
the sunbeam smiles,

And many a tint of softened brilliance
throws

O'er fretted walls and shining
peristyles.

And well might Fancy deem thy
fabrics lone,

So vast, so silent, and so wildly
fair,

Some charmed abode of beings all
unknown,

Powerful and viewless, children
of the air.

For there no footstep treads the
enchanted ground,

There not a sound the deep repose
pervades,

Save winds and founts, diffusing
freshness round

Through the light domes and
graceful colonnades.

Far other tones have swelled those
courts along,

In days romance yet fondly loves
to trace;

[song,

The clash of arms, the voice of choral
The revels, combats, of a vanished

race.

And yet awhile, at Fancy's potent
call,

Shall rise that race, the chivalrous,
the bold;

Peopling once more each fair, for-
saken hall,

With stately forms, the knights
and chiefs of old.

CANTOI.

—The sun declines—upon Nevada's
height

There dwells a mellow flush of rosy
light;

Each soaring pinnacle of mountain
snow

Smiles in the richness of that parting
glow,

And Darro's wave reflects each
passing dye

That melts and mingles in the em-
purpled sky.

Fragrance, exhaled from rose and
citron bower,

Blends with the dewy freshness of
the hour;

Hushed are the winds, and Nature
 seems to sleep
 In light and stillness ; wood, and
 tower, and steep,
 Are dyed with tints of glory, only
 given
 To the rich evening of a southern
 heaven ;
 Tints of the sun, whose bright fare-
 well is fraught
 With all that art hath dreamt, but
 never caught.
 —Yes, Nature sleeps ; but not with
 her at rest
 The fiery passions of the human
 breast.
 Hark ! from the Alhambra's towers
 what stormy sound,
 Each moment deepening, wildly
 swells around ?
 Those are no tumults of a festal
 throng,
 Not the light zambra, nor the choral
 song :
 The combat rages—'tis the shout of
 war,
 'Tis the loud clash of shield and
 scimitar.
 Within the Hall of Lions, where the
 rays,
 Of eve, yet lingering, on the fountain
 blaze ; [bands,
 There, girt and guarded by his Zegri
 And stern in wrath the Moorish
 monarch stands :
 There the strife centres—swords
 around him wave ;
 There bleed the fallen, there con-
 tend the brave,
 While echoing domes return the
 battle-cry,
 " Revenge and freedom ! let the
 tyrant die ! "
 And onward rushing, and prevailing
 still,
 Court, hall, and tower, the fierce
 avengers fill.

But first the bravest of that gallant
 train,
 Where foes are mightiest, charging
 ne'er in vain ;
 In his red hand the sabre glancing
 bright,
 His dark eye flashing with a fiercer
 light,

Ardent, untired, scarce conscious that
 he bleeds,
 His Aben-Zurrahs there young Hamet
 leads ;
 While swells his voice that wild
 acclaim on high,
 " Revenge and freedom ! let the
 tyrant die ! "

Yes ! trace the footsteps of the
 warrior's wrath
 By helm and corslet shattered in his
 path,
 And by the thickest harvest of the
 slain,
 And by the marble's deepest
 crimson stain :
 Search through the serried fight,
 where loudest cries
 From triumph, anguish, or despair,
 arise ;
 And brightest where the shivering
 falchions glare,
 And where the ground is reddest—
 he is there.
 Yes, that young arm, amidst the
 Zegri host,
 Hath well avenged a sire, a brother,
 lost.

They perished—not as heroes
 should have died,
 On the red field, in victory's hour of
 pride,
 In all the glow and sunshine of their
 fame,
 And proudly smiling as the death-
 pang came :
 Oh ! had they *thus* expired, a war-
 rior's tear
 Had flowed, almost in triumph, o'er
 their bier.
 For thus alone the brave should weep
 for those
 Who brightly pass in glory to repose.
 —Not such their fate—a tyrant's
 stern command
 Doomed them to fall by some ignoble
 hand,
 As, with the flower of all their high-
 born race,
 Summoned Abdallah's royal feast to
 grace,
 Fearless in heart, no dream of danger
 nigh,
 They sought the banquet's gilded
 hall—to die,

Betrayed, unarmed, they fell—the
 fountain wave
 Flowed crimson with the life-blood
 of the brave,
 Till far the fearful tidings of their fate
 Through the wide city rang from gate
 to gate,
 And of that lineage each surviving
 son
 Rushed to the scene where vengeance
 might be won.

For this young Hamet mingles in
 the strife,
 Leader of battle, prodigal of life,
 Urging his followers till their foes,
 beset,
 Stand faint and breathless, but un-
 daunted yet.
 Brave Aben-Zurrahs, on! one effort
 more,
 Yours is the triumph, and the conflict
 o'er.

But lo! descending o'er the dark-
 ened hall,
 The twilight shadows fast and deeply
 fall,
 Nor yet the strife hath ceased—
 though scarce they know,
 Through that thick gloom, the
 brother from the foe;
 Till the moon rises with her cloudless
 ray,
 The peaceful moon, and gives them
 light to slay.

Where lurks Abdallah?—'midst
 his yielding train,
 They seek the guilty monarch, but
 in vain.
 He lies not numbered with the val-
 iant dead,
 His champions round him have not
 vainly bled;
 But when the twilight spread her
 shadowy veil,
 And his last warriors found each
 effort fail,
 In wild despair he fled—a trusted
 few,
 Kindred in crime, are still in danger
 true;
 And o'er the scene of many a martial
 deed,
 The Vega's green expanse, his flying
 footsteps lead,

He passed the Alhambra's calm and
 lovely bowers,
 Where slept the glistening leaves
 and folded flowers
 In dew and starlight—there, from
 grot and cave,
 Gushed, in wild music, many a spark-
 ling wave;
 There, on each breeze, the breath of
 fragrance rose,
 And all was freshness, beauty, and
 repose.

But thou, dark monarch! in thy
 bosom reign
 Storms that, once roused, shall never
 sleep again.
 Oh! vainly bright is Nature in the
 course
 Of him who flies from terror or re-
 morse!
 A spell is round him which obscures
 her bloom,
 And dims her skies with shadows
 of the tomb; [so fair,
 There smiles no Paradise on earth
 But guilt will raise avenging phan-
 toms there.
 Abdallah heeds not, though the light
 gale roves
 Fraught with rich odour, stolen from
 orange groves;
 Hears not the sounds from wood and
 brook that rise,
 Wild notes of Nature's vespers
 melodies;
 Marks not how lovely, on the moun-
 tain's head,
 Moonlight and snow their mingling
 lustre spread;
 But urges onward, till his weary
 band,
 Worn with their toil, a moment's
 pause demand.
 He stops, and turning, on Granada's
 fanes
 In silence gazing, fixed awhile remains
 In stern, deep silence—o'er his fever-
 ish brow,
 And burning cheek, pure breezes
 freshly blow,
 But waft, in fitful murmurs, from afar,
 Sounds, indistinctly fearful,—as of
 war.
 What meteor bursts, with sudden
 blaze, on high,

O'er the blue clearness of the starry sky ?

Awful it rises, like some Genie-form,
Seen 'midst the redness of the desert storm,

Magnificently dread—above, below,
Spreads the wild splendour of its deepening glow.

Lo ! from the Alhambra's towers
the vivid glare

Streams through the still transparence
of the air !

Avenging crowds have lit the mighty
pyre,

Which feeds that waving pyramid
of fire ;

And dome and minaret, river, wood,
and height,

From dim perspective start to ruddy
light.

Oh, Heaven ! the anguish of Abdallah's soul,

The rage, though fruitless, yet beyond
control !

Yet must he cease to gaze, and raving
fly

For life—such life as makes it bliss
to die !

On yon green height, the mosque, but
half revealed

Through cypressgroves, a safe re-
treat may yield.

Thither his steps are bent—yet oft
he turns, [burns.

Watching that fearful beacon as it
But paler grow the sinking flames
at last,

Flickering they fade, their crimson
light is past ;

And spiry vapours, rising o'er the
scene,

Mark where the terrors of their wrath
have been.

And now his feet have reached that
lonely pile,

Where grief and terror may repose
awhile ;

Embowered it stands, 'midst wood
and cliff on high,

Through the grey rocks, a torrent
sparkling nigh ;

He hails the scene where every care
should cease,

And all—except the heart he brings
—is peace.

There is a deep stillness in those
halls of state

Where the loud cries of conflict rang
so late ;

Stillness like that, when fierce the
kamsin's blast

Hath o'er the dwellings of the desert
passed.

Fearful the calm—nor voice, nor step,
nor breath,

Disturbs that scene of beauty and of
death ;

Those vaulted roofs re-echo not a
sound,

Save the wild gush of waters—mur-
muring round

In ceaseless melodies of plaintive tone,
Through chambers peopled by the

dead alone.

O'er the mosaic floors, with carnage
red,

Breastplate, and shield, and cloven
helm are spread

In mingled fragments—glittering to
the light

Of yon still moon, whose rays, yet
softly bright,

Their streaming lustre tremulously
shed,

And smile, in placid beauty, o'er the
dead : [trace

O'er features where the fiery spirit's
E'en death itself is powerless to efface ;

O'er those who, flushed with ardent
youth, awoke,

When glowing morn in bloom and
radiance broke,

Nor dreamt how near the dark and
frozen sleep

Which hears not Glory call, nor
Anguish weep ;

In the low silent house, the narrow
spot,

Home of forgetfulness—and soon
forgot.

But slowly fade the stars—the
night is o'er—

Morn beams on those who hail her
light no more ;

Slumberers who ne'er shall wake on
earth again,

Mourners, who call the loved, the
lost, in vain.

Yet smiles the day—oh ! not for
mortal tear

Doth nature deviate from her calm
career ;
Nor is the earth less laughing or less
fair,
Though breaking hearts her gladness
may not share.
O'er the cold urn the beam of sum-
mer glows,
O'er fields of blood the zephyr freshly
blows ;
Bright shines the sun, though all be
dark below,
And skies are cloudless o'er a world
of woe,
And flowers renewed in spring's
green pathway bloom,
Alike to grace the banquet and the
tomb.

Within Granada's walls the funeral
rite
Attends that day of loveliness and
light ;
And many a chief, with dirges and
with tears,
Is gathered to the brave of other
years :
And Hamet, as beneath the cypress
shade
His martyred brother and his sire
are laid,
Feels every deep resolve, and burning
thought
Of ampler vengeance, e'en to passion
wrought ;
Yet is the hour afar—and he must
brood
O'er those dark dreams awhile in
solitude.
Tumult and rage are hushed—
another day
In still solemnity hath passed away,
In that deep slumber of exhausted
wrath,
The calm that follows in the tempest's
path.

And now Abdallah leaves yon
peaceful fane,
His ravaged city traversing again.
No sound of gladness his approach
precedes,
No splendid pageant the procession
leads ;
Where'er he moves the silent streets
along,

Broods a stern quiet o'er the sullen
throng.
No voice is heard ; but in each
altered eye,
Once brightly beaming when his steps
were nigh,
And in each look of those whose love
hath fled
From all on earth to slumber with
the dead,
Those by his guilt made desolate,
and thrown
On the bleak wilderness of life alone—
In youth's quick glance of scarce-
dissembled rage,
And the pale mien of calmly-mourn-
ful age,
May well be read a dark and fearful
tale
Of thought that ill the indignant
heart can veil,
And passion, like the hushed volcano's
power,
That waits in stillness its appointed
hour.

No more the clarion from Granada's
walls,
Heard o'er the Vega, to the tourney
calls ;
No more her graceful daughters,
throned on high,
Bend o'er the lists the darkly-radiant
eye ;
Silence and gloom her palaces o'er-
spread,
And song is hushed, and pageantry
is fled.

Weep fated city ! o'er thy heroes
weep—
Low in the dust the sons of glory
sleep !
Furled are their banners in the lonely
hall,
Their trophied shields hang mouldering
on the wall,
Wildly their chargers range the
pastures o'er,
Their voice in battle shall be heard
no more ;
And they, who still thy tyrant's
wrath survive,
Whom he hath wronged too deeply
to forgive,
That race, of lineage high, of worth
approved,

The chivalrous, the princely, the beloved—
 Thine Aben-Zurrahs—they no more shall wield
 In thy proud cause the conquering lance and shield;
 Condemned to bid the cherished scenes farewell
 Where the loved ashes of their fathers dwell,
 And far o'er foreign plains, as exiles, roam,
 Their land the desert, and the grave their home.
 Yet there is one shall see that race depart,
 In deep, though silent, agony of heart;
 One whose dark fate must be to mourn alone,
 Unseen her sorrows, and their cause unknown,
 And veil her heart, and teach her cheek to wear
 That smile, in which the spirit hath no share;
 Like the bright beams that shed their fruitless glow
 O'er the cold solitude of Alpine snow.

Soft, fresh, and silent, is the mid-night hour,
 And the young Zayda seeks her lonely bower;
 That Zegri maid, within whose gentle mind
 One name is deeply, secretly enshrined.
 That name in vain stern Reason would efface:
 Hamet! 'tis thine, thou foe to all her race!

And yet not hers in bitterness to prove
 The sleepless pangs of unrequited love;
 Pangs, which the rose of wasted youth consume,
 And make the heart of all delight the tomb,
 Check the free spirit in its eagle-flight,
 And the spring-morn of early genius blight;
 Nor such her grief—though now she wakes to weep,

While tearless eyes enjoy the honey-dews of sleep.

A step treads lightly through the citron shade,
 Lightly, but by the rustling leaves betrayed—
 Doth her young hero seek that well-known spot,
 Scene of past hours that ne'er may be forgot?
 'Tis he—but changed that eye, whose glance of fire
 Could, like a sunbeam, hope and joy inspire,
 As, luminous with youth, with ardour fraught,
 It spoke of glory to the inmost thought;
 Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled, [read
 And in its wild expression may be
 Stern thoughts and fierce resolves—
 now veiled in shade,
 And now in characters of fire portrayed,
 Changed e'en his voice—as thus its mournful tone
 Wakes in her heart each feeling of his own.

"Zayda, my doom is fixed—another day
 And the wronged exile shall be far away;
 Far from the scenes where still his heart must be,
 His home of youth, and more than all—from thee.
 Oh! what a cloud hath gathered o'er my lot,
 Since last we met on this fair tranquil spot!
 Lovely as then, the soft and silent hour,
 And not a rose hath faded from thy bower;
 But I—my hopes the tempest hath o'erthrown,
 And changed my heart, to all but thee alone.
 Farewell, high thoughts! inspiring hopes of praise!
 Heroic visions of my early days!
 In me the glories of my race must end—

The exile hath no country to defend !
 E'en in life's morn my dreams of
 pride are o'er,
 Youth's buoyant spirit wakes for me
 no more,
 And one wild feeling in my altered
 breast
 Broods darkly o'er the ruins of the
 rest.
 Yet fear not thou—to thee in good or
 ill,
 The heart, so sternly tried, is faithful
 still !
 But when my steps are distant, and
 my name
 Thou hearest no longer in the song of
 fame ;
 When Time steals on in silence to
 efface
 Of early love each pure and sacred
 trace,
 Causing our sorrows and our hopes to
 seem
 But as the moonlight pictures of a
 dream,—
 Still shall thy soul be with me, in the
 truth
 And all the fervour of affection's
 youth.
 If such thy love, one beam of heaven
 shall play
 In lonely beauty o'er thy wanderer's
 way."

" Ask not, if such my love ! Oh !
 trust the mind
 To grief so long, so silently resigned !
 Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow
 taught
 The pure and lofty constancy of
 thought,
 Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
 Rise with elastic power o'er each
 regret !
 Fostered in tears, *our* young affection
 grew,
 And I have learned to suffer and be
 true.
 Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral
 flower,
 Nursed by soft sunshine and the
 balmy shower ;
 No ! 'tis the child of tempests, and
 defies,
 And meets unchanged, the anger of
 the skies !

Too well I feel, with grief's prophetic
 heart,
 That ne'er to meet in happier days,
 we part.
 We part ! and e'en this agonising hour,
 When love first feels his own o'er-
 whelming power,
 Shall soon to Memory's fixed and
 tearful eye
 Seem almost happiness—for thou
 wert nigh !
 Yes ! when this heart in solitude shall
 bleed,
 As days to days all wearily succeed,
 When doomed to weep in loneliness,
 'twill be
 Almost like rapture to have wept with
 thee.

" But thou, my Hamet, thou canst
 yet bestow
 All that of joy my blighted lot can
 know.
 Oh ! be thou still the high-souled and
 the brave, [I gave,
 To whom my first and fondest vows
 In thy proud fame's untarnished
 beauty still
 The lofty visions of my youth fulfil.
 So shall it soothe me, 'midst my
 heart's despair,
 To hold undimmed one glorious
 image there !"

" Zayda, my best-beloved ! my
 words too well,
 Too soon, thy bright illusions must
 dispel ;
 Yet must my soul to thee unveiled
 be shown,
 And all its dreams and all its passions
 known.
 Thou shalt not be deceived—for pure
 as heaven
 Is thy young love, in faith and fervour
 given.
 I said my heart was changed—and
 would thy thought
 Explore the ruin by thy kindred
 wrought,
 In fancy trace the land whose towers
 and fanes,
 Crushed by the earthquake, strew its
 ravaged plains ;
 And such that heart—where desola-
 tion's hand

Hath blighted all that once was fair
 or grand !
 But Vengeance, fixed upon her burn-
 ing throne,
 Sits, 'midst the wreck, in silence and
 alone ;
 And I, in stern devotion at her
 shrine,
 Each softer feeling, but my love,
 resign.
 —Yes ! they whose spirits all my
 thoughts control,
 Who hold dread converse with my
 thrilling soul ;
 They, the betrayed, the sacrificed,
 the brave,
 Who fill a blood-stained and untimely
 grave,
 Must be avenged ! and pity and
 remorse
 In that stern cause are banished
 from my course.
 Zayda, thou tremblest—and thy
 gentle breast
 Shrinks from the passions that
 destroy my rest ;
 Yet shall thy form, in many a stormy
 hour,
 Pass brightly o'er my soul with
 softening power,
 And, oft recalled, thy voice beguile
 my lot,
 Like some sweet lay, once heard, and
 ne'er forgot.

“ But the night wanes—the hours
 too swiftly fly,
 The bitter moment of farewell draws
 nigh ;
 Yet, loved one ! weep not thus—in
 joy or pain,
 Oh ! trust thy Hamet, we shall meet
 again !
 Yes, we shall meet ! and haply smile
 at last
 On all the clouds and conflicts of the
 past.
 On that fair vision teach thy thoughts
 to dwell,
 Nor deem these mingling tears our
 last farewell ! ”

Is the voice hushed, whose loved,
 expressive tone
 Thrilled to her heart—and doth she
 weep alone ?

Alone she weeps ; that hour of
 parting o'er,
 When shall the pang it leaves be felt
 no more ?
 The gale breathes light, and fans her
 bosom fair,
 Showering the dewy rose-leaves o'er
 her hair ;
 But ne'er for her shall dwell reviving
 power
 In balmy dew, soft breeze, or fra-
 grant flower,
 To wake once more that calm, serene
 delight,
 The soul's young bloom, which
 passion's breath could blight—
 The smiling stillness of life's morning
 hour,
 Ere yet the day-star burns in all its
 power.
 Meanwhile, through groves of deep
 luxurious shade,
 In the rich foliage of the South
 arrayed,
 Hamet, ere dawns the earliest blush
 of day,
 Bends to the vale of tombs his pen-
 sive way.
 Fair is that scene where palm and
 cypress wave
 On high o'er many an Aben-Zurrah's
 grave.
 Lonely and fair, its fresh and glitter-
 ing leaves
 With the young myrtle there the
 laurel weaves,
 To canopy the dead ; nor wanting
 there
 Flowers to the turf, nor fragrance to
 the air,
 Nor wood-bird's note, nor fall of
 plaintive stream—
 Wild music, soothing to the mourner's
 dream.
 There sleep the chiefs of old—their
 combats o'er,
 The voice of glory thrills their hearts
 no more.
 Unheard by them the awakening
 clarion blows ;
 The sons of war at length in peace
 repose.
 No martial note is in the gale that
 sighs,
 Where proud their trophied sepul-
 chres arise,

'Mid founts, and shades, and
flowers of brightest bloom,
As, in his native vale, some shep-
herd's tomb.

There, where the trees their
thickest foliage spread
Dark o'er that silent valley of the
dead ;

Where two fair pillars rise, embowered
and lone,

Not yet with ivy clad, with moss
o'ergrown,

Young Hamet kneels—while thus
his vows are poured,

The fearful vows that consecrate his
sword :

—" Spirit of him who first within
my mind

Each loftier aim, each nobler thought
enshrined,

And taught my steps the line of light
to trace,

Left by the glorious fathers of my
race,

Hear thou my voice—for mine is with
me still, [thrill,

In every dream its tones my bosom
In the deep calm of midnight they

are near,
'Midst busy throngs they vibrate
on my ear,

Still murmuring 'vengeance!'—nor
in vain the call,

Few, few shall triumph in a hero's
fall !

Cold as thine own to glory and to fame,
Within my heart there lives one only

aim ;
There, till the oppressor for thy fate
atone,

Concentring every thought, it reigns
alone.

I will not weep—revenge, not grief,
must be,

And blood, not tears, an offering meet
for thee ;

But the dark hour of stern delight
will come,

And thou shalt triumph, warrior ! in
thy tomb.

" Thou, too, my brother ! thou art
passed away,

Without thy fame, in life's fair-
dawning day.

Son of the brave ! of thee no trace
will shine

In the proud annals of thy lofty
line ;

Nor shall thy deeds be deathless in
the lays

That hold communion with the
after-days.

Yet, by the wreaths thou mightst
have nobly won,

Hadst thou but lived till rose thy
noontide sun ;

By glory lost, I swear ! by hope
betrayed,

Thy fate shall amply, dearly, be
repaid ;

War with thy foes I deem a holy
strife,

And, to avenge thy death, devote
my life.

" Hear ye my vows, O spirits of
the slain !

Hear, and be with me on the battle-
plain !

At noon, at midnight, still around
me bide,

Rise on my dreams, and tell me
how ye died ! "

CANTO II

Oh ! ben provvide il cielo
Ch' uom per delitti mai lieto non sia.
ALFIERI.

FAIR land ! of chivalry the old
domain,

Land of the vine and olive, lovely
Spain !

Though not for thee with classic
shores to vie

In charms that fix the enthusiast's
pensive eye ;

Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly
fraught

With all that wakes the glow of lofty
thought ;

Fountains, and vales, and rocks,
whose ancient name

High deeds have raised to mingle
with their fame.

Those scenes are peaceful now : the
citron blows,

Wild spreads the myrtle, where the
brave repose.

No sound of battle swells on Douro's
shore,

And banners wave on Ebro's banks
no more.

But who, unmoved, unawed, shall
coldly tread

Thy fields that sepulchre the mighty
dead ?

Blest be that soil ! where England's
heroes share

The grave of chiefs, for ages slumber-
ing there ;

Whose names are glorious in romantic
lays,

The wild, sweet chronicles of elder
days—

By goatherd lone, and rude serrano
sung,

Thy cypress dells, and vine-clad rocks
among :

How oft those rocks have echoed
to the tale

Of knights who fell in Roncesvalles'
vale ;

Of him, renowned in old heroic lore,
First of the brave, the gallant Cam-
peador ;

Of those, the famed in song, who
proudly died

When " Rio Verde " rolled a crimson
tide ;

Or that high name, by Garcilasso's
might,

On the green Vega won in single
fight.

Round fair Granada, deepening
from afar,

O'er that green Vega rose the din of
war.

At morn or eve no more the sun-
beams shone

O'er a calm scene, in pastoral beauty
lone ;

On helm and corslet tremulous they
glanced,

On shield and spear in quivering
lustre danced.

Far as the sight by clear Xenil could
rove,

Tents rose around, and banners
glanced above.

And steeds in gorgeous trappings,
armour bright

With gold, reflecting every tint of
light,

And many a floating plume, and
blazoned shield,

Diffused romantic splendour o'er the
field.

There swell those sounds that bid
the life-blood start

Swift to the mantling cheek and
beating heart.

The clang of echoing steel, the
charger's neigh,

The measured tread of hosts in war's
array ;

And, oh ! that music, whose exulting
breath

Speaks but of glory on the road to
death ;

In whose wild voice there dwells
inspiring power

To wake the stormy joy of danger's
hour ;

To nerve the arm, the spirit to sustain,
Rouse from despondence, and support

in pain ;

And, 'midst the deepening tumults
of the strife,

Teach every pulse to thrill with
more than life.

High o'er the camp, in many a
brodered fold,

Floats to the wind a standard rich
with gold :

There, imaged on the Cross, *His* form
appears

Who drank for man the bitter cup
of tears—

His form, Whose word recalled the
spirit fled,

Now borne by hosts to guide them
o'er the dead !

O'er yon fair walls to plant the Cross
on high,

Spain hath sent forth her flower of
chivalry.

Fired with that ardour which, in days
of yore,

To Syrian plains the bold crusaders
bore ;

Elate with lofty hope, with martial
They come, the gallant children of

Castile ;

The proud, the calmly dignified :—
and there,

Ebro's dark sons with haughty mien
repair,

And those who guide the fiery steed
of war

From yon rich province of the western
star.

But thou, conspicuous 'midst the
glitt'ring scene,
Stern grandeur stamped upon thy
princely mien ;
Known by the foreign garb, the
silvery vest,
The snow-white charger, and the
azure crest,
Young Aben-Zurrah ! 'midst that
host of foes,
Why shines *thy* helm, thy Moorish
lance ? Disclose :
Why rise the tents where dwell thy
kindred train,
O son of Afric, 'midst the sons of
Spain ?
Hast thou with these thy nation's
fall conspired,
Apostate chief ! by hope of ven-
geance fired ?
How art thou changed ! Still first
in every fight,
Hamet, the Moor ! Castile's devoted
knight !
There dwells a fiery lustre in thine eye,
But not the light that shone in days
gone by ;
There is wild ardour in thy look
and tone,
But not the soul's expression once
thine own,
Nor aught like peace within. Yet
who shall say
What secret thoughts thine inmost
heart may sway ?
No eye but Heaven's may pierce
that curtained breast,
Whose joys and griefs alike are unex-
pressed.

There hath been combat on the
tented plain ;
The Vega's turf is red with many a
stain ;
And, rent and trampled, banner, crest,
and shield, [field :
Tell of a fierce and well-contested
But all is peaceful now—the west is
bright
With the rich splendour of departing
light ;
Mulhacen's peak, half lost amidst
the sky,

Glow like a purple evening cloud
on high,
And tints, that mock the pencil's
art, o'erspread
The eternal snow that crowns Veleta's
head ;
While the warm sunset o'er the land-
scape throws
A solemn beauty, and a deep repose.
Closed are the toils and tumults
of the day,
And Hamet wanders from the camp
away,
In silent musings wrapt :—the
slaughtered brave
Lie thickly strewn by Darro's rippling
wave.
Soft fall the dews—but other drops
have dyed
The scented shrubs that fringe
the river side,
Beneath whose shade, as ebbing life
retired,
The wounded sought a shelter—and
expired. [days,
Lonely, and lost in thoughts of other
By the bright windings of the stream
he strays,
Till, more remote from battle's
ravaged scene,
All is repose, and solitude serene.
There, 'neath an olive's ancient shade
reclined,
Whose rustling foliage waves in
evening's wind,
The harassed warrior, yielding to
the power,
The mild sweet influence of the tran-
quil hour,
Feels, by degrees, a long-forgotten
calm
Shed o'er his troubled soul unwonted
balm ;
His wrongs, his woes, his dark and
dubious lot,
The past, the future, are awhile
forgot ;
And Hope, scarce owned, yet steal-
ing o'er his breast,
Half dares to whisper, " Thou shalt
yet be blest ! "

Such his vague musings—but a
plaintive sound
Breaks on the deep and solemn still-
ness round ;

A low, half-stifled moan, that seems
to rise
From life and death's contending
agonies.
He turns : Who shares with him that
lonely shade ?
—A youthful warrior on his death-
bed laid.
All rent and stained his brodered
Moorish vest,
The corslet shattered on his bleeding
breast ;
In his cold hand the broken falchion
strained,
With life's last force convulsively
retained ;
His plumage soiled with dust, with
crimson dyed,
And the red lance, in fragments, by
his side ;
He lies forsaken—pillowed on his
shield,
His helmet raised, his lineaments
revealed.
Pale is that quivering lip, and van-
ished now
The light once throned on that
commanding brow ;
And o'er that fading eye, still up-
ward cast,
The shades of death are gathering
dark and fast.
Yet, as yon rising moon her light
serene
Sheds the pale olive's waving boughs
between,
Too well can Hamet's conscious
heart retrace,
Though changed thus fearfully, that
pallid face,
Whose every feature to his soul con-
veys
Some bitter thought of long-departed
days.

“ Oh ! is it thus,” he cries, “ we
meet at last ?
Friend of my soul in years for ever
past !
Hath fate but led me hither to
behold
The last dread struggle, ere that
heart is cold,—
Receive thy latest agonising breath,
And, with vain pity, soothe the pangs
of death ?

Yet let me bear thee hence ; while
life remains,
E'en though thus feebly circling
through thy veins,
Some healing balm thy sense may
still revive,
Hope is not lost—and Osmyn yet may
live !
And blest were he, whose timely
care should save
A heart so noble, e'en from glory's
grave.”

Roused by those accents, from his
lowly bed
The dying warrior faintly lifts his
head ;
O'er Hamet's mien, with vague, un-
certain gaze,
His doubtful glance awhile bewildered
strays ;
Till, by degrees, a smile of proud
disdain
Lights up those features late con-
vulsed with pain ;
A quivering radiance flashes from
his eye,
That seems too pure, too full of soul
to die ;
And the mind's grandeur, in its
parting hour,
Looks from that brow with more
than wonted power.

“ Away ! ” he cries, in accents of
command,
And proudly waves his cold and
trembling hand.
“ Apostate, hence ! my soul shall
soon be free,
E'en now it soars, disdaining aid
from thee :
'Tis not for thee to close the fading
eyes
Of him who faithful to his country
dies ;
Not for *thy* hand to raise the drooping
head
Of him who sinks to rest on glory's
bed.
Soon shall these pangs be closed,
this conflict o'er,
And worlds be mine where thou canst
never soar :
Be thine existence with a blighted
name,

Mine the bright death which seals
a warrior's fame ! ”

The glow hath vanished from his
cheek—his eye
Hath lost that beam of parting
energy ;
Frozen and fixed it seems—his brow
is chill ;
One struggle more—that noble heart
is still.
Departed warrior ! were thy mortal
throes,
Were thy last pangs, ere Nature
found repose,
More keen, more bitter, than the
envenomed dart
Thy dying words have left in Hamet's
heart ?
Thy pangs were transient ; *his*
shall sleep no more,
Till life's delirious dream itself is
o'er ;
But thou shalt rest in glory, and thy
grave
Be the pure altar of the patriot brave.
Oh ! what a change that little hour
hath wrought
In the high spirit and unbending
thought !
Yet, from himself each keen regret
to hide,
Still Hamet struggles with indignant
pride ;
While his soul rises, gathering all
its force,
To meet the fearful conflict with
remorse.

To thee, at length, whose artless
love hath been
His own, unchanged, through many
a stormy scene ;
Zayda ! to thee his heart for refuge
flies ;
Thou still art faithful to affection's
ties.
Yes ! let the world upbraid, let foes
contemn,
Thy gentle breast the tide will firmly
stem ;
And soon thy smile, and soft consol-
ing voice,
Shall bid his troubled soul again
rejoice.

Within Granada's walls are hearts
and hands
Whose aid in secret Hamet yet
commands ;
Nor hard the task, at some pro-
pitious hour,
To win his silent way to Zayda's
bower,
When night and peace are brooding
o'er the world,
When mute the clarions, and the ban-
ners furled.
That hour is come—and, o'er the
arms he bears,
A wandering fakir's garb the chief-
tain wears :
Disguise that ill from piercing eye
could hide [pride ;
The lofty port, and glance of martial
But night befriends—through paths
obscure he passed,
And hailed the lone and lovely scene
at last ;
Young Zayda's chosen haunt, the
fair alcove,
The sparkling fountain, and the
orange grove :
Calm in the moonlight smiles the
still retreat,
As formed alone for happy hearts to
meet.
For happy hearts ?—not such as hers,
who there
Bends o'er her lute, with dark, un-
braided hair ;
That maid of Zegri race, whose eye,
whose mien,
Tell that despair her bosom's guest
hath been.
So lost in thought she seems, the
warrior's feet
Unheard approach her solitary seat,
Till his known accents every sense
restore—
“ My own loved Zayda ! do we meet
once more ? ”
She starts, she turns—the lightning
of surprise,
Of sudden rapture, flashes from her
eyes ;
But that is fleeting—it is past—and
now
Far other meaning darkens o'er her
brow :
Changed is her aspect, and her tone
severe—

"Hence, Aben-Zurrah! death surrounds thee here!"

"Zayda, what means that glance, unlike thine own?"

What mean those words, and that unwonted tone;

I will not deem thee changed—but in thy face

It is not joy, it is not love, I trace! It was not thus in other days we met:

Hath time, hath absence, taught thee to forget?

Oh! speak once more—these rising doubts dispel;

One smile of tenderness, and all is well!"

"Not thus we met in other days!—oh, no!

Thou wert not, warrior then thy country's foe!

Those days are past—we ne'er shall meet again

With hearts all warmth, all confidence, as then.

But *thy* dark soul no gentler feelings sway,

Leader of hostile bands! away, away!

On in thy path of triumph and of power,

Nor pause to raise from earth a blighted flower."

"And *thou* too changed! thine early vow forgot!

This, this alone was wanting to my lot!

Exiled and scorned, of every tie bereft,

Thy love, the desert's lonely fount, was left;

And thou, my soul's last hope, its lingering beam,

Thou, the good angel of each brighter dream,

Wert all the barrenness of life possest,

To wake one soft affection in my breast!

That vision ended—fate hath nought in store

Of joy or sorrow e'er to touch me more.

Go, Zegri maid! to scenes of sunshine fly

From the stern pupil of adversity! And now to hope, to confidence, adieu!

If thou art faithless, who shall e'er be true?"

"Hamet! oh, wrong me not!—I too could speak

Of sorrows—trace them on my faded cheek,

In the sunk eye, and in the wasted form,

That tell the heart hath nursed a canker-worm!

But words were idle—read my sufferings there,

Where grief is stamped on all that once was fair.

"Oh! wert thou still what once I fondly deemed,

All that thy mien expressed, thy spirit seemed,

My love had been devotion—till in death

Thy name had trembled on my latest breath.

But not the chief who leads a lawless band,

To crush the altars of his native land;

The apostate son of heroes, whose disgrace

Hath stained the trophies of a glorious race;

Not *him* I loved—but one whose youthful name

Was pure and radiant in unsullied fame.

Hadst thou but died, ere yet dishonour's cloud

O'er that young name had gathered as a shroud,

I then had mourned thee proudly, and my grief

In its own loftiness had found relief;

A noble sorrow, cherished to the last, When every meaner woe had long been past.

Yes! let Affection weep—no common tear

She sheds, when bending o'er a hero's bier.

Let Nature mourn the dead—a grief like this,

To pangs that rend *my* bosom, had been bliss!"

"High-minded maid! the time
 admits not now
 To plead my cause, to vindicate my
 vow.
 That vow, too dread, too solemn to
 recall,
 Hath urged me onward, haply to my
 fall.
 Yet this believe—no meaner aim
 inspires
 My soul, no dream of poor ambition
 fires.
 No! every hope of power, of triumph,
 fled,
 Behold me but the avenger of the
 dead!
 One whose changed heart no tie, no
 kindred knows,
 And in thy love alone hath sought
 repose.
 Zayda! wilt *thou* his stern accuser
 be?
 False to his country, he is true to
 thee!
 Oh, hear me yet!—if Hamet e'er was
 dear,
 By our first vows, our young affection,
 hear!
 Soon must this fair and royal city fall,
 Soon shall the Cross be planted on her
 wall;
 Then who can tell what tides of blood
 may flow,
 While her fanes echo to the shrieks
 of woe?
 Fly, fly with me, and let me bear thee
 far
 From horrors thronging in the path
 of war:
 Fly! and repose in safety—till the
 blast
 Hath made a desert in its course—and
 passed!"

"Thou that wilt triumph when the
 hour is come,
 Hastened by thee, to seal thy coun-
 try's doom,
 With *thee* from scenes of death shall
 Zayda fly
 To peace and safety?—Woman, too,
 can die!
 And die exulting, though unknown
 to fame,
 In all the stainless beauty of her
 name!

Be mine, unmurmuring, undismayed,
 to share
 The fate my kindred and my sire
 must bear.
 And deem thou not my feeble heart
 shall fail,
 When the clouds gather and the blasts
 assail.
 Thou hast but known me ere the
 trying hour
 Called into life my spirit's latent
 power;
 But I have energies that idly slept,
 While withering o'er my silent woes I
 wept;
 And now, when hope and happiness
 are fled,
 My soul is firm—for what remains to
 dread!
 Who shall have power to suffer and
 to bear,
 If strength and courage dwell not
 with Despair?

"Hamet, farewell—retrace thy path
 again,
 To join thy brethren on the tented
 plain.
 There wave and wood, in mingling
 murmurs, tell
 How, in far other cause, thy fathers
 fell!
 Yes! on that soil hath Glory's foot-
 step been,
 Names unforgotten consecrate the
 scene!
 Dwell not the souls of heroes round
 thee there,
 Whose voices call thee in the whisper-
 ing air?
 Unheard, in vain, they call—their
 fallen son
 Hath stained the name those mighty
 spirits won,
 And to the hatred of the brave and
 free
 Bequeathed his own, through ages
 yet to be!"

Still as she spoke, the enthusiast's
 kindling eye
 Was lighted up with inborn majesty,
 While her fair form and youthful
 features caught
 All the proud grandeur of heroic
 thought,

Severely beauteous ; awestruck and amazed,
 In silent trance a while the warrior gazed,
 As on some lofty vision—for she seemed
 One all inspired—each look with glory beamed,
 While, brightly bursting through its cloud of woes,
 Her soul at once in all its light arose.
 Oh ! ne'er had Hamet deemed there dwelt enshrined
 In form so fragile that unconquered mind ;
 And fixed, as by some high enchantment, there
 He stood—till wonder yielded to despair.

“ The dream is vanished—daughter of my foes !
 Reft of each hope, the lonely wanderer goes.
 Thy words have pierced his soul—yet deem thou not
 Thou couldst be once adored, and e'er forgot !
 Oh, formed for happier love, heroic maid !
 In grief sublime, in danger undis-mayed,
 Farewell, and be thou blest !—all words were vain
 From him who ne'er may view that form again ;
 Him, whose sole thought resembling bliss must be
 He *hath* been loved, once fondly loved by, thee ! ”
 And is the warrior gone ?—doth Zayda hear
 His parting footstep, and without a tear ?
 Thou weepest not, lofty maid !—yet who can tell
 What secret pangs within thy heart may dwell ?
 They feel not least, the firm, the high in soul,
 Who best each feeling's agony control.
 Yes, we may judge the measure of the grief
 Which finds in Misery's eloquence relief ;

But who shall pierce those depths of silent woe
 Whence breathes no language, whence no tears may flow ?
 The pangs that many a noble breast hath proved,
 Scorning itself that thus it *could* be moved ?
 He, He alone, the inmost heart Who knows,
 Views all its weakness, pities all its throes,
 He who hath mercy when mankind contemn,
 Beholding anguish—all unknown to them.

Fair city ! thou that midst thy stately fanes
 And gilded minarets, towering o'er the plains,
 In Eastern grandeur proudly dost arise
 Beneath thy canopy of deep-blue skies ;
 While streams that bear thee treasures in their wave,
 Thy citron groves and myrtle gardens lave ;
 Mourn, for thy doom is fixed—the days of fear,
 Of chains, of wrath, of bitterness, are near !
 Within, around thee, are the trophied graves
 Of kings and chiefs—their children shall be slaves.
 Fair are thy halls, thy domes majestic swell,
 But there a race that reared them not shall dwell ;
 For midst thy councils Discord still presides,
 Degenerate fear thy wavering monarch guides—
 Last of a line whose regal spirit flown
 Hath to their offspring but bequeathed a throne,
 Without one generous thought, or feeling high,
 To teach his soul how kings should live and die.

A voice resounds within Granada's wall,
 The hearts of warriors echo to its call.

Whose are those tones, with power
electric fraught,
To reach the source of pure exalted
thought ?

See, on a fortress tower, with
beckoning hand,
A form, majestic as a prophet, stand !
His mien is all impassioned—and his
eye
Filled with a light whose fountain is
on high ;
Wild on the gale his silvery tresses
flow,
And inspiration beams upon his
brow ;
While, thronging round him, breath-
less thousands gaze,
As on some mighty seer of elder days.

“ Saw ye the banners of Castile
displayed,
The helmets glittering, and the line
arrayed ?
Heard ye the march of steel-clad
hosts ? ” he cries ;
“ Children of conquerors ! in your
strength arise !
O high-born tribes ! O names un-
stained by fear !

Azarques, Zegriss, Almoradis, hear !
Be every feud forgotten, and your
hands
Dyed with no blood but that of hos-
tile bands.
Wake, princes of the land ! the hour
is come,
And the red sabre must decide your
doom.

Where is that spirit which prevailed
of yore,
When Tarik's bands o'erspread the
western shore ?
When the long combat raged on
Xeres' plain,
And Afric's tecbir swelled through
yielding Spain ?
Is the lance broken, is the shield de-
cayed,
The warrior's arm unstrung, his heart
dismayed ?
Shall no high spirit of ascendant
worth
Arise to lead the sons of Islam forth ?
To guard the regions where our
fathers' blood

Hath bathed each plain, and mingled
with each flood ;
Where long their dust hath blended
with the soil
Won by their swords, made fertile by
their toil !

“ O ye sierras of eternal snow !
Ye streams that by the tombs of
heroes flow,
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! ye
saw their might
In many a fierce and unforgotten
fight—
Shall ye behold their lost, degenerate
race,
Dwell 'midst your scenes in fetters
and disgrace ?
With each memorial of the past
around,
Each mighty monument of days re-
nowned ?
May this indignant heart ere then be
cold,
This frame be gathered to its kindred
mould !
And the last life-drop circling through
my veins
Have tinged a soil untainted yet by
chains !

“ And yet one struggle ere our
doom is sealed,
One mighty effort, one deciding field !
If vain each hope, we still have choice
to be,
In life the fettered, or in death the
free ! ”

Still while he speaks, each gallant
heart beats high,
And ardour flashes from each kindling
eye ;
Youth, manhood, age, as if inspired,
have caught
The glow of lofty hope and daring
thought,
And all is hushed around—as every
sense
Dwelt on the tones of that wild elo-
quence.

But when his voice hath ceased, the
impetuous cry
Of eager thousands bursts at once on
high ;

Rampart, and rock, and fortress, ring
 around,
 And fair Alhambra's inmost halls re-
 sound.
 "Lead us, O chieftain! lead us to the
 strife,
 To fame in death, or liberty in life!"
 O zeal of noble hearts! in vain dis-
 played!
 Now, while the burning spirit of the
 brave
 Is roused to energies that yet might
 save,
 E'en now, enthusiasts! while ye rush
 to claim
 Your glorious trial on the field of fame,
 Your king hath yielded! Valour's
 dream is o'er;
 Power, wealth, and freedom, are your
 own no more;
 And for your children's portion, *but*
 remains
 That bitter heritage—the stranger's
 chains.

CANTO III

Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.
 HIPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

HEROES of elder days! untaught to
 yield,
 Who bled for Spain on many an
 ancient field;
 Ye, that around the oaken cross of
 yore
 Stood firm and fearless on Asturia's
 shore,
 And with your spirit, ne'er to be sub-
 dued,
 Hallowed the wild Cantabrian soli-
 tude;
 Rejoice amidst your dwellings of re-
 pose,
 In the last chastening of your Moslem
 foes!
 Rejoice!—for Spain, arising in her
 strength,
 Hath burst the remnant of their yoke
 at length,
 And they, in turn, the cup of woe
 must drain,
 And bathe their fetters with their
 tears in vain.
 And thou, the warrior *born in happy*
hour

Valencia's lord, whose name alone
 was power,
 Theme of a thousand songs in days
 gone by,
 Conqueror of kings! exult, O Cid! on
 high.
 For still 'twas thine to guard thy
 country's weal,
 In life, in death, the watcher for
 Castile!

Thou, in that hour when Mauri-
 tania's bands
 Rushed from their palmy groves and
 burning lands,
 E'en in the realm of spirits didst re-
 tain [Spain!
 A patriot's vigilance, remembering
 Then, at deep midnight, rose the
 mighty sound,
 By Leon heard, in shuddering awe pro-
 found,
 As through her echoing streets, in
 dread array,
 Beings, once mortal, held their view-
 less way;
 Voices from worlds we know not—
 and the tread
 Of marching hosts, the armies of the
 dead,
 Thou and thy buried chieftains—from
 the grave
 Then did thy summons rouse a king to
 save,
 And join thy warriors with unearthly
 might
 To aid the rescue in Tolosa's fight.
 Those days are past—the Crescent on
 thy shore,
 O realm of evening! sets, to rise no
 more.
 What banner streams afar from Vela's
 tower?
 The Cross, bright ensign of Iberia's
 power!
 What the glad shout of each exulting
 voice?
 Castile and Aragon! rejoice, rejoice!
 Yielding free entrance to victorious
 foes,
 The Moorish city sees her gates un-
 close,
 And Spain's proud host, with pennon,
 shield, and lance,
 Through her long streets in knightly
 garb advance.

Oh! ne'er in lofty dreams hath
 Fancy's eye
 Dwelt on a scene of statelier page-
 antry,
 At joust or tourney, theme of poet's
 lore,
 High masque, or solemn festival of
 yore.
 The gilded cupolas, that proudly rise
 O'erarched by cloudless and cerulean
 skies;
 Tall minarets, shining mosques, bar-
 baric towers,
 Fountains, and palaces, and cypress
 bowers:
 And they, the splendid and triumph-
 ant throng,
 With helmets glittering as they move
 along
 With brodered scarf, and gem-be-
 studded mail,
 And graceful plumage streaming on
 the gale;
 Shields, gold-embossed, and pennons
 floating far,
 And all the gorgeous blazonry of war,
 All brightened by the rich transparent
 hues
 That southern suns o'er heaven and
 earth diffuse;
 Blend in one scene of glory, formed to
 throw [glow.
 O'er memory's page a never-fading
 And there, too, foremost 'midst the
 conquering brave,
 Your azure-plumes, O Aben-Zurrahs!
 wave.
 There Hamet moves; the chief whose
 lofty port
 Seems nor reproach to shun, nor
 praise to court;
 Calm, stern, collected—yet within his
 breast
 Is there no pang, no struggle, uncon-
 fessed?
 If such there be, it still must dwell un-
 seen,
 Nor cloud a triumph with a sufferer's
 mien.

Hear'st thou the solemn yet exult-
 ing sound
 Of the deep anthem floating far
 around?
 The choral voices, to the skies that
 raise

The full majestic harmony of praise?
 Lo! where, surrounded by their
 princely train,
 They come, the sovereigns of rejoic-
 ing Spain,
 Borne on their trophied car—lo!
 bursting thence
 A blaze of chivalrous magnificence!

Onward their slow and stately
 course they bend
 To where the Alhambra's ancient
 towers ascend,
 Reared and adorned by Moorish kings
 of yore,
 Whose lost descendants there shall
 dwell no more.

They reached those towers—irre-
 regularly vast
 And rude they seem, in mould bar-
 baric cast:
 They enter—to their wondering sight
 is given
 A Genie palace—an Arabian heaven!
 A scene by magic raised, so strange, so
 fair,
 Its forms and colour seem alike of air.
 Here, by sweet orange-bows, half
 shaded o'er,
 The deep clear bath reveals its marble
 floor,
 Its margin fringed with flowers, whose
 glowing hues
 The calm transparence of its wave
 suffuse.
 There, round the court, where Moorish
 arches bend,
 Aërial columns, richly decked, ascend;
 Unlike the models of each classic race,
 Of Doric grandeur, or Corinthian
 grace,
 But answering well each vision that
 portrays
 Arabian splendour to the poet's gaze:
 Wild, wondrous, brilliant, all—a
 mingling glow
 Of rainbow tints, above, around, be-
 low:
 Bright streaming from the many-
 tintured veins
 Of precious marble, and the vivid
 stains
 Of rich mosaics o'er the light arcade,
 In gay festoons and fairy knots dis-
 played.

On through the enchanted realm,
that only seems
Meet for the radiant creatures of our
dreams,
The royal conquerors pass—while still
their sight
On some new wonder dwells with
fresh delight.
Here the eye roves through slender
colonnades,
O'er bowery terraces and myrtle
shades ;
Dark olive woods beyond, and far on
high
The vast sierra mingling with the sky
There, scattering far around their dia-
mond spray,
Clear streams from founts of alabaster
play,
Through pillared halls, where ex-
quisitely wrought,
Rich arabesques, with glittering foli-
age fraught,
Surmount each fretted arch, and lend
the scene
A wild, romantic, Oriental mien :
While many a verse, from Eastern
bards of old,
Borders the walls in characters of gold.
Here Moslem luxury, in her own
domain,
Hath held for ages her voluptuous
reign
'Midst gorgeous domes, where soon
shall silence brood,
And all be lone—a splendid solitude.
Now wake their echoes to a thousand
songs,
From mingling voices of exulting
thongs ;
Tambour, and flute, and atabal, are
there,
And joyous clarions pealing on the air ;
While every hall resounds, " Granada
won !
Granada ! for Castile and Aragon ! "

'Tis night—from dome and tower,
in dazzling maze,
The festal lamps innumerable blaze ;
Through long arcades their quivering
lustre gleams
From every lattice tremulously
streams,
'Midst orange gardens plays on fount
and rill,

And gilds the waves of Darro and
Xenil ;
Red flame the torches on each min-
aret's height,
And shines each street an avenue
of light ;
And midnight feasts are held, and
music's voice
Through the long night still summons
to rejoice.

Yet there, while all would seem to
heedless eye
One blaze of pomp, one burst of
revelry,
Are hearts unsoothed by those delu-
sive hours,
Galled by the chain, though decked
awhile with flowers ;
Stern passions working in the indig-
nant breast,
Deep pangs untold, high feelings un-
expressed,
Heroic spirits, unsubmitting yet—
Vengeance, and keen remorse, and
vain regret.

From yon proud height, whose
olive-shaded brow
Commands the wide, luxuriant plains
below,
Who lingering gazes o'er the lovely
scene,
Anguish and shame contending in his
mien ? [son,
He, who, of heroes and of kings the
Hath lived to lose whate'er his
fathers won ;
Whose doubts and fears his people's
fate have sealed,
Wavering alike in council and in field ;
Weak, timid ruler of the wise and
brave,
Still a fierce tyrant or a yielding slave.

Far from these vine-clad hills and
azure skies,
To Afric's wilds the royal exile flies ;
Yet pauses on his way, to weep in vain
O'er all he never must behold again.
Fair spreads the scene around—for
him too fair,
Each glowing charm but deepens his
despair.
The Vega's meads, the city's glitter-
ing spires,

The old majestic palace of his sires,
 The gay pavilions, and retired alcoves,
 Bosomed in citron and pomegranate groves :
 Tower-crested rocks, and streams that wind in light,
 All in one moment bursting on his sight,
 Speak to his soul of glory's vanished years,
 And wake the source of unavailing tears.
 —Weepest thou, Abdallah?—Thou dost well to weep,
 O feeble heart ! o'er all thou couldst not keep !
 Well do a woman's tears befit the eye
 Of him who knew not, as a man, to die.

The gale sighs mournfully through
 Zayda's bower,
 The hand is gone that nursed each infant flower.
 No voice, no step, is in her father's halls,
 Mute are the echoes of their marble walls ;
 No stranger enters at the chieftain's gate,
 But all is hushed, and void, and desolate.

There, through each tower and solitary shade,
 In vain doth Hamet seek the Zegri maid ;
 Her grove is silent, her pavilion lone,
 Her lute forsaken, and her doom unknown :
 And through the scene she loved, unheeded flows
 The stream whose music lulled her to repose.

But oh ! to him, whose self-accusing thought
 Whispers, 'twas *he* that desolation wrought—
 He, who his country and his faith betrayed,
 And lent Castile revengeful, powerful aid—
 A voice of sorrow swells in every gale,
 Each wave, low rippling, tells a mournful tale ;

And as the shrubs, untended, unconfin'd,
 In wild exuberance rustle to the wind ;
 Each leaf hath language to his startled sense,
 And seems to murmur, " Thou hast driven her hence ! "
 And well he feels to trace her flight were vain,
 —Where hath lost love been once recalled again ?
 In her pure breast, so long by anguish torn,
 His name can rouse no feeling now—
 but scorn.
 O bitter hour ! when first the shuddering heart
 Wakes to behold the void within—and start !
 To feel its own abandonment, and brood
 O'er the chill bosom's depth of solitude : [breast
 The stormy passions that in Hamet's
 Have swayed so long, so fiercely, are at rest ;
 The avenger's task is closed :—he finds, too late,
 It hath not changed his feelings, but his fate.
 He was a lofty spirit, turned aside
 From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride,
 And onward, in its new tumultuous course,
 Borne with too rapid and intense a force [career,
 To pause one moment in the dread
 And ask—if such could be its native sphere ?
 Now are those days of wild delirium o'er,
 Their fears and hopes excite his soul no more ;
 The feverish energies of passion close,
 And his heart sinks in desolate repose,
 Turns sickening from the world, yet shrinks not less
 From its own deep and utter loneliness.

There is a sound of voices on the air,
 A flash of armour to the sunbeam's glare,
 'Midst the wild Alpuxarras ;—there, on high,

Where mountain snows are mingling
with the sky,
A few brave tribes, with spirit yet un-
broke,
Have fled indignant from the Span-
iard's yoke.

O ye dread scenes ! where Nature
dwells alone,
Severely glorious on her craggy
throne ;
Ye citadels of rock, gigantic forms,
Veiled by the mists, and girdled by the
storms,—
Ravines, and glens, and deep resound-
ing caves,
That hold communion with the tor-
rent-waves ;
And ye, the unstained and everlasting
snows,
That dwell above in bright and still re-
pose ;
To you, in every clime, in every age,
Far from the tyrant's or the conquer-
or's rage,
Hath Freedom led her sons—untired
to keep
Her fearless vigils on the barren steep.
She, like the mountain eagle, still de-
lights,
To gaze exulting from unconquered
heights,
And build her eyrie in defiance proud,
To dare the wind, and mingle with the
cloud.

Now her deep voice, the soul's
awakener, swells,
Wild Alpuxarras, through your in-
most dells.
There, the dark glens and lonely
rocks among,
As at the clarion's call, her children
throng.
She with enduring strength had nerved
each frame,
And made each heart the temple of
her flame,
Her own resisting spirit, which shall
glow
Unquenchably, surviving all below.

There high-born maids, that moved
upon the earth
More like bright creatures of aërial
birth,

Nurslings of palaces, have fled to
share
The fate of brothers and of sires ; to
bear,
All undismayed, privation and dis-
tress,
And smile the roses of the wilderness ;
And mothers with their infants, there
to dwell
In the deep forest or the cavern cell,
And rear their offspring 'midst the
rocks, to be,
If now no more the mighty, still the
free.

And 'midst that band are veterans,
o'er whose head
Sorrows and years their mingled snow
have shed.
They saw thy glory, they have wept
thy fall,
O royal city ! and the wreck of all
They loved and hallowed most :—
doth aught remain
For these to prove of happiness or
pain ?
Life's cup is drained—earth fades be-
fore their eye ;
Their task is closing—they have but
to die.
Ask ye, why fled they hither ?—that
their doom
Might be, to sink unfettered to the
tomb.
And youth, in all its pride of strength,
is there,
And buoyancy of spirit, formed to
dare
And suffer all things—fallen on evil
days,
Yet darting o'er the world an ardent
gaze,
As on the arena where its powers may
find
Full scope to strive for glory with man-
kind.
Such are the tenants of the mountain-
hold,
The high in heart, unconquered, un-
controlled :
By day, the huntsmen of the wild—by
night,
Unwearied guardians of the watch-
fire's light,
They from their bleak majestic home
have caught

A sterner tone of unsubmitting thought, While all around them bids the soul arise To blend with Nature's dread sub- limities. —But these are lofty dreams and must not be Where tyranny is near :—the bended knee, The eye whose glance no inborn gran- deur fires, And the tamed heart, are tributes she requires ; Nor must the dwellers of the rock look down On regal conquerors, and defy their frown. What warrior band is toiling to ex- plore The mountain pass, with pine wood shadowed o'er Starting with martial sounds each rude recess, [ness ! Where the deep echo slept in loneli- These are the sons of Spain !—Your foes are near, O exiles of the wild sierra ! hear ! Hear ! wake ! arise ! and from your inmost caves Pour like the torrent in its might of waves ! Who leads the invaders on ?—his features bear The deep-worn traces of a calm des- pair ; Yet his dark brow is haughty—and his eye Speaks of a soul that asks not sym- pathy. 'Tis he ! 'tis he again ! the apostate chief ; He comes in all the sternness of his grief. He comes, but changed in heart, no more to wield Falchion for proud Castile in battle field. Against his country's children— though he leads Castilian bands again to hostile deeds : His hope is but from ceaseless pangs to fly, To rush upon the Moslem spears, and die.	So shall remorse and love the heart re- lease, Which dares not dream of joy, but sighs for peace, The mountain echoes are awake—a sound Of strife is ringing through the rocks around. Within the steep defile that winds be- tween Cliffs piled on cliffs, a dark, terrific scene, Where Moorish exile and Castilian knight Are wildly mingling in the serried fight, Red flows the foaming streamlet of the glen, Whose bright transparence ne'er was stained till then ; While swell the war-note and the clash of spears To the bleak dwellings of the moun- taineers, Where thy sad daughters, lost Gran- ada ! wait, In dread suspense, the tidings of their fate. But he—whose spirit, panting for its rest, Would fain each sword concentrate in his breast— Who, where a spear is pointed, or a lance Aimed at another's breast, would still advance— Courts death in vain ; each weapon glances by, As if for him 'twere bliss too great to die. Yes, Aben-Zurrah ! there are deeper woes Reserved for thee ere Nature's last re- pose ; Thou know'st not yet what vengeance fate can wreak, Nor all the heart can suffer ere it break. Doubtful and long the strife, and bravely fell The sons of battle in that narrow dell ; Youth in its light of beauty there hath past, And age, the weary, found repose at last ; Till, few and faint, the Moslem tribes recoil,
--	---

Borne down by numbers, and o'er-
powered by toil.
Dispersed, disheartened, through the
pass they fly,
Pierce the deep wood, or mount the
cliff on high ;
While Hamet's band in wonder gaze,
nor dare
Track o'er their dizzy path the foot-
steps of despair.

Yet he, to whom each danger hath
become
A dark delight, and every wild a home,
Still urges onward—undismayed to
tread
Where life's fond lovers would recoil
with dread.
But fear is for the happy—*they* may
shrink [brink ;
From the steep precipice, or torrent's
They to whom earth is paradise—
their doom
Lends no stern courage to approach
the tomb :
Not such his lot, who, schooled by fate
severe,
Were but too blest if aught remained
to fear.
Up the rude crags, whose giant masses
throw
Eternal shadows o'er the glen below ;
And by the fall, whose many-tinctured
spray
Half in a mist of radiance veils its way,
He holds his venturous track :—sup-
ported now
By some o'erhanging pine or ilex
bough ;
Now by some jutting stone, that
seems to dwell
Half in mid-air, as balanced by a spell.
Now hath his footstep gained the sum-
mit's head,
A level span, with emerald verdure
spread,
A fairy circle—there the heath
flowers rise,
And the rock-rose unnoticed blooms
and dies ;
And brightly plays the stream, ere yet
its tide
In foam and thunder cleave the moun-
tain side ;
But all is wild beyond—and Hamet's
eye

Roves o'er a world of rude sublimity.
That dell beneath, where e'en at noon
of day
Earth's chartered guest, the sunbeam,
scarce can stray ;
Around, untrodden woods ; and far
above,
Where mortal footstep ne'er may hope
to rove,
Bare granite cliffs, whose fixed, in-
herent dyes
Rival the tints that float o'er summer
skies ;
And the pure glittering snow-realm,
yet more high,
That seems a part of Heaven's eter-
nity.

There is no track of man where
Hamet stands,
Pathless the scene as Lybia's desert
sands ;
Yet on the calm still air a sound is
heard
Of distant voices, and the gathering
word
Of Islam's tribes, now faint and
fainter grown,
Now but the lingering echo of a tone.

That sound, whose cadence dies
upon his ear,
He follows, reckless if his bands are
near.
On by the rushing stream his way he
bends,
And through the mountain's forest
zone ascends ;
Piercing the still and solitary shades
Of ancient pine, and dark luxuriant
glades, [past,
Eternal twilight's reign :—those mazes
The glowing sunbeams meet his eyes
at last,
And the lone wanderer now hath
reached the source
Whence the wave gushes, foaming on
its course.
But there he pauses—for the lonely
scene
Towers in such dread magnificence of
mien,
And, mingled oft with some wild
eagle's cry,
From rock-built eyrie rushing to the
sky,

So deep the solemn and majestic
 sound
 Of forests, and of waters murmuring
 round—
 That, rapt in wondering awe, his
 heart forgets
 Its fleeting struggles and its vain re-
 grets.
 —What earthly feeling unabashed
 can dwell
 In Nature's mighty presence?—
 'midst the swell
 Of everlasting hills, the roar of floods,
 And frown of rocks, and pomp of wav-
 ing woods?
 These their own grandeur on the soul
 impress,
 And bid each passion feel its nothing-
 ness.

'Midst the vast marble cliffs, a
 lofty cave
 Rears its broad arch beside the rush-
 ing wave;
 Shadowed by giant oaks, and rude
 and lone,
 It seems the temple of some power un-
 known,
 Where earthly being may not dare in-
 trude
 To pierce the secrets of the solitude.
 Yet thence at intervals a voice of wail
 Is rising, wild and solemn, on the
 gale.
 Did thy heart thrill, O Hamet! at
 the tone?
 Came it not o'er thee as a spirit's
 moan?
 As some loved sound, that long from
 earth had fled,
 The unforgotten accents of the dead?
 E'en thus it rose—and springing from
 his trance
 His eager footsteps to the sound ad-
 vance.
 He mounts the cliffs, he gains the
 cavern floor;
 Its dark green moss with blood is
 sprinkled o'er:
 He rushes on—and lo! where Zayda
 rends
 Her locks, as o'er her slaughtered sire
 she bends
 Lost in despair;—yet, as a step
 draws nigh,
 Disturbing sorrow's lonely sanctity,

She lifts her head, and, all-subdued
 by grief,
 Views with a wild sad smile the once-
 loved chief;
 While rove her thoughts, unconscious
 of the past,
 And every woe forgetting—but the
 last.

"Com'st thou to weep with me?—
 for I am left
 Alone on earth, of every tie bereft.
 Low lies the warrior on his blood-
 stained bier;
 His child may call, but he no more
 shall hear.
 He sleeps—but never shall those eyes
 unclose;
 'Twas not my voice that lulled him to
 repose;
 Nor can it break his slumbers.—
 Dost thou mourn?
 And is thy heart, like mine, with
 anguish torn?
 Weep, and my soul a joy in grief shall
 know,
 That o'er his grave my tears with
 Hamet's flow!"

But scarce her voice had breathed
 that well-known name,
 When, swiftly rushing o'er her spirit,
 came
 Each dark remembrance—by afflic-
 tion's power
 Awhile effaced in that o'erwhelming
 hour,
 To wake with tenfold strength: 'twas
 then her eye
 Resumed its light, her mien its
 majesty,
 And o'er her wasted cheek a burning
 glow
 Spreads, while her lips' indignant
 accents flow.

"Away! I dream! Oh, how hath
 sorrow's might
 Bowed down my soul, and quenched
 its native light—
 That I should thus forget! and bid
 thy tear
 With mine be mingled o'er a father's
 bier!
 Did he not perish, haply by thy hand,
 In the last combat with thy ruthless
 band?"

The morn beheld that conflict of despair :—

'Twas then he fell—he fell!—and thou wert there !

Thou ! who thy country's children hast pursued

To their last refuge 'midst these mountains rude.

Was it for this I loved thee ?—Thou hast taught

My soul all grief, all bitterness of thought !

'Twill soon be past—I bow to Heaven's decree,

Which bade each pang be ministered by thee."

" I had not deemed that aught remained below

For me to prove of yet untasted woe ; But thus to meet thee, Zayda ! can impart

One more, one keener agony of heart.

Oh, hear me yet !—I would have died to save

My foe, but still thy father, from the grave ;

But, in the fierce confusion of the strife, In my own stern despair and scorn of life,

Borne wildly on, I saw not, knew not aught, [sought.

Save that to perish there in vain I And let me share thy sorrows !—hadst thou known

All I have felt in silence and alone, E'en *thou* mightst then relent, and deem, at last,

A grief like mine might expiate all the past.

" But oh ! for thee, the loved and precious flower,

So fondly reared in luxury's guarded bower,

From every danger, every storm secured,

How hast *thou* suffered ! what hast thou endured !

Daughter of palaces ! and can it be That this bleak desert is a home for thee !

These rocks *thy* dwelling ! thou, who shouldst have known

Of life the sunbeam and the smile alone !

Oh, yet forgive ! be all my guilt forgot,
Nor bid me leave thee to so rude a lot ! "

" That lot is fixed ; 'twere fruitless to repine :

Still must a gulf divide my fate from thine.

I may forgive—but not at will the heart

Can bid its dark remembrances depart.

No, Hamet, no !—too deeply are these traced,

Yet the hour comes when all shall be effaced !

Not long on earth, not long, shall Zayda keep

Her lonely vigils o'er the grave to weep :

E'en now, prophetic of my early doom,

Speaks to my soul a presage of the tomb ;

And ne'er in vain did hopeless mourner feel

That deep foreboding o'er the bosom steal !

Soon shall I slumber calmly by the side

Of him for whom I lived, and would have died ;

Till then, one thought shall soothe my orphan lot,

In pain and peril—I forsook him not.

" And now, farewell !—behold the summer day

Is passing, like the dreams of life, away.

Soon will the tribe of him who sleeps draw nigh,

With the last rites his bier to sanctify.

Oh, yet in time, away !—'twere not *my* prayer

Could move their hearts a foe like thee to spare !

This hour they come—and dost thou scorn to fly ?

Save me that one last pang—to see thee die ! "

E'en while she speaks is heard their echoing tread ;

Onward they move, the kindred of the dead.

They reach the cave—they enter—
 slow their pace,
 And calm, deep sadness marks each
 mourner's face ;
 And all is hushed, till he who seems to
 wait
 In silent, stern devotedness, his fate,
 Hath met their glance—then grief
 to fury turns ;
 Each mien is changed, each eye
 indignant burns,
 And voices rise, and swords have left
 their sheath :
 Blood must atone for blood, and
 death for death !
 They close around him : lofty still his
 mien,
 His cheek unaltered, and his brow
 serene.
 Unheard, or heard in vain, is Zayda's
 cry :
 Fruitless her prayer, unmarked her
 agony,
 But as his foremost foes their weap-
 ons bend
 Against the life he seeks not to defend,
 Wildly she darts between—each
 feeling past,
 Save strong affection, which prevails
 at last. [blow
 Oh, not in vain its daring !—for the
 Aimed at his heart hath bade her
 life-blood flow ;
 And she hath sunk a martyr on the
 breast,
 Where, in that hour, her head may
 calmly rest,
 For he is saved ! Behold the Zegri
 band,
 Pale with dismay and grief, around
 her stand ;
 While, every thought of hate and
 vengeance o'er,
 They weep for her who soon shall
 weep no more.
 She, she alone is calm :—a fading
 smile,
 Like sunset, passes o'er her cheek
 the while ;
 And in her eye, ere yet it closes,
 dwell
 Those last faint rays, the parting
 soul's farewell.

“ Now is the conflict past, and I
 have proved

How well, how deeply thou hast been
 beloved !
 Yes ! in an hour like this 'twere vain
 to hide
 The heart so long and so severely
 tried :
 Still to thy name that heart hath
 fondly thrilled,
 But sterner duties called—and were
 fulfilled :
 And I am blest !—To every holier
 tie
 My life was faithful,—and for thee I
 die !
 Nor shall the love so purified be vain ;
 Severed on earth, we yet shall meet
 again.
 Farewell !—And ye, at Zayda's dying
 prayer,
 Spare him, my kindred tribe ! forgive
 and spare !
 Oh ! be his guilt forgotten in his woes,
 While I, beside my sire, in peace re-
 pose.”

Now fades her cheek, her voice
 hath sunk, and death
 Sits in her eye, and struggles in her
 breath.
 One pang—'tis past—her task on
 earth is done, [flown.
 And the pure spirit to its rest hath
 But he for whom she died—Oh ! who
 may paint
 The grief, to which all other woes
 were faint ?
 There is no power in language to
 impart
 The deeper pangs, the ordeals of the
 heart,
 By the dread Searcher of the soul
 surveyed ;
 These have no words—nor are by
 words portrayed.

A dirge is rising on the mountain
 air,
 Whose fitful swells its plaintive
 murmurs bear
 Far o'er the Alpuxarras ;—wild its
 tone,
 And rocks and caverns echo, “ Thou
 art gone ! ”

Daughter of heroes ! thou art gone
 To share his tomb who gave
 thee birth ;

Peace to the lovely spirit flown !
 It was not formed for earth.
 Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
 Which brightly passed, and left
 no trace.

But calmly sleep!—for thou art free,
 And hands unchained thy tomb
 shall raise.

Sleep! they are closed at length for
 thee,

Life's few and evil days !
 Nor shalt thou watch, with tear-
 ful eye,
 The lingering death of liberty.

Flower of the desert! thou thy
 bloom

Didst early to the storm resign :
 We bear it still—and dark *their*
 doom

Who cannot weep for thine !
 For us, whose every hope is fled,
 The time is past to mourn the dead.

The days have been when o'er thy
 bier

Far other strains than these had
 flowed ;
 Now, as a home from grief and
 fear,

We hail thy dark abode !
 We, who but linger to bequeath
 Our sons the choice of chains or
 death.

Thou art with those, the free, the
 brave,

The mighty of departed years ;
 And for the slumberers of the
 grave
 Our fate hath left no tears.

Though loved and lost, to weep
 were vain
 For thee, who ne'er shall weep
 again.

Have we not seen, despoiled by
 foes,

The land our fathers won of
 yore ?

And is there yet a pang for those
 Who gaze on *this* no more ?

Oh, that like them 'twere ours to
 rest ! [blest !
 Daughter of heroes! thou art

A few short years, and in the lonely
 cave

Where sleeps the Zegri maid, is
 Hamet's grave.

Severed in life, united in the tomb—
 Such, of the hearts that loved so
 well, the doom !

Their dirge, of woods and waves the
 eternal moan ;

Their sepulchre, the pine-clad rocks
 alone.

And oft beside the midnight watch-
 fire's blaze,

Amidst those rocks, in long departed
 days

(When freedom fled, to hold, se-
 questered there,

The stern and lofty councils of
 despair),

Some exiled Moor, a warrior of the
 wild,

Who the lone hours with mournful
 strains beguiled,

Hath taught his mountain-home the
 tale of those

Who thus have suffered, and who
 thus repose.

THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS

In the reign of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, the Romans, excited by their Consul, Crescentius, who ardently desired to restore the ancient glory of the Republic, made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the authority of the Popes, whose vices rendered them objects of universal contempt. The Consul was besieged by Otho in the Mole of Hadrian, which long afterwards continued to be called the Tower of Crescentius. Otho, after many unavailing attacks upon this fortress, at last entered into negotiations; and, pledging his imperial word to respect the life of Crescentius, and the rights of the Roman citizens, the unfortunate leader was betrayed into his power, and immediately beheaded, with many of his partisans. Stephania, his widow, concealing her affliction and her resentment for the insults to which she had been exposed, secretly resolved to revenge her husband and herself. On the return of Otho from a pilgrimage to Mount Gargano, which, perhaps, a feeling of remorse had induced him to undertake, she found means to be introduced to him, and to gain his confidence; and a poison administered by her was soon afterwards the cause of his painful death."—See *SISMONDI, History of the Italian Republics*, vol. i.]

L'orage peut briser en un moment les fleurs qui tiennent encore la tête levée. MADAME DE STAËL.

PART I

'MIDST Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt, in days departed long,
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,
But o'er the wrecks of other years,
Temples and domes, which long have
been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig-tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa
twine;
The cypress, in funereal grace,
Usurps the vanished column's place;
O'er fallen shrine and ruined frieze
The wallflower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus leaves the marble hide
They once adorned in sculptured
pride;
And nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Ilissus and of Nile,
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument?
Now Athens weeps her shattered
fanés,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy
plains; [reared
And the proud fabrics Hadrian
From Tibur's vale have disappeared.
We need no prescient sibyl there,
The doom of grandeur to declare;
Each stone, where weeds and ivy
climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time;
Each relic utters Fate's decree,
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tibur's vale,
Who now shall tell your lofty tale?
Who trace the high patrician's dome?
The bard's retreat, the hero's home?
When moss-clad wrecks alone record
There dwelt the world's departed lord,
In scenes where verdure's rich array
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
And sunshine on each glowing hill,
'Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace—but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder
doom,
Though vanished with the days of old
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
And the fair forms by sculpture
wrought,
Each bodying some immortal
thought,
Which o'er that temple of the dead,
Serene but solemn beauty shed,
Have found, like glory's self, a grave
In Time's abyss, or Tiber's wave:
Yet dreams more lofty and more fair
Than art's bold hand hath imaged
e'er,
High thoughts of many a mighty
mind,
Expanding when all else declined,
In twilight years, when only they
Recalled the radiance passed away,
Have made that ancient pile their
home,
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days
Again to kindle glory's rays,
Whose spirit sought a path of light,
For those dim ages far too bright,—
Crescentius long maintained the strife

Which closed but with its martyr's
life,
And left the imperial tomb a name,
A heritage of holier fame.

There closed De Brescia's mission
high,

From thence the patriot came to die ;
And thou, whose Roman soul the last
Spoke with the voice of ages past,
Whose thoughts so long from earth
had fled

To mingle with the glorious dead,
That 'midst the world's degenerate
race

They vainly sought a dwelling-place.
Within that house of death didst
brood

O'er visions to thy ruin wooed.
Yet, worthy of a brighter lot,
Rienzi, be thy faults forgot !

For thou, when all around thee lay
Chained in the slumbers of decay—
So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
Had scarce a *tear* for liberty—

Alone, amidst the darkness there,
Couldst gaze on Rome—yet not
despair !

'Tis morn, and Nature's richest
dyes

Are floating o'er Italian skies ;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Apennine ;
The clouds have left Soracte's height
And yellow Tiber winds in light,
Where tombs and fallen fanes have
strewn

The wide Campagna's solitude.

'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
Those relics of a vanished race ;
Yet, o'er the ravaged path of time—
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where Nature still, though empires
fall,

Holds her triumphant festival—
E'en Desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the
while ;
And heaven's own light, earth's
richest bloom,
Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent
tower
Breathes the pure freshness of the
hour ;

She, whose rich flow of raven hair
Streams wildly on the morning air,
Heeds not how fair the scene below,
Robed in Italia's brightest glow.
Though throned 'midst Latium's
classic plains

The Eternal City's towers and fanes,
And they, the Pleiades of earth,
The seven proud hills of Empire's
birth, [glance

Lie spread beneath : not now her
Roves o'er that vast sublime expanse ;
Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis
thrown

On Adrian's massy tomb alone ;
There, from the storm, when Freedom
fled,

His faithful few Crescentius led ;
While she, his anxious bride, who now
Bends o'er the scene her youthful
brow,

Sought refuge in the hallowed fane,
Which then could shelter, not in vain.

But now the lofty strife is o'er,
And Liberty shall weep no more.
At length imperial Otho's voice
Bids her devoted sons rejoice ;
And he, who battled to restore
The glories and the rights of yore,
Whose accents, like the clarion's
sound,

Could burst the dead repose around,
Again his native Rome shall see,
The sceptred city of the free !
And young Stephania waits the hour
When leaves her lord his fortress
tower,

Her ardent heart with joy elate,
That seems beyond the reach of fate ;
Her mien, like creature from above,
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
Lives all the soul of Italy,
A meaning lofty and inspired,
As by her native day-star fired ;
Such wild and high expression, fraught
With glances of impassioned thought,
As fancy sheds in visions bright
O'er priestess of the God of Light ;
And the dark locks that lend her
face

A youthful and luxuriant grace,
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling
dyes

Seem from the fire within to rise,
 But deepened by the burning heaven
 To her own land of sunbeams given.
 Italian art that fervid glow
 Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
 And with such ardent life express
 Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness,—
 Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
 The shade of glory still recall.

But see!—the banner of the brave
 O'er Adrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.

'Tis lowered—and now Stephania's eye

Can well the martial train descry,
 Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
 Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.

Now from her watch-tower on the height,

With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,

She flies—and swift her way pursues,
 Through the lone convent's avenues.
 Dark cypress groves, and fields o'er-spread

With records of the conquering dead,
 And paths which track a glowing waste,

She traverses in breathless haste;
 And by the tombs where dust is shrined,

Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
 Still passing on, hath reached the gate

Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
 Thronged are the streets, and, still renewed,

Rush on the gathering multitude.

Is it their high-souled chief to greet,

That thus the Roman thousands meet?

With names that bid their thoughts ascend,

Crescentius, thine in song to blend;
 And of triumphal days gone by

Recall the inspiring pageantry?

—There is an air of breathless dread,

An eager glance, a hurrying tread;

And now a fearful silence round,

And now a fitful murmuring sound,

'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem

Phantoms of some tumultuous dream.
 Quick is each step, and wild each mien,

Portentous of some awful scene.
 Bride of Crescentius! as the throng

Bore thee with whelming force along,
 How did thine anxious heart beat high,

Till rose suspense to agony!—
 Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,

And leave thy heart to deeper woes.

Who 'midst yon guarded precinct stands,

With fearless mien, but fettered hands?

The ministers of death are nigh,
 Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;

And in his glance there lives a mind
 Which was not formed for chains to bind,

But cast in such heroic mould
 As theirs, the ascendant ones of old.

Crescentius! freedom's daring son,
 Is this the guerdon thou hast won?

O worthy to have lived and died
 In the bright days of Latium's pride!

Thus must the beam of glory close
 O'er the seven hills again that rose,

When at thy voice, to burst the yoke,
 The soul of Rome indignant woke?

Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone,
 Sunk is the crowning city's throne:

The illusions, that around her cast
 Their guardian spells, have long been past.

Thy life hath been a short-star's ray,
 Shed o'er her midnight of decay;

Thy death at freedom's ruined shrine
 Must rivet every chain—but thine.

Calm is his aspect, and his eye
 Now fixed upon the deep-blue sky,

Now on those wrecks of ages fled,
 Around in desolation spread—

Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,
 Recording triumphs passed away;

Works of the mighty and the free,
 Whose steps on earth no more shall be,

Though their bright course hath left a trace

Nor years nor sorrows can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien,
Erewhile so loftily serene ?

Thus can approaching death control
The might of that commanding soul ?
No !—Heard he not that thrilling cry
Which told of bitterest agony ?

He heard it, and at once, subdued,
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude.

He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can
tell ;

And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath
found—

One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes, in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.

Pale, breathless, through the crowd
she flies,

The light of frenzy in her eyes :
But ere her arms can clasp the form,
Which life ere long must cease to
warm—

Ere on his agonising breast
Her heart can heave, her head can
rest—

Checked in her course by ruthless
hands,

Mute, motionless, at once she stands ;
With bloodless cheek and vacant
glance,

Frozen and fixed in horror's trance ;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelmed, and feeling
dead,

And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no
more ;

But *hers*—so vainly formed to prove
The pure devotedness of love,

And draw from fond affection's eye
All thought sublime, all feeling high ;
When consciousness again shall wake,
Hath now no refuge—but to break.
The spirit long inured to pain

May smile at fate in calm disdain ;
Survive its darkest hour and rise
In more majestic energies.

But in the glow of vernal pride,

If each warm hope *at once* hath died,
Then sinks the mind, a blighted
flower,

Dead to the sunbeam and the shower ;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is scattered—ne'er to reunite.

PART II

Hast thou a scene that is not
spread

With records of thy glory fled ?

A monument that doth not tell

The tale of liberty's farewell ?

Italia ! thou art but a grave

Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,

And nature gives her treasures birth

O'er all that hath been great on earth,

Yet smile thy heavens as once they
smiled,

When thou wert freedom's favoured
child :

Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimmed thy sunbeam's
glow ;

And, robed in that exulting ray,

Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay,

Oh ! yet, though by thy sorrows bent,

In nature's pomp magnificent ;

What marvel if, when all was lost,

Still on thy bright, enchanted coast,

Though many an omen warned him
thence,

Lingered the lord of eloquence ?

Still gazing on the lovely sky,

Whose radiance wooed him—but to
die :

Like him, *who* would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are
fair ?

Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could
dwell,

Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell ?

Hath not thy pure and genial air

Balm for all sadness but despair ?

No ! there are pangs, whose deep-
worn trace

Not all *thy* magic can efface !

Hearts by unkindness wrung may
learn

The world and all its gifts to spurn ;

Time may steal on with silent tread,

And dry the tear that mourns the
dead,

May change fond love, subdue regret,

And teach e'en vengeance to forget :

But thou, Remorse! there is no
charm,
Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!
Vain are bright suns and laughing
skies
To soothe thy victim's agonies:
The heart once made thy burning
throne,
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscape's rich array
The imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight
Rises when nature laughs in light,
Glides round him at the midnight
hour,
Is present in his festal bower,
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.
Oh! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where through Gargano's woody
dells,
O'er bending oaks the north wind
swells,
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosomed in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there;
Around that dweller of the wild
There "bright appearances" have
smiled,
And angel-wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs be-
tween
And oft from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer
hour,
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh! none but voices of the sky
Might wake that thrilling harmony,
Whose tones, whose very echoes made
An Eden of the lonely shade!
Years have gone by; the hermit
sleeps
Amidst Gargano's woods and steeps;
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown,
And veiled his low sepulchral stone:
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;

And oft the awestruck mountaineer
Aërial vesper hymns may hear
Around those forest-precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear, but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine's departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o'er her
breast.

And thither Otho now repairs,
To soothe his soul with vows and
prayers;
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
'Midst rocks and forests, by the bed,
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,
She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature's lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search—his troubled
breast
Nor vow nor penance lulls to rest;
The weary pilgrimage is o'er,
The hopes that cheered it are no more.
Then sinks his soul, and day by day
Youth's buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is
gone.
Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
Extending its mysterious power
O'er every scene, o'er every hour:
E'en thus *he* withers; and to him
Italia's brilliant skies are dim.
He withers—in that glorious clime
Where Nature laughs in scorn of Time;
And suns, that shed on all below
Their full and vivifying glow,
From him alone their power withhold,
And leave his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven
is fair,
He only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient
smile
Play o'er his faded cheek awhile,
When breathes his minstrel boy a
strain
Of power to lull all earthly pain;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
The ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit's voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone!

Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe ;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell,
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge's harmony.

Oh ! many a pang the heart hath
proved,
Hath deeply suffered, fondly loved,
Ere the sad strain could catch from
thence

Such deep impassioned eloquence !—
Yes ! gaze on him, that minstrel
boy—

He is no child of hope and joy !
Though few his years, yet have they
been

Such as leave traces on the mien,
And o'er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of
time.

Yet seems his spirit wild and
proud,

By grief unsoftened and unbowed.
Oh ! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And, rushing with an earthquake's
power,

That makes a desert in an hour,
Rouse the dread passions in their
course,

As tempests wake the billows'
force !—

'Tis sad, on youthful Guido's face,
The stamp of woes like these to trace.
Oh ! where can ruins awe mankind,
Dark as the ruins of the mind ?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze

Too well a wandering soul betrays :
His full dark eye at times is bright
With strange and momentary light,
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow :
And oft his features and his air
A shade of troubled mystery wear,
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.
Whate'er that thought, still, unex-
pressed,

Dwells the sad secret in his breast ;
The pride his haughty brow reveals,
All other passion well conceals—
He breathes each wounded feeling's
tone

In music's eloquence alone ;
His soul's deep voice is only poured
Through his full song and swelling
chord.

He seeks no friend, but shuns the
train

Of courtiers with a proud disdain ;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.
Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains ;
Lie scattered o'er the silent plains ;
Or, lingering 'midst each ruined
shrine

That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful yet commanding
mien,

Like the sad genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought appears
To commune with departed years.

Or, at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home ;
When Tiber's murmuring voice re-
calls

The mighty to their ancient halls ;
When hushed is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone
The majesty of ages flown,—

A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred
gloom ;

And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,
At times will breathe so sad a lay,
So wild a grandeur in each tone,
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone !

Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido ! for awhile forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,
And rouse the inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along !—
The feast is spread, the music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave and trophies shine
O'er stately guests in glittering line ;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice—whose murmurs
deep

Rise like a spirit on his sleep, [die,
The still small voice of conscience—

Lost in the din of revelry.
On his pale brow dejection lowers,
But that shall yield to festal hours:
A gloom is in his faded eye,
But that from music's power shall
fly:

His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson
there.

Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers
high,

Strike the bold chord exultingly!
And pour upon the enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear!
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish all resembling woe;
And, if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart—but not the
mien!

Away, vain dream!—on Otho's
brow,
Still darker lower the shadows now;
Changed are his features, now o'er-
spread

With the cold paleness of the dead;
Now crimsoned with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony!

His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves with convulsive pangs op-
pressed;

[glazed,
Now his dim eye seems fixed and
And now to heaven in anguish raised;
And as, with unavailing aid,
Around him throng his guests dis-
mayed,

He sinks—while scarce his struggling
breath

Hath power to falter—"This is
death!"

Then rushed that haughty child of
song,

Dark Guido, through the awestruck
throng;

Filled with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright;
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he
cried:—

"Yes! these are death pangs—on
thy brow

Is set the seal of vengeance now!
Oh! well was mixed the deadly
draught,

And long and deeply hast thou
quaffed;

And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from
me!

Yet, these are but a moment's throes,
Howe'er intense, they soon shall
close.

Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting
breath—

My life hath been a lingering death;
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time!

"Deemest thou my mind of
reason void?

It is not frenzied,—but destroyed!
Ay! view the wreck with shuddering
thought,

That work of ruin thou hast wrought!
The secret of thy doom to tell,
My name alone suffices well!

Stephania!—once a hero's bride
Otho! thou knowest the rest—*he*
died.

Yes! trusting to a monarch's word,
The Roman fell, untried, unheard!
And thou, whose every pledge was
vain,

How couldst *thou* trust in aught
again?

"He died, and I was changed—my
soul,

A lonely wanderer, spurned control.
From peace, and light, and glory
hurled,

The outcast of a purer world,
I saw each brighter hope o'erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed, fulfilled the vow—
The hand of death is on thee now.
Betrayed! in thy turn betrayed,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid!
Thine hour is come—the time hath
been

My heart had shrunk from such a
scene;

That feeling long is past—my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

"Ye that around me shuddering
stand,

Ye chiefs and princes of the land !
Mourn ye a guilty monarch's doom ?
Ye wept not o'er the patriot's tomb !
He sleeps unhonoured—yet be mine
To share his low, neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home,
His grave is that of glory—Rome !
Are not the great of old with her,
That city of the sepulchre ?
Lead me to death ! and let me share
The slumbers of the mighty there ! ”

The day departs—that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away :
From purple heavens its lingering
beam
Seems melting into Tiber's stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still
As if, unstained by crime or woe,
Its hours had passed in silent flow.

The day sets calmly—it hath been
Marked with a strange and awful
scene :

One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho's pangs and life are o'er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,
Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome ! shalt find repose.
Yes ! on thy country's lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye !
A few short hours—and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh ! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle, and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep !
And o'er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread,
The pangs, the conflicts, of thy lot
By them unknown, by thee forgot.

THE LAST BANQUET OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[Antony, concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Caesar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered his servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully, for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus ; which when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city—a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing day—on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.—LANGHORNE'S *Plutarch*.]

THY foes had girt thee with their
dead array,
O stately Alexandria !—yet the
sound
Of mirth and music, at the close of
day,
Swelled from thy splendid fabrics,
far around
O'er camp and wave. Within the
royal hall,
In gay magnificence the feast was
spread ;
And, brightly streaming from the
pictured wall,
A thousand lamps their trembling
lustre shed

O'er many a column, rich with pre-
cious dyes,
That tinge the marble's vein, 'neath
Afric's burning skies.

And soft and clear that wavering
radiance played
O'er sculptured forms, that round
the pillared scene
Calm and majestic rose, by art arrayed
In godlike beauty, awfully serene.
Oh ! how unlike the troubled guests
reclined
Round that luxurious board !—in
every face [the mind
Some shadow from the tempest of

Rising by fits, the searching eye
might trace,
Though vainly masked in smiles
which are not mirth,
But the proud spirit's veil thrown
o'er the woes of earth.

Their brows are bound with wreaths,
whose transient bloom
May still survive the wearers—and
the rose

Perchance may scarce be withered
when the tomb

Receives the mighty to its dark
repose!

The day must dawn on battle, and
may set

In death—but fill the mantling
wine-cup high!

Despair is fearless, and the Fates e'en
yet

Lend her one hour for parting
revelry.

They who the empire of the world
possessed,

Would taste its joys again, ere all
exchanged for rest.

Its joys! Oh! mark yon proud
triumvir's mien,

And read their annals on that brow
of care;

'Midst pleasure's lotus-bowers his
steps have been;

Earth's brightest pathway led him
to despair.

Trust not the glance that fain would
yet inspire

The buoyant energies of days
gone by;

There is delusion in its meteor-fire,
And all within is shame, is agony!

Away! the tear in bitterness may
flow,

But there are smiles which bear a
stamp of deeper woe.

Thy cheek is sunk, and faded as thy
fame,

O lost, devoted Roman! yet thy
brow

To that ascendant and undying
name,

Pleads with stern loftiness that
right e'en now.

Thy glory is departed, but hath left

A lingering light around thee—in
decay

Not less than kingly, though of all
bereft,

Thou seem'st as empire had not
passed away

Supreme in ruin! teaching hearts
elate,

A deep, prophetic dread of still
mysterious fate!

But thou, enchantress-queen! whose
love hath made

His desolation—thou art by his
side,

In all thy sovereignty of charms
arrayed,

To meet the storm with still un-
conquered pride.

Imperial being! e'en though many
a stain

Of error be upon thee, there is power
In thy commanding nature, which

shall reign

O'er the stern genius of mis-
fortune's hour;

And the dark beauty of thy troubled
eye

E'en now is all illumed with wild
sublimity.

Thine aspect, all impassioned, wears
a light

Inspiring and inspired—thy cheek
a dye,

Which rises not from joy, but yet is
bright

With the deep glow of feverish
energy.

Proud siren of the Nile! thy glance
is fraught

With an immortal fire—in every
beam

It darts, there kindles some heroic
thought,

But wild and awful as a sibyl's
dream;

For thou with death hast communed,
to attain

Dread knowledge of the pangs that
ransom from the chain.

And the stern courage by such mus-
ings lent,

Daughter of Afric! o'er thy
beauty throws

The grandeur of a regal spirit, blent
With all the majesty of mighty
woes ;

While he, so fondly, fatally adored,
Thy fallen Roman, gazes on thee
yet,

Till scarce the soul, that once exult-
ing soared, [set ;

Can deem the day-star of its glory
Scarce his charmed heart believes
that power can be

In sovereign fate, o'er him thus fondly
loved by thee.

But there is sadness in the eyes
around,

Which marked that ruined leader,
and survey

His changeful mien, whence oft
the gloom profound

Strange triumph chases haughtily
away.

" Fill the bright goblet, warrior
guests ! " he cries ;

" Quaff, ere we part, the generous
nectar deep !

Ere sunset gild once more the western
skies,

Your chief in cold forgetfulness
may sleep,

While sounds of revel float o'er shore
and sea,

And the red bowl again is crowned—
but not for me.

" Yet weep not thus—the struggle is
not o'er,

O victors of Philippi ! many a
field

Hath yielded palms to us :—one
effort more,

By one stern conflict must our doom
be sealed ! [world

Forget not, Romans ! o'er a subject
How royally your eagle's wing hath

spread,

Though, from his eyrie of dominion
hurled,

Now bursts the tempest on his
crested head !

Yet sovereign still, if banished from
the sky,

The sun's indignant bird, he must not
droop—but die."

The feast is o'er. 'Tis night, the
dead of night—

Unbroken stillness broods o'er
earth and deep ;

From Egypt's heaven of soft and
starry light

The moon looks cloudless o'er a
world of sleep.

For those who wait the morn's
awakening beams,

The battle signal to decide their
doom,

Have sunk to feverish rest and
troubled dreams—

Rest that soon shall be calmer
in the tomb,

Dreams, dark and ominous, but *there*
to cease,

When sleep the lords of war in
solitude and peace.

Wake, slumberers, wake ! Hark !
heard ye not a sound

Of gathering tumult ?—Near and
nearer still

Its murmur swells. Above, below,
around,

Bursts a strange chorus forth,
confused and shrill.

Wake, Alexandria ! through thy
streets the tread

Of steps unseen is hurrying, and
the note

Of pipe and lyre and trumpet, wild
and dread, [float ;

Is heard upon the midnight air to
And voices, clamorous as in frenzied

mirth,

Mingle their thousand tones, which
are not of the earth.

These are no mortal sounds—their
thrilling strain

Hath more mysterious power, and
birth more high ;

And the deep horror chilling every
vein

Owens them of stern, terrific augury.

Beings of worlds unknown ! ye pass
away,

O ye invisible and awful throng !

Your echoing footsteps and resound-
ing lay

To Cæsar's camp exulting move
along.

Thy gods forsake thee, Antony ! the
sky

By that dread sign reveals thy
doom—" Despair and die ! "

ALARIC IN ITALY

[After describing the conquest of Greece and Italy by the German and Scythian hordes united under the command of Alaric, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* thus proceeds:—"Whether fame, or conquest, or riches were the object of Alaric, he pursued that object with an indefatigable ardour which could neither be quelled by adversity nor satiated by success. No sooner had he reached the extreme land of Italy, than he was attracted by the neighbouring prospect of a fair and peaceful island. Yet even the possession of Sicily he considered only as an intermediate step to the important expedition which he already meditated against the continent of Africa. The straits of Rhegium and Messina are twelve miles in length, and, in the narrowest passage, about one mile and a half broad; and the fabulous monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, could terrify none but the most timid and unskilful mariners: yet, as soon as the first division of the Goths had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports. Their courage was daunted by the terrors of a new element; and the whole design was defeated by the premature death of Alaric, which fixed, after a short illness, the fatal term of his conquests. The ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero, whose valour and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause. By the labour of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the Busentinus, a small river that washes the walls of Consentia. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. v. p. 329.

HEARD ye the Gothic trumpet's blast?
The march of hosts as Alaric passed?
His steps have tracked that glorious
clime,
The birth place of heroic time;
But he, in northern deserts bred,
Spared not the living for the dead,
Nor heard the voice, whose pleading
cries
From temple and from tomb arise.
He passed—the light of burning
fanés
Hath been his torch o'er Grecian
plains;
And woke they not, the brave, the
free,
To guard their own Thermopylæ?
And left they not their silent dwell-
ing,
When Scythia's note of war was
swelling?
No! where the bold Three Hundred
slept,
Sad freedom battled not—but wept!
For nerveless then the Spartan's hand,
And Thebes could rouse no Sacred
Band;
Nor one high soul from slumber
broke,
When Athens owned the Northern
yoke.

But was there none for *thee* to dare
The conflict, scorning to despair?
O city of the seven proud hills!

Whose name e'en yet the spirit
thrills,
As doth a clarion's battle-call—
Didst thou too, ancient empress,
fall?
Did no Camillus from the chain
Ransom thy Capitol again?
Oh! who shall tell the days to be,
No patriot rose to bleed for thee?

Heard ye the Gothic trumpet's
blast?
The march of hosts, as Alaric
passed? [deep,
That fearful sound, at midnight
Burst on the eternal city's sleep:
How woke the mighty? She, whose
will
So long had bid the world be still,
Her sword a sceptre, and her eye
The ascendant star of destiny!
She woke—to view the dread array
Of Scythians rushing to their prey,
To hear her streets resound the
cries
Poured from a thousand agonies!
While the strange light of flames,
that gave
A ruddy glow to Tiber's wave,
Bursting in that terrific hour
From fane and palace, dome and
tower,
Revealed the throngs, for aid divine
Clinging to many a worshipped
shrine;

Fierce fitful radiance wildly shed
 O'er spear and sword, with carnage
 red,
 Shone o'er the suppliant and the
 flying,
 And kindled pyres for Romans dying.

Weep, Italy! alas, that e'er
 Should tears alone thy wrongs de-
 clare!

The time hath been when *thy* distress
 Had roused up empires for redress!
 Now, her long race of glory run,
 Without a combat Rome is won,
 And from her plundered temples
 forth

Rush the fierce children of the north,
 To share beneath more genial skies
 Each joy their own rude clime
 denies.

Ye who on bright Campania's
 shore

Bade your fair villas rise of yore,
 With all their graceful colonnades,
 And crystal baths, and myrtle shades,
 Along the blue Hesperian deep,
 Whose glassy waves in sunshine
 sleep;

Beneath your olive and your vine
 Far other inmates now recline,
 And the tall plane, whose roots ye fed
 With rich libations duly shed,
 O'er guests, unlike your vanished
 friends,

Its bowery canopy extends.
 For them the southern heaven is
 glowing,

The bright Falernian nectar flowing;
 For them the marble halls unfold,
 Where nobler beings dwelt of old,
 Whose children for barbarian lords
 Touch the sweet lyre's resounding
 chords,

Or wreaths of Pæstan roses twine,
 To crown the sons of Elbe and
 Rhine.

Yet, though luxurious they repose
 Beneath Corinthian porticoes,
 While round them into being start
 The marvels of triumphant art;
 Oh! not for them hath genius given
 To Parian stone the fire of heaven,
 Enshrining in the forms he wrought
 A bright eternity of thought.
 In vain the natives of the skies

In breathing marble round them rise,
 And sculptured nymphs of fount or
 glade

People the dark-green laurel shade;
 Cold are the conqueror's heart and
 eye

To visions of divinity;
 And rude his hand which dares deface
 The models of immortal grace.

Arouse ye from your soft delights!
 Chieftains! the war-note's call in-
 vites;

And other lands must yet be won,
 And other deeds of havoc done.

Warriors! your flowery bondage
 break,

Sons of the stormy north, awake!
 The barks are launching from the
 steep,

Soon shall the Isle of Ceres weep,
 And Afric's burning winds afar
 Waft the shrill sounds of Alaric's war.
 Where shall his race of victory close?
 When shall the ravaged earth repose?
 But hark! what wildly mingling
 cries

From Scythia's camp tumultuous rise?
 Why swells dread Alaric's name on
 air?

A sterner conqueror hath been there!
 A conqueror—yet his paths are peace,
 He comes to bring the world's re-
 lease;

He of the sword that knows no
 sheath,
 The avenger, the deliverer—Death!

Is then that daring spirit fled?
 Doth Alaric slumber with the dead?
 Tamed are the warrior's pride and
 strength,

And he and earth are calm at length.
 The land where heaven unclouded
 shines,

Where sleep the sunbeams on the
 vines;

The land by conquest made his own,
 Can yield him now—a grave alone.
 But his—her lord from Alp to sea—
 No common sepulchre shall be!

Oh, make his tomb where mortal eye
 Its buried wealth may ne'er descry!
 Where mortal foot may never tread
 Above a victor-monarch's bed.

Let not his royal dust be hid

'Neath star-aspiring pyramid ;
 Nor bid the gathered mound arise,
 To bear his memory to the skies.
 Years roll away—oblivion claims
 Her triumph o'er heroic names ;
 And hands profane disturb the clay
 That once was fired with glory's ray ;
 And Avarice, from their secret gloom,
 Drags e'en the treasures of the tomb.
 But thou, O leader of the free !
 That general doom awaits not thee :
 Thou, where no step may e'er intrude,
 Shalt rest in regal solitude,
 Till, bursting on thy sleep profound,
 The Awakener's final trumpet sound.
 Turn ye the waters from their course,
 Bid Nature yield to human force,
 And hollow in the torrent's bed
 A chamber for the mighty dead.
 The work is done—the captive's hand
 Hath well obeyed his lord's command.
 Within that royal tomb are cast
 The richest trophies of the past,
 The wealth of many a stately dome,
 The gold and gems of plundered
 Rome ;

And when the midnight stars are
 beaming,
 And ocean waves in stillness gleaming,
 Stern in their grief, the warriors bear
 The Chastener of the Nations there ;
 To rest, at length, from victory's toil,
 Alone, with all an empire's spoil !

Then the freed current's rushing
 wave
 Rolls o'er the secret of the grave ;
 Then streams the martyred captives'
 blood
 To crimson that sepulchral flood,
 Whose conscious tide alone shall keep
 The mystery in its bosom deep.
 Time hath passed on since then—and
 swept [slept ;
 From earth the urns where heroes
 Temples of gods and domes of kings,
 Are mouldering with forgotten things ;
 Yet shall not ages e'er molest
 The viewless home of Alaric's rest :
 Still rolls, like them, the unfailing
 river,
 The guardian of his dust for ever.

THE WIFE OF ASDRUBAL

[“This governor, who had braved death when it was at a distance, and protested that the sun should never see him survive Carthage—this fierce Asdrubal was so mean-spirited as to come alone, and privately throw himself at the conqueror's feet. The general, piqued to see his proud rival humbled, granted his life, and kept him to grace his triumph. The Carthaginians in the citadel no sooner understood that their commander had abandoned the place, than they threw open the gates, and put the proconsul in possession of Byrsa. The Romans had now no enemy to contend with but the nine hundred deserters, who, being reduced to despair, retired into the temple of Esculapius, which was a second citadel within the first : there the proconsul attacked them and these unhappy wretches, finding there was no way to escape, set fire to the temple. As the flames spread, they retreated from one part to another, till they got to the roof of the building : there Asdrubal's wife appeared in her best apparel, as if the day of her death had been a day of triumph ; and after having uttered the most bitter imprecations against her husband, whom she saw standing below with Emilianus,—‘Base coward !’ said she, ‘the mean things thou hast done to save thy life shall not avail thee ; thou shalt die this instant, at least in thy two children.’ Having thus spoken, she drew out a dagger, stabbed them both, and while they were yet struggling for life, threw them from the top of the temple, and leaped down after them into the flames.”—*Ancient Universal History.*]

THE sun sets brightly—but a ruddier
 glow
 O'er Afric's heaven the flames of Car-
 thage throw ;
 Her walls have sunk, and pyramids of
 fire
 In lurid splendour from her domes
 aspire ;
 Swayed by the wind, they wave—
 while glares the sky
 As when the desert's red simoom is
 nigh ;

The sculptured altar and the pillared
 hall
 Shine out in dreadful brightness ere
 they fall ;
 Far o'er the seas the light of ruin
 streams,
 Rock, wave, and isle are crimsoned by
 its beams ;
 While captive thousands, bound in
 Roman chains,
 Gaze in mute horror on their burning
 fanes ;

And shouts of triumph, echoing far around, Swell from the victors' tents with ivy crowned. But mark! from yon fair temple's loftiest height What towering form bursts wildly on the sight, All regal in magnificent attire, And sternly beauteous in terrific ire? She might be deemed a Pythia in the hour Of dread communion and delirious power; A being more than earthly, in whose eye There dwells a strange and fierce ascendancy. The flames are gathering round—in- tensely bright, Full on her features glares their meteor light; But a wild courage sits triumphant there, The stormy grandeur of a proud despair; A daring spirit, in its woes elate, Mightier than death, untamable by fate. The dark profusion of her locks un- bound, Waves like a warrior's floating plum- age round; Flushed is her cheek, inspired her haughty mien, She seems the avenging goddess of the scene. Are those <i>her</i> infants, that with suppli- ant cry Cling round her, shrinking as the flame draws nigh, Clasp with their feeble hands her gorgeous vest, And fain would rush for shelter to her breast? Is that a mother's glance, where stern disdain, And passion, awfully vindictive, reign? Fixed is her eye on Asdrubal, who stands Ignobly safe amidst the conquering bands;	On him who left her to that burning tomb, Alone to share her children's martyr- dom; Who, when his country perished, fled the strife, And knelt to win the worthless boon of life. "Live, traitor, live!" she cries, "since dear to thee, E'en in thy fetters, can existence be! Scorned and dishonoured live!— with blasted name, The Romans, triumph not to grace, but shame. O slave in spirit! bitter be thy chain With tenfold anguish to avenge my pain! Still may the manes of thy children rise To chase calm slumber from thy wear- ied eyes; Still may their voices on the haunted air In fearful whispers tell thee to de- spair, Till vain remorse thy withered heart consume, [tomb! Scourged by relentless shadows of the E'en now my sons shall die—and thou, their sire, In bondage safe, shalt yet in them expire. Think'st thou I love them not?— 'Twas thine to fly— 'Tis mine with these to suffer and to die, Behold their fate!—the arms that cannot save Have been their cradle, and shall be their grave." Bright in her hand the lifted dagger gleams, Swift from her children's hearts the life-blood streams; With frantic laugh she clasps them to the breast Whose woes and passions soon shall be at rest; Lifts one appealing, frenzied glance on high, Then deep 'midst rolling flames is lost to mortal eye.
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HELIODORUS IN THE TEMPLE

[From *Maccabees*, book ii., chapter 3. v. 21. "Then it would have pitied a man to see the falling down of the multitude of all sorts, and the fear of the high priest, being in such an agony.—22. They then called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things committed of trust safe and sure, for those that had committed them.—23. Nevertheless Heliodorus executed that which was decreed.—24. Now as he was there present himself, with his guard about the treasury, the Lord of Spirits, and the Prince of all Power, caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him were astonished at the power of God, and fainted, and were sore afraid.—25. For there appeared unto them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at Heliodorus with his fore feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold.—26. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.—27. And Heliodorus fell suddenly to the ground, and was compassed with great darkness; but they that were with him took him up, and put him into a litter.—28. Thus him that lately came with great train, and with all his guard, into the said treasury, they carried out, being unable to help himself with his weapons, and manifestly they acknowledged the power of God.—29. For he by the hand of God was cast down, and lay speechless, without all hope of life."]

A SOUND of woe in Salem !—mournful cries Rose from her dwellings—youthful cheeks were pale, Tears flowing fast from dim and aged eyes, And voices mingling in tumultuous wail ; Hands raised to heaven in agony of prayer, And powerless wrath, and terror, and despair. Thy daughters, Judah ! weeping, laid aside The regal splendour of their fair array, With the rude sackcloth girt their beauty's pride, And thronged the streets in hurrying, wild dismay ; While knelt thy priests before <i>His</i> awful shrine, Who made, of old, renown and empire thine. But on the spoiler moves—the temple's gate, The bright, the beautiful, his guards unfold ; And all the scene reveals its solemn state, Its courts and pillars, rich with sculptured gold ; And man, with eye unhallowed, views the abode, The severed spot, the dwelling-place of God.	Where art thou, Mighty Presence ! that of yore Wert wont between the cherubim to rest, [o'er Veiled in a cloud of glory, shadowing Thy sanctuary the chosen and the blest ? Thou ! that didst make fair Sion's ark Thy throne, And call the oracle's recess Thine own ! Angel of God ! that through the Assyrian host, Clothed with the darkness of the midnight hour, To tame the proud, to hush the invader's boast, Didst pass triumphant in avenging power, Till burst the dayspring on the silent scene, And death alone revealed where thou hadst been. Wilt thou not wake, O Chastener ! in thy might, To guard thine ancient and majestic hill, Where oft from heaven the full Shechinah's light Hath streamed the house of holiness to fill ? Oh ! yet once more defend thy loved domain, Eternal one ! Deliverer ! rise again ! Fearless of thee, the plunderer, undismayed,
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Hastes on, the sacred chambers to
explore
Where the bright treasures of the fane
are laid,
The orphan's portion, and the
widow's store ;
What reck's *his* heart though age un-
succoured die
And want consume the cheek of in-
fancy ?

Away, intruders !—hark ! a mighty
sound !
Behold, a burst of light !—away,
away !
A fearful glory fills the temple round,
A vision bright in terrible array !
And lo ! a steed of no terrestrial
frame,
His path a whirlwind, and his breath
a flame !

His neck is clothed with thunder—
and his mane
Seems waving fire—the kindling of
his eye
Is as a meteor—ardent with disdain
His glance—his gesture, fierce in
majesty !
Instinct with light he seems, and
formed to bear
Some dread archangel through the
fields of air.

But who is he, in panoply of gold,
Throned on that burning charger ?
bright his form,
Yet in its brightness awful to behold,
And girt with all the terrors of the
storm !
Lightning is on his helmet's crest—
and fear
Shrinks from the splendour of his
brow severe.

And by his side two radiant warriors
stand

All-armed, and kingly in command-
ing grace—
Oh ! more than kingly—godlike !—
sternly grand ;
Their port indignant, and each
dazzling face
Beams with the beauty to immortals
given,
Magnificent in all the wrath of heaven.

Then sinks each gazer's heart—each
knee is bowed
In trembling awe—but, as to fields
of fight,
The unearthly war-steed, rushing
through the crowd,
Bursts on their leader in terrific
might ;
And the stern angels of that dread
abode
Pursue its plunderer with the scourge
of God.

Darkness—thick darkness !—low on
earth he lies,
Rash Heliodorus—motionless and
pale—
Bloodless his cheek, and o'er his
shrouded eyes
Mists, as of death, suspend their
shadowy veil ;
And thus the oppressor, by his fear-
struck train,
Is borne from that inviolable fane.

The light returns—the warriors of the
sky
Have passed, with all their dreadful
pomp, away.
Then wakes the timbrel, swells the
song on high
Triumphant as in Judah's elder
day ;
Rejoice, O city of the sacred hill !
Salem, exult ! thy God is with thee
still.

NIGHT SCENE IN GENOA

In Genoa, when the sunset gave
 Its last warm purple to the wave,
 No sound of war, no voice of fear,
 Was heard, announcing danger near :
 Though deadliest foes were there,
 whose hate
 But slumbered till its hour of fate,
 Yet calmly, at the twilight's close,
 Sunk the wide city to repose.

But when deep midnight reigned
 around,
 All sudden woke the alarm-bell's
 sound,
 Full swelling, while the hollow breeze
 Bore its dread summons o'er the seas.
 Then, Genoa, from their slumber
 started
 Thy sons, the free, the fearless-
 hearted ;
 Then mingled with the awakening
 peal
 Voices, and steps, and clash of steel.
 Arm, warriors, arm ! for danger calls,
 Arise to guard your native walls !
 With breathless haste the gathering
 throng
 Hurry the echoing streets along ;
 Through darkness rushing to the scene
 Where their bold counsels still con-
 vene.
 —But there a blaze of torches bright
 Pours its red radiance on the night,
 O'er fane, and dome, and column
 playing
 With every fitful night-wind swaying :
 Now floating o'er each tall arcade,
 Around the pillared scene displayed,
 In light relieved by depth of shade :
 And now with ruddy meteor-glare,
 Full streaming on the silvery hair
 And the bright cross of him who
 stands
 Rearing that sign with suppliant
 hands,
 Girt with his consecrated train,
 The hallowed servants of the fane.
 Of life's past woes, the fading trace
 Hath given that aged patriarch's face
 Expression holy, deep, resigned,
 The calm sublimity of mind.
 Years o'er his snowy head have
 passed,

And left him of his race the last ;
 Alone on earth—yet still his mien
 Is bright with majesty serene ;
 And those high hopes, whose guiding-
 star
 Shines from the eternal worlds afar,
 Have with that light illumed his eye,
 Whose fount is immortality,
 And o'er his features poured a ray
 Of glory, not to pass away.
 He seems a being who hath known
 Communion with his God alone,
 On earth by nought but pity's tie
 Detained a moment from on high !
 One to sublimer worlds allied,
 One, from all passion purified,
 E'en now half mingled with the sky,
 And all prepared—oh ! not to die—
 But, like the prophet, to aspire,
 In heaven's triumphal car of fire.
 He speaks—and from the throngs
 around
 Is heard not e'en a whispered sound :
 Awestruck each heart, and fixed each
 glance
 They stand as in a spellbound trance :
 He speaks—oh ! who can hear nor
 own
 The might of each prevailing tone ?

“ Chieftains and warriors ! ye, so
 long
 Aroused to strife by mutual wrong,
 Whose fierce and far-transmitted
 hate
 Hath made your country desolate ;
 Now by the love ye bear her name,
 By that pure spark of holy flame
 On freedom's altar brightly burning,
 But, once extinguished, ne'er return-
 ing ;
 By all your hopes of bliss to come,
 When burst the bondage of the tomb ;
 By Him, the God Who bade us live
 To aid each other, and forgive—
 I call upon ye to resign
 Your discords at your country's
 shrine,
 Each ancient feud in peace atone,
 Wield your keen swords for her
 alone,
 And swear upon the cross, to cast
 Oblivion's mantle o'er the past ! ”

No voice replies. The holy bands
Advance to where yon chieftain
stands,
With folded arms, and brow of
gloom
O'ershadowed by his floating plume.
To him they lift the cross—in vain :
He turns—oh ! say not with disdain,
But with a mien of haughty grief,
That seeks not, e'en from heaven, re-
lief.
He rends his robes—he sternly
speaks—
Yet tears are on the warrior's cheeks.

“ Father ! not thus the wounds may
close,
Inflicted by eternal foes.
Deemest thou *thy* mandate can efface
The dread volcano's burning trace ?
Or bid the earthquake's ravaged
scene
Be smiling as it once hath been ?
No ! for the deeds the sword hath
done

Forgiveness is not lightly won ;
The words by hatred spoke may not
Be as a summer breeze forgot !
'Tis vain—we deem the war-feud's
rage

A portion of our heritage.
Leaders, now slumbering with their
fame,
Bequeathed us that undying flame :
Hearts that have long been still and
cold

Yet rule us from their silent mould ;
And voices, heard on earth no more,
Speak to our spirits as of yore.
Talk not of mercy—blood alone
The stain of bloodshed may atone ;
Nought else can pay that mighty
debt,
The dead forbid us to forget.”

He pauses—from the patriarch's
brow
There beams more lofty grandeur
now ;
His reverend form, his aged hand
Assume a gesture of command,
His voice is awful, and his eye
Filled with prophetic majesty.

“ The dead !—and deemest thou
they retain
Aught of terrestrial passion's stain ?

Of guilt incurred in days gone by,
Aught but the fearful penalty ?
And sayest thou, mortal ! blood alone
For deeds of slaughter may atone ?
There *hath* been blood—by Him 'twas
shed

To expiate every crime Who bled ;
The absolving God Who died to save,
And rose in victory from the grave !
And by that stainless offering given
Alike for all on earth to heaven ;
By that inevitable hour
When death shall vanquish pride and
power,

And each departing passion's force
Concentrate all in late remorse ;
And by the day when doom shall be
Passed on earth's millions, and on the
thee—

The doom that shall not be repealed,
Once uttered, and for ever sealed—
I summon thee, O child of clay !
To cast thy darker thoughts away,
And meet thy foes in peace and love,
As thou wouldst join the blest above.”

Still as he speaks, unwonted feeling
Is o'er the chieftain's bosom stealing ;
Oh ! not in vain the pleading cries
Of anxious thousands round him rise ;
He yields—devotion's mingled sense
Of faith, and fear, and penitence,
Pervading all his soul, he bows
To offer on the cross his vows,
And that best incense to the skies,
Each evil passion's sacrifice.

Then tears from warriors' eyes
were flowing,
High hearts with soft emotions glow-
ing ;
Stern foes as long-loved brothers
greeting,
And ardent throngs in transport
meeting ;
And eager footsteps forward pressing,
And accents loud in joyous blessing ;
And when their first wild tumults
cease,
A thousand voices echo “ Peace ! ”

Twilight's dim mist hath rolled
away,
And the rich Orient burns with day ;
Then as to greet the sunbeam's birth,
Rises the choral hymn of earth—

The exulting strain through Genoa
swelling,
Of peace and holy rapture telling.

Far float the sounds o'er vale and
steep,
The seaman hears them on the deep,

So mellowed by the gale, they seem
As the wild music of a dream.
But not on mortal ear alone
Peals the triumphant anthem's
tone;

For beings of a purer sphere
Bend with celestial joy to hear.

THE TROUBADOUR AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

THE Troubadour o'er many a plain
Hath roamed unwearied, but in vain.
O'er many a rugged mountain scene
And forest wild his track hath been ;
Beneath Calabria's glowing sky
He hath sung the songs of chivalry ;
His voice hath swelled on the Alpine
breeze,
And wrung through the snowy
Pyrenees ;
From Ebro's banks to Danube's wave,
He hath sought his prince, the loved,
the brave ;
And yet, if still on earth thou art,
Oh, monarch of the lion-heart !
The faithful spirit, which distress
But heightens to devotedness,
By toil and trial vanquished not,
Shall guide thy minstrel to the spot.

He hath reached a mountain hung
with vine,
And woods that wave o'er the lovely
Rhine :
The feudal towers that crest its
height
Frown in unconquerable might ;
Dark is their aspect of sullen state—
No helmet hangs o'er the massy gate
To bid the wearied pilgrim rest,
At the chieftain's board a welcome
guest ;
Vainly rich evening's parting smile
Would chase the gloom of the haughty
pile,
That 'midst bright sunshine lowers on
high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky.

Not these the halls where a child of
song
Awhile may speed the hours along ;

Their echoes should repeat alone
The tyrant's mandate, the prisoner's
moan,

Or the wild huntsman's bugle-blast,
When his phantom-train are hurry-
ing past.

The weary minstrel paused—his eye
Roved o'er the scene despondingly :
Within the lengthening shadow, cast
By the fortress-towers and ramparts
vast,

Lingering he gazed. The rocks
around

Sublime in savage grandeur frowned ;
Proud guardians of the regal flood,
In giant strength the mountains
stood—

By torrents cleft, by tempests riven,
Yet mingling still with the calm blue
heaven.

Their peaks were bright with a sunny
glow, [below ;

But the Rhine all shadowy rolled
In purple tints the vineyards smiled,
But the woods beyond waved dark
and wild ;

Nor pastoral pipe, nor convent's bell,
Was heard on the sighing breeze to
swell ;

But all was lonely, silent, rude,
A stern, yet glorious solitude.

But hark ! that solemn stillness
breaking,
The Troubadour's wild song is
waking.

Full oft that song, in days gone by,
Hath cheered the sons of chivalry ;
It hath swelled o'er Judah's moun-
tains lone,
Hermon ! thy echoes have learned
its tone ;

On the Great Plain its notes have rung,
 The leagued Crusaders' tents among ;
 'Twas loved by the Lion-heart, who won
 The palm in the field of Ascalon ;
 And now afar o'er the rocks of Rhine
 Peals the bold strain of Palestine.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG

"Thine hour is come, and the stake is set,"

The Soldan cried to the captive knight,

"And the sons of the Prophet in throngs are met
 To gaze on the fearful sight.

"But be our faith by the lips professed,
 The faith of Mecca's shrine,
 Cast down the red cross that marks thy vest,
 And life shall yet be thine."

"I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
 And gazed with undaunted eye ;
 I have borne the bright cross through fire and flood,
 And think'st thou I fear to die ?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,
 Have fallen for the name Divine ;
 And the faith that cheered *their* closing hours,
 Shall be the light of mine."

"Thus wilt thou die in the pride of health,
 And the glow of youth's fresh bloom ?
 Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,
 Or torture and the tomb."

"I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
 For a dying Saviour's brow ;
 He spurned the treasures that lure mankind,
 And I reject them now !"

"Art thou the son of a noble line
 In a land that is fair and blest ?

And doth not thy spirit, proud captive ! pine,
 Again on its shores to rest ?

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more -

The soil of thy father's birth,
 Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er
 Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise

In the country of my love ;
 But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
 There's a brighter clime above !"

The bard hath paused—for another tone

Blends with the music of his own ;

And his heart beats high with hope again,

As a well-known voice prolongs the strain.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,

Far o'er the wide blue main,
 Young Christian ! left to deplore thy fall

With sorrow deep and vain ?"

"There are hearts that still, through all the past,

Unchanging have loved me well ;
 There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast

When I bade my home farewell.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier

Than the apostate's living stain ;
 There's a land where those who loved when here,

Shall meet to love again."

'Tis he ! thy prince—long sought, long lost,

The leader of the red cross host !

'Tis he ! to none thy joy betray,

Young Troubadour ! away, away !

Away to the island of the brave,

The gem on the bosom of the
wave ; - [soil,
Arouse the sons of the noble
To win their Lion from the
toil ; [flow,
And free the wassail cup shall
Bright in each hall the hearth
shall glow ;

The festal board shall be richly
crowned,
While knights and chieftains
revel round,
And a thousand harps with joy
shall ring
When merry England hails her
king.

THE DEATH OF CONRADIN

No cloud to dim the splendour of the
day
Which breaks o'er Naples and her
lovely bay,
And lights that brilliant sea and
magic shore
With every tint that charmed the
great of yore—
The imperial ones of earth, who
proudly bade
Their marble domes e'en Ocean's
realm invade.

That race is gone—but glorious
Nature here
Maintains unchanged her own sub-
lime career,
And bids these regions of the sun
display
Bright hues, surviving empires passed
away.

The beam of heaven expands—its
kindling smile
Reveals each charm of many a fairy
isle,
Whose image floats, in softer colour-
ing drest,
With all its rocks and vines, on
Ocean's breast.
Misenum's cape hath caught the
vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more
to play ;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's
height,
With all Italia's sunshine to illum-
e The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
Campania's plains rejoice in light,
and spread
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty
dead ;

Fair glittering to thine own trans-
parent skies,
Thy palaces, exulting Naples ! rise ;
While, far on high, Vesuvius rears
his peak,
Furrowed and dark with many a
lava streak.

Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and
the Muse !
Rich with all Nature's and all Fiction's
hues ;
Who shall explore your regions, and
declare
The poet erred to paint Elysium
there ?
Call up his spirit, wanderer ! bid
him guide
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas
beside ;
And all the scene a lovelier light
shall wear,
And spells more potent shall pervade
the air.
What though his dust be scattered,
and his urn
Long from its sanctuary of slumber
torn,
Still dwell the beings of his verse
around,
Hovering in beauty o'er the enchanted
ground :
His lays are murmured in each breeze
that roves
Soft o'er the sunny waves and
orange groves ;
His memory's charm is spread o'er
shore and sea,
The soul, the genius of Parthenope ;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-
clad hill
The purple radiance of Elysium
still.

Yet that fair soil and calm re-
splendent sky
Have witnessed many a dark reality.
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the
gale hath borne
The sighs of exiles never to return.
There with the whisper of Campania's
gale
Hath mingled oft affection's funeral
wail,
Mourning for buried heroes—while
to her
That glowing land was but her sepul-
chre.
And there, of old, the dread myster-
ious moan
Swelled from strange voices of no
mortal tone ;
And that wild trumpet, whose un-
earthly note
Was heard, at midnight, o'er the
hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina
died,
Denouncing vengeance on the matri-
cide.

Passed are those ages—yet an-
other crime
Another woe, must stain the Elysian
clime.
There stands a scaffold on the sunny
shore— [o'er !
It must be crimsoned ere the day is
There is a throne in regal pomp
arrayed,—
A scene of death from thence must
be surveyed.
Marked ye the rushing throngs ?—
each mien is pale,
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful
tale :
But the deep workings of the in-
dignant breast,
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all
suppressed ;
The burning tear awhile must check
its course,
The avenging thought concentrate
all its force :
For tyranny is near, and will not
brook
Aught but submission in each guarded
look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and
with mien

Austere in triumph, gazing on the
scene,
And in his eye a keen suspicious
glance
Of jealous pride and restless vigi-
lance,
Behold the conqueror ! Vainly in
his face,
Of gentler feeling hope would seek
a trace :
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which
hath lent
Its haughty stamp to each dark
lineament ;
And pleading mercy, in the stern-
ness there,
May read at once her sentence—to
despair !

But thou, fair boy ! the beautiful,
the brave,
Thus passing from the dungeon to
the grave,
While all is yet around thee which
can give
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to
live ;
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a
mother's eye,
Till the deep love that not with thee
shall die
Hath grown too full for utterance—
Can it be ?
And is this pomp of death prepared
for thee ?
Young, royal Conradin ! who shouldst
have known
Of life as yet the sunny smile alone !
Oh ! who can view thee, in the pride
and bloom
Of youth, arrayed so richly for the
tomb,
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost
soul,
Emotions tyranny may ne'er con-
trol ?
Bright victim ! to Ambition's altar
led,
Crowned with all flowers that heaven
on earth can shed
Who, from the oppressor towering
in his pride,
May hope for mercy—if to thee
denied ?
There is dead silence on the breathless
throng,

Dead silence all the peopled shore
 along,
 As on the captive moves—the only
 sound,
 To break that calm so fearfully
 profound,
 The low, sweet murmur of the rip-
 pling wave.
 Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to
 lave ;
 While on that shore, his own fair
 heritage,
 The youthful martyr to a tyrant's
 rage
 Is passing to his fate : the eyes are
 dim
 Which gaze, through tears that dare
 not flow, on him.
 He mounts the scaffold—doth his
 footstep fail ?
 Doth his lip quiver ? doth his cheek
 turn pale ?
 Oh ! it may be forgiven him if a
 thought
 Cling to that world, for him with
 beauty fraught,
 To all the hopes that promised
 glory's meed,
 And all the affections that with him
 shall bleed.
 If, in his life's young dayspring, while
 the rose
 Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly
 glows,
 One human fear convulse his parting
 breath,
 And shrink from all the bitterness of
 death !

But no ! the spirit of his royal
 race
 Sits brightly on his brow—that
 youthful face
 Beams with heroic beauty, and his
 eye
 Is eloquent with injured majesty.
 He kneels—but not to man—his
 heart shall own
 Such deep submission to his God
 alone !
 And who can tell with what sus-
 taining power
 That God may visit him in fate's
 dread hour ?
 How the still voice, which answers
 every moan,

May speak of hope—when hope on
 earth is gone !

That solemn pause is o'er—the
 youth hath given
 One glance of parting love to earth
 and heaven :
 The sun rejoices in the unclouded
 sky,
 Life all around him glows—and he
 must die !
 Yet 'midst his people, undismayed,
 he throws
 The gage of vengeance for a thou-
 sand woes ;
 Vengeance that, like their own
 volcano's fire,
 May sleep suppressed a while—but
 not expire.
 One softer image rises o'er his breast,
 One fond regret, and all shall be at
 rest !
 " Alas, for thee, my mother ! who
 shall bear
 To thy sad heart the tidings of
 despair,
 When thy lost child is gone ? " —that
 thought can thrill
 His soul with pangs one moment
 more shall still.
 The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—
 It falls—the race of Conradin is
 run !
 Yet, from the blood which flows that
 shore to stain,
 A voice shall cry to heaven—and not
 in vain !
 Gaze thou, triumphant from thy
 gorgeous throne,
 In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
 Charles of Anjou ;—but that dread
 voice shall be
 A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee !

The scene of death is closed—the
 throngs depart,
 A deep stern lesson graved on every
 heart.
 No pomp, no funeral rites, no
 streaming eyes,
 High-minded boy ! may grace thine
 obsequies.
 Oh, vainly royal and beloved !
 thy grave,
 Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's
 wave ;

Marked by no stone, a rude, neglected
spot, [got ;
Unhonoured, unadorned—but *unfor-*
For thy deep wrongs in tameless
hearts shall live,
Now mutely suffering—never to
forgive !

The sun fades from purple heavens
away—
A bark hath anchored in the un-
ruffled bay ;
Thence on the beach descends a
female form,
Her mien with hope and tearful
transport warm ;
But life hath left sad traces on her
cheek,
And her soft eyes a chastened
heart bespeak,
Inured to woes—yet what were all
the past !

She sank not feebly 'neath affliction's
blast,
While one bright hope remained—
who now shall tell
The uncrowned, the widowed, how
her loved one fell ?
To clasp her child, to ransom and to
save,
The mother came—and she hath
found his grave !
And by that grave, transfixed in
speechless grief,
Whose deathlike trance denies a
tear's relief,
Awhile she kneels—till roused at
length to know,
To feel the might, the fulness of her
woe,
On the still air a voice of anguish
wild,
A mother's cry is heard—" My
Conradin ! my child ! "

LAYS OF MANY LANDS

THE following pieces may so far be considered a series, as each is intended to be commemorative of some national recollection, popular custom, or tradition. The idea was suggested by Herder's "*Stimmen der Völker in Liedern* " ; the execution is, however, different, as the poems in his collection are chiefly translations.

MOORISH BRIDAL SONG

[It is a custom among the Moors, that a female who dies unmarried is clothed for interment in wedding apparel, and the bridal-song is sung over her remains before they are borne from her home.—See *The Narrative of a Ten Years' Residence in Tripoli, by the Sister-in-Law of Mr. Tully.*]

THE citron groves their fruit and
flowers were strewing
Around a Moorish palace, while the
sigh
Of low sweet summer winds the
branches wooing
With music through their shadowy
bowers went by ;
Music and voices, from the marble
halls
Through the leaves gleaming, and
the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal song came
swelling
To blend with fragrance in those
southern shades,

And told of feasts within the stately
dwelling,
Bright lamps, and dancing steps,
and gem-crowned maids ;
And thus it flowed :—yet some-
thing in the lay
Belonged to sadness, as it died away.

" The bride comes forth ! her
tears no more are falling
To leave the chamber of her in-
fant years ;
Kind voices from a distant home
are calling ;
She comes like dayspring—she hath
done with tears ;
Now must her dark eye shine on
other flowers,
Her soft smile gladden other hearts
than ours !—

Pour the rich odours round !

" We haste ! the chosen and the
lovely bringing ;
Love still goes with her from her
place of birth ;

Deep, silent joy within her soul is
springing,
Though in her glance the light no
more is mirth!
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy
years;
Her sisters weep—but she hath done
with tears!—
Now may the timbrel sound!"

Knowst thou for *whom* they sang
the bridal numbers?—
One, whose rich tresses were to
wave no more!
One, whose pale cheek soft
winds, nor gentle slumbers,
Nor Love's own sigh, to rose tints
might restore!
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier
were spread.
Weep for the young, the beautiful,—
the dead!

THE BIRD'S RELEASE

[The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of
Malabar bring cages filled with birds to the
graves of their friends, over which they set the
birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in
the description of Virginia's funeral.—See
Paul and Virginia.]

Go forth! for she is gone!
With the golden light of her wavy
hair,
She is gone to the fields of the view-
less air;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

Her voice hath passed away!
It hath passed away like a summer
breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far
blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and like her be free!
With thy radiant wing, and thy
glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny
sky,
And what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught e'en to her we mourn?
Doth she look on the tears by her
kindred shed?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er
her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice
from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the
festal throng;
She hath left her dwelling lone!

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice amidst
thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing
shore;
But we shall not know 'tis thine!

Even so with the loved one flown!
Her smile on the starlight may
wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's
low sigh,
Around us—but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy
chain!
We may deck thy cage with the
richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in our
eastern bowers;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's
green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride
be dressed,
But it wins *her* back no more!

THE SWORD OF THE TOMB

A NORTHERN LEGEND

[The idea of this ballad is taken from a scene in
Starkoether, a tragedy by the Danish poet
Oehlenschläger. The sepulchral fire here
alluded to, and supposed to guard the ashes of
deceased heroes, is frequently mentioned in the
Northern Sagas. Severe sufferings to the de-
parted spirit were supposed by the Scandinavian
mythologists to be the consequence of any
profanation of the sepulchre.—See OEHLEN-
SCHLÄGER'S *Plays*.]

"VOICE of the gifted elder time!
Voice of the charm and the Runic
rhyme!
Speak! from the shades and the
depths disclose
How Sigurd may vanquish his mortal
foes;
Voice of the buried past!

"Voice of the grave ! 'tis the mighty
hour
When night with her stars and dreams
hath power,
And my step hath been soundless on
the snows,
And the spell I have sung hath laid
repose
On the billow and the blast."

Then the torrents of the North
And the forest pines were still,
While a hollow chant came forth,
From the dark sepulchral hill.

"There shines no sun 'midst the
hidden dead,
But where the day looks not the
brave may tread ;
There is heard no song, and no mead
is poured,
But the warrior may come to the
silent board
In the shadow of the night.

"There is laid a sword in thy father's
tomb,
And its edge is fraught with thy
foeman's doom ;
But soft be thy step through the
silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house
of sleep,
For the viewless have fearful
might !"

Then died the solemn lay,
As a trumpet's music dies,
By the night-wind borne away
Through the wild and stormy
skies.

The fir trees rocked to the wailing
blast,
As on through the forest the warrior
passed—
Through the forest of Odin, the dim
and old—
The dark place of visions and legends,
told
By the fires of Northern pine.

The fir trees rocked, and the frozen
ground
Gave back to his footstep a hollow
sound ;

And it seemed that the depths of
those awful shades,
From the dreary gloom of their
long arcades,
Gave warning with voice and sign.

But the wind strange magic
knows,
To call wild shape and tone
From the grey wood's tossing
boughs,
When Night is on her throne.

The pines closed o'er him with deeper
gloom,
As he took the path to the monarch's
tomb :
The Pole Star shone, and the heavens
were bright
With the arrowy streams of the
Northern Light ;
But his road through dimness lay !

He passed, in the heart of that
ancient wood,
The dark shrine stained with the
victim's blood,
Nor paused till the rock, where a
vaulted bed
Had been hewn of old for the kingly
dead,
Arose on his midnight way.

Then first a moment's chill
Went shuddering through his
breast,
And the steel-clad man stood
still
Before that place of rest.

But he crossed at length, with a deep-
drawn breath,
The threshold floor of the hall of
Death,
And looked on the pale, mysterious
fire
Which gleamed from the urn of his
warrior-sire
With a strange and solemn light.

Then darkly the words of the boding
strain
Like an omen rose on his soul again—
"Soft be thy step through the
silence deep,
And move not the urn in the house of
sleep ;

For the viewless have fearful
might ! ”

But the gleaming sword and
shield

Of many a battle-day
Hung o'er that urn, revealed
By the tomb-fire's waveless ray ;

With a faded wreath of oak leaves
bound,

They hung o'er the dust of the far-
renowned ;

Whom the bright Valkyriur's warning
voice

Had called to the banquet where
gods rejoice,

And the rich mead flows in light.

With a beating heart his son drew
near,

And still rang the verse in his thrilling
ear—

“ Soft be thy step through the silence
deep,

And move not the urn in the house of
sleep ;

For the viewless have fearful
might ! ”

And many a Saga's rhyme,
And legend of the grave,
That shadowy scene and time
Called back to daunt the brave.

But he raised his arm—and the
flame grew dim,

And the sword in its light seemed to
wave and swim,

And his faltering hand could not
grasp it well—

From the pale oak wreath, with a
clash, it fell

Through the chamber of the dead !

The deep tomb rang with the heavy
sound,

And the urn lay shivered in frag-
ments round ;

And a rush, as of tempests, quenched
the fire,

And the scattered dust of his warlike
sire

Was strewn on the champion's
head.

One moment—and all was still
In the slumberer's ancient hall,

When the rock had ceased to
thrill

With the mighty weapon's fall.

The stars were just fading one by one,
The clouds were just tinged by the
early sun,

When there streamed through the
cavern a torch's flame,

And the brother of Sigurd the
valiant came

To seek him in the tomb.

Stretched on his shield, like the steel-
girt slain,

By moonlight seen on the battle-
plain,

In a speechless trance lay the
warrior there ;

But he wildly woke when the torch's
glare

Burst on him through the gloom.

“ The morning wind blows free,
And the hour of chase is near ;
Come forth, come forth with me !
What dost thou, Sigurd, here ? ”

“ I have put out the holy sepulchral
fire,

I have scattered the dust of my
warrior-sire !

It burns on my head, and it weighs
down my heart ;

But the winds shall not wander
without their part

To strew o'er the restless deep !

“ In the mantle of death he was here
with me now—

There was wrath in his eye, there was
gloom on his brow ;

And his cold still glance on my
spirit fell

With an icy ray and a withering
spell—

Oh ! chill is the house of sleep ! ”

“ The morning wind blows free,
And the reddening sun shines
clear ;

Come forth, come forth with me !
It is dark and fearful here ! ”

“ He is there, he is there, with his
shadowy frown !

But gone from his head is the kingly
crown—

The crown from his head, and the
spear from his hand—
They have chased him far from the
glorious land
Where the feast of the gods is
spread !

“He must go forth alone on his
phantom steed,
He must ride o’er the grave-hills
with stormy speed !
His place is no longer at Odin’s
board,
He is driven from Valhalla without
his sword ;
But the slayer shall avenge the
dead !”

That sword its fame had won
By the fall of many a crest ;
But its fiercest work was done
In the tomb, on Sigurd’s breast !

VALKYRIUR SONG

[The Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters of Northern mythology, were supposed to single out the warriors who were to die in battle, and be received into the halls of Odin.

When a northern chief fell gloriously in war, his obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, gold and silver, war-horse, domestic attendants, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependants and friends frequently made it a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in Valhalla, or the Palace of Odin. And, lastly, his wife was generally consumed with him on the same pile.—See MALLET’S *Northern Antiquities*, HERBERT’S *Helga*, etc.]

Tremblingly flashed the inconstant meteor-light,
Showing thin forms like virgins of this earth ;
Save that all signs of human joy or grief,
The flush of passion, smile, or tear, had seemed
On the fixed brightness of each dazzling cheek
Strange and unnatural. MILMAN.

THE Sea-king woke from the troubled
sleep

Of a vision-haunted night,
And he looked from his bark o’er the
gloomy deep,
And counted the streaks of light ;
For the red sun’s earliest ray
Was to rouse his bands that day
To the stormy joy of fight !

But the dreams of rest were still on
earth,

And the silent stars on high,
And there waved not the smoke of
one cabin hearth

’Midst the quiet of the sky ;
And along the twilight bay,
In their sleep the hamlets lay,
For they knew not the Norse were
nigh !

The Sea-king looked o’er the brood-
ing wave,
He turned to the dusky shore,
And there seemed, through the arch
of a tide-worn cave,
A gleam, as of snow, to pour ;
And forth in watery light,
Moved phantoms, dimly white,
Which the garb of woman wore.

Slowly they moved to the billow-
side ;
And the forms, as they grew more
clear,
Seemed each on a tall pale steed to
ride,
And a shadowy crest to rear,
And to beckon with faint hand
From the dark and rocky strand,
And to point a gleaming spear.

Then a stillness on his spirit fell,
Before the unearthly train,
For he knew Valhalla’s daughters
well—

The Choosers of the slain !
And a sudden rising breeze
Bore, across the moaning seas,
To his ear their thrilling strain.

“There are songs in Odin’s
Hall

For the brave ere night to fall !
Doth the great sun hide its
ray ?

He must bring a wrathful day !
Sleeps the falchion in its
sheath ?

Swords must do the work of
death !

Regner !—Sea-king !—*thee* we
call !—

There is joy in Odin’s hall.

“At the feast, and in the
song,
Thou shalt be remembered
long !
By the green isles of the
flood,

Thou hast left thy track in
blood !

On the earth and on the sea,
There are those will speak of
thee !

'Tis enough,—the war-gods
call,—

There is mead in Odin's Hall !

" Regner ! tell thy fair-haired
bride

She must slumber at thy side !
Tell the brother of thy breast
Even for him thy grave hath
rest !

Tell the raven steed which
bore thee

When the wild wolf fled before
thee,

He, too, with his lord must
fall,—

There is room in Odin's Hall !

" Lo ! the mighty sun looks
forth—

Arm ! thou leader of the
North !

Lo ! the mists of twilight fly—
We must vanish, thou must
die !

By the sword and by the
spear,

By the hand that knows no
fear,

Sea-king ! nobly thou shalt
fall !—

There is joy in Odin's Hall ! "

There was arming heard on land and
wave,

When afar the sunlight spread,
And the phantom forms of the tide-
worn cave

With the mists of morning fled ;
But at eve the kingly hand

Of the battle-axe and brand
Lay cold on a pile of dead !

THE CAVERN OF THE THREE TELLS

A SWISS TRADITION

[The three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb, in quiet slumber ; and when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they

will awaken and regain the liberties of the land.—See *Quarterly Review*, No. 44.

The Grütli, where the confederates held their nightly meetings, is a meadow on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne or Lake of the Forest Cantons, here called the Forest Sea.]

Oh ! enter not yon shadowy cave,
Seek not the bright spars there,
Though the whispering pines that o'er
it wave

With freshness fill the air :

For there the Patriot Three,
In the garb of old arrayed,
By their native Forest Sea,
On a rocky couch are laid.

The Patriot Three that met of yore
Beneath the midnight sky,
And leagued their hearts on the Grütli
shore

In the name of liberty !

Now silently they sleep
Amidst the hills they freed ;
But their rest is only deep
Till their country's hour of
need.

They start not at the hunter's call,
Nor the lammergeier's cry,
Nor the rush of a sudden torrent's fall,
Nor the Lauwine thundering by ;
And the Alpine herdsman's lay,
To a Switzer's heart so dear !
On the wild wind floats away,
No more for them to hear.

But when the battle-horn is blown
Till the Schreckhorn's peaks reply,
When the Jungfrau's cliffs send back
the tone

Through their eagles' lonely sky ;
When the spear-heads light
the lakes,

When trumpet's loose the
snows,
When the rushing war-steed
shakes
The glacier's mute repose ;

When Uri's beechen woods wave red
In the burning hamlet's light—

Then from the cavern of the dead
Shall the sleepers wake in might !

With a leap, like Tell's proud
leap

When away the helm he
flung,

And boldly up the steep
From the flashing billow
sprung !¹

They shall wake beside their Forest
Sea,

In the ancient garb they wore
When they linked the hands that
made us free

On the Grütli's moonlight shore ;
And their voices shall be
heard,

And be answered with a
shout,
Till the echoing Alps are stirred
And the signal fires blaze
out.

And the land shall see such deeds
again

As those of that proud day
When Winkelried, on Sempach's
plain,

Through the serried spears made
way ; [down

And when the rocks came
On the dark Morgarten dell,
And the crownèd casques,²
o'erthrown,
Before our fathers fell !

For the Kühreihen's³ notes must
never sound

In a land that wears the chain,
And the vines on freedom's holy
ground

Untrampled must remain ;
And the yellow harvests wave

For no stranger's hand to
reap,

While within their silent cave
The men of Grütli sleep !

SWISS SONG

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE

[The Swiss, even to our days, have continued to
celebrate the anniversaries of their ancient
battles with much solemnity ; assembling in
the open air on the fields where their ancestors

¹ The point of rock on which Tell leaped from
the boat of Gessler is marked by a chapel, and
called the *Tellensprung*.

² *Crowned Helmets*, were once a distinction
of rank.

³ The *Kühreihen*—the celebrated *Ranz des
Vaches*.

fought, to hear thanksgivings offered up by the
priests, and the names of all who shared in the
glory of the day enumerated. They after-
wards walk in procession to chapels, always
erected in the vicinity of such scenes, where
masses are sung for the souls of the departed.—
See PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confeder-
acy*.]

Look on the white Alps round !

If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are
found,

Forget ye not the band,—
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here in the narrow battle-dell !

If yet, the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn
hath rung,

And home our steps may turn,—
Home !—home !—if still that name
be dear, [here !
Praise to the men who perished

Look on the white Alps round !
Up to their shining snows
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose !
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's
blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it
passed !

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad
breast,
Borne down, and trampled here !
They saw—and glorying there they
stand,
Eternal records to the land !

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen !
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant men !
They left the vineyard and the
field, [shield !
To break an empire's lance and

Look on the white Alps round !
If yet, along their steepes,
Our children's fearless feet may
bound
Free as the chamois leaps :
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand !

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
 When winter stars gleam cold,
 The glorious tales of elder days
 May proudly yet be told,
 Forget not then the shepherd race,
 Who made the earth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
 If yet the Sabbath bell
 Comes o'er them with a gladdening
 sound
 Think on the battle-dell!
 For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
 That chainless hearts might worship
 God!

THE MESSENGER BIRD

[Natives of Brazil pay great veneration to a bird
 that sings mournfully in the night-time.
 They say it is a messenger which their deceased
 friends and relations have sent with tidings
 from the other world.]

THOU art come from the spirits' land,
 thou bird!

Thou art come from the spirits'
 land:

Through the dark pine grove let thy
 voice be heard,

And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green
 and fair

In the light of that summer shore;
 And we know that the friends we
 have lost are there

They are there—and they weep no
 more!

And we know they have quenched
 their fever's thirst

From the fountain of youth ere
 now,

For *there* must the stream in its
 freshness burst

Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be
 lured to earth

From the land of deathless flowers,
 By the feast, or the dance, or the
 song of mirth,

Though their hearts were once with
 ours:

Though they sat with us by the
 night-fire's blaze,
 And bent with us the bow,

And heard the tales of our fathers'
 days,
 Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn
 strain!

Can those who have loved forget?
 We call—and they answer not
 again:

Do they love—do they love us
 yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother
there,

And the father of his child?

And the chief of those that were
 wont to share

His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent
 night, [hill:

And they speak not from cave or
 We know, thou bird! that their land
 is bright,

But say, do they love there still? ¹

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA

[An early traveller mentions people on the banks
 of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the
 sight of a stranger. They fancy their deceased
 friends and relations to be only gone on a
 journey, and, being in constant expectation
 of their return, look for them vainly amongst
 these foreign travellers.]

WE saw thee, O stranger!
 and wept.

We looked for the youth of the sunny
 glance

Whose step was fleetest in chase or
 dance:

The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee.
 But there came a voice from a
 distant shore—

He was called—he is found 'midst his
 tribe no more:

He is not in his place when the night-
 fires burn,

¹ An American Quaker lady wrote the follow-
 ing answer to this poem:—

Yes! I came from the spirits' land,
 From the land that is bright and fair;
 I came with a voice from the shadowy band,
 To tell that they love you there.

To say, if a wish or a vain regret
 Could live in Elysian bowers,

But we look for him still—he will yet
return !

His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress
bough :

We roused him—we bade him no
longer pine,

For we heard a step—but the step was
thine !

We saw thee, O stranger !
and wept.

We looked for the maid of the mourn-
ful song—

Mournful, though sweet,—she hath
left us long :

We told her the youth of her love
was gone,

And she went forth to seek him—she
passed alone.

We hear not her voice when the
woods are still,

From the bower where it sang, like a
silvery rill.

The joy of her sire with her smile is
fled,

The winter is white on his lonely
head :

He hath none by his side when the
wilds we track,

He hath none when we rest—yet she
comes not back !

We looked for her eye on the feast to
shine,

For her breezy step—but the step
was thine !

'Twould be for the friends they can ne'er forget,
The beloved of their youthful hours ;

To whisper the dear deserted band,
Who smiled on their tarriance here,
That a faithful guard in the dreamless land
Are the friends they have loved so dear.

'Tis true, in the silent night you call,
And they answer you not again ;
But the spirits of bliss are voiceless all—
Sound only was made for pain.

That their land is bright and they weep no more,
I have warbled from hill to hill ;
But my plaintive strain should have told before,
That they love, oh ! they love you still.

They bid me say that unfading flowers
You'll find in the path they trod ;
And a welcome true to their deathless bowers,
Pronounced by the voice of God.

We saw thee, O stranger !
and wept.

We looked for the chief, who hath
left the spear

And the bow of his battles forgotten
here :

We looked for the hunter, whose
bride's lament

On the wind of the forest at eve is
sent :

We looked for the firstborn, whose
mother's cry

Sounds wild and shrill through the
midnight sky !—

Where are they ? Thou'rt seeking
some distant coast :

Oh, ask of them, stranger !—send
back the lost !

Tell them we mourn by the dark-
blue streams,

Tell them our lives but of them are
dreams !

Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
And to watch for a step—but the step
was thine !

THE ISLE OF FOUNTS

AN INDIAN TRADITION

[“ The river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land ; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game ; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return ; which, after a number of difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country ; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.”—*BERTRAM'S Travels through North and South Carolina.*

The additional circumstances in the “ Isle of Founts ” are merely imaginary.]

Son of the stranger ! wouldst thou
take

O'er yon blue hills thy lonely
way,
To reach the still and shining lake
Along whose banks the west
winds play?
Let no vain dreams thy heart
beguile—
Oh! seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent-king,
'Midst the grey rocks, his old
domain;
Ward but the cougar's deadly
spring,—
Thy step that lake's green shore
may gain;
And the bright Isle, when all is passed,
Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow
streams,
Clear as within thine arrow's
flight,
The Isle of Founts, the isle of
dreams,
Floats on the wave in golden
light:
And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee!

And breathings from their sunny
flowers,
Which are not of the things that
die,
And singing voices from their
bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple
sky;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that
rise
From the deep chambers of the
earth?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave
birth?
Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood-notes o'er the
waves.

The emerald waves!—they take
their hue
And image from that sunbright
shore;

But wouldst thou launch thy light
canoe,
And wouldst thou ply thy rapid
oar,—
Before thee, hadst thou morning's
speed,
The dreamy land should still recede!

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldst
hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its
glades;
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play!

But woe to him who sees them
burst
With their bright spray-showers
to the lake!
Earth has no spring to quench the
thirst [wake,
That semblance in his soul shall
For ever pouring through his dreams
The gush of those untasted streams!

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lips shall
burn,
Parched with the fever's agony!
From the blue mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and wearied
quest;—
Had they not seen the untrodden
shore?
And could they midst our wilds
find rest?

The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills
With visions in their darkened
eye;

Their joy was not amidst the hills
Where elk and deer before us fly:
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were
flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
They armed not with the war-
rior band,

The moons waned o'er them dim
and slow—

They left us for the spirits' land !
Beneath our pines yon greensward
heap
Shows where the restless found their
sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve
Silence be 'midst us in thy place,
Yet go not where the mighty leave
The strength of battle and of
chase !
Let no vain dreams thy heart be-
guile—
Oh ! seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

THE BENDED BOW

[It is supposed that war was anciently pro-
claimed in Britain by sending messengers in
different directions through the land, each
bearing a *bended bow* ; and that peace was in
like manner announced by a bow unstrung,
and therefore straight.—See the *Cambrian*
Antiquities.]

THERE was heard the sound of a
coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a
bended bow ;
And a voice was poured on the free
winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

“ Heard you not the battle
horn ?—

Reaper ! leave thy golden corn :
Leave it for the birds of heaven—
Swords must flash and spears be
riven !

Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red.”

And the reaper armed, like a free-
man's son ;
And the bended bow and the voice
passed on.

“ Hunter ! leave the mountain
chase,

Take the falchion from its place ;
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey ;
Let the deer ungalled sweep by—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are
nigh !”

And the hunter armed ere the chase
was done ;

And the bended bow and the voice
passed on.

“ Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast—
Stay not till the song hath ceased :
Though the mead be foaming
bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the
hall—

Arm thee ! Britain's foes must
fall.”

And the chieftain armed, and the
horn was blown ;

And the bended bow and the voice
passed on.

“ Prince ! thy father's deeds are
told

In the bower and in the hold,
Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung !
Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bards a tale of thee !”

And the prince came armed, like a
leader's son ;

And the bended bow and the voice
passed on.

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy,
He must learn the battle's joy ;
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer :
Maiden ! bid thy lover part :
Britain calls the strong in heart !”

And the bended bow and the voice
passed on,

And the bards made song for a battle
won.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN

[It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the
death of his son, Prince William, who per-
ished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy,
he was never seen to smile.]

THE bark that held a prince went
down,

The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious
crown

To him that wept a son ?

He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;
Why comes not death to those who
mourn ?

He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his
throne,

The stately and the brave ;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?

Before him passed the young and
fair,

In pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright
hair—

He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring :

A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not
sleep—

He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the
trace

Of vows once fondly poured,
And strangers took the kinsman's
place

At many a joyous board ;
Graves, which true love had bathed
with tears,

Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other
years—

He never smiled again !

CŒUR-DE-LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER

[The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath ;

And light, as noon's broad light, was
flung

On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the
censer's breath,

Yet it fell still brightest there :
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show.

Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him
that slept

Sang mass for the parted soul :
And solemn were the strains they
poured

Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown
and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pave-
ment rang

With a sounding thrill of dread ;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle-glance and clear ;
But his proud heart through its
breastplate shook

When he stood beside the bier !
He stood there still with a drooping
brow,

And clasped hands o'er it raised ;
For his father lay before him low—
It was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast ;
But there's more in late repentant
love

Than steel may keep suppressed !
And his tears brake forth, at last, like
rain,—

Men held their breath in awe ;
For his face was seen by his warrior
train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead—
 And sorrow seemed to lie,
 A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.
 He stooped—and kissed the frozen
 cheek,
 And the heavy hand of clay ;
 Till bursting words—yet all too
 weak—
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“ O father ! is it vain,
 This late remorse and deep ?
 Speak to me, father ! once again :
 I weep—behold, I weep !
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !—
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my
 sire !
 To hear thee bless thy son.

“ Speak to me ! Mighty grief !
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !
 Hear me, but hear me !—father,
 chief,
 My king ! I *must* be heard !
 Hushed, hushed—how is it that I
 call,
 And that thou answerest not ?
 When was it thus ?—Woe, woe for
 all
 The love my soul forgot !

“ Thy silver hairs I see,
 So still, so sadly bright !
 And father, father ! but for me,
 They had not been so white !
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at
 last :
 No longer couldst thou strive.
 Oh ! for one moment of the past,
 To kneel and say—‘ forgive !’

“ Thou wert the noblest king
 On royal throne e'er seen ;
 And thou didst wear in knightly ring,
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;
 And thou didst prove, where spears
 are proved,
 In war, the bravest heart ;
 Oh ! ever the renowned and loved
 Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

“ Thou that my boyhood's guide
 Didst take fond joy to be !—
 The times I've sported at thy side,
 And climbed thy parent knee !

And there before the blessed shrine,
 My sire ! I see thee lie,—
 How will that sad still face of thine
 Look on me till I die !”

THE VASSAL'S LAMENT FOR THE FALLEN TREE

[“ Here [at Brereton, in Cheshire] is one thing
 incredibly strange, but attested, as I myself
 have heard, by many persons, and commonly
 believed. Before any heir of this family dies,
 there are seen, in a lake adjoining, the bodies
 of trees swimming on the water for several
 days.”—CAMDEN'S *Britannia*.]

YES ! I have seen the ancient oak
 On the dark deep water cast,
 And it was not felled by the wood-
 man's stroke,
 Or the rush of the sweeping
 blast ;
 For the axe might never touch that
 tree,
 And the air was still as a summer sea.

I saw it fall, as falls a chief
 By an arrow in the fight,
 And the old woods shook to their
 loftiest leaf,
 At the crashing of its might ;
 And the startled deer to their coverts
 drew,
 And the spray of the lake as a foun-
 tain's flew !

'Tis fallen ! But think thou not I
 weep
 For the forest's pride o'er-
 thrown—
 An old man's tears lie far too deep
 To be poured for this alone ;
 But by that sign too well I know,
 That a youthful head must soon be
 low !

A youthful head, with its shining
 hair,
 And its bright quick-flashing
 eye—
 Well may I weep ! for the boy is
 fair,
 Too fair a thing to die !
 But on his brow the mark is set—
 Oh ! could *my* life redeem him yet !
 He bounded by me as I gazed
 Alone on the fatal sign,

And it seemed like sunshine when
he raised
His joyous glance to mine.
With a stag's fleet step he bounded
by,
So full of life—but he must die !

He must, he must ! in that deep
dell,
By that dark water's side,
'Tis known that ne'er a proud tree
fell

But an heir of his fathers died.
And he—there's laughter in his eye,
Joy in his voice—yet he must die !

I've borne him in these arms, that
now
Are nerveless and unstrung ;
And must I see, on that fair brow,
The dust untimely flung ?
I must !—yon green oak, branch and
crest,
Lies floating on the dark lake's
breast !

The noble boy !—how proudly
sprung
The falcon from his hand !
It seemed like youth to see *him*
young,
A flower in his father's land !
But the hour of the knell and the
dirge is nigh,
For the tree had fallen, and the
flower must die.

Say not 'tis vain ! I tell thee,
some
Are warned by a meteor's light,
Or a pale bird, flitting, calls them
home,
Or a voice on the winds by night ;
And they must go ! And he too,
he !—
Woe for the fall of the glorious Tree !

THE WILD HUNTSMAN

[It is a popular belief in the Odenwald, that the passing of the Wild Huntsman announces the approach of war. He is supposed to issue with his train from the ruined castle of Rodenstein, and traverse the air to the opposite castle of Schnellerts. It is confidently asserted that the sound of his phantom horses and hounds

was heard by the Duke of Baden before the commencement of the last war in Germany.]

THEY rest was deep at the slumberer's
hour,
If thou didst not hear the blast
Of the savage horn from the moun-
tain-tower,
As the Wild Night Huntsman
passed,
And the roar of the stormy chase
went by
Through the dark unquiet sky !

The stag sprung up from his mossy
bed
When he caught the piercing
sounds,
And the oak boughs crashed to his
antlered head,
As he flew from the viewless
hounds ;
And the falcon soared from her
craggy height,
Away through the rushing night !

The banner shook on its ancient hold,
And the pine in its desert place,
As the cloud and tempest onward
rolled
With the din of the trampling race ;
And the glens were filled with the
laugh and shout,
And the bugle, ringing out !

From the chieftain's hand the wine-
cup fell,
At the castle's festive board,
And a sudden pause came o'er the
swell
Of the harp's triumphant chord ;
And the minnesinger's thrilling lay
In the hall died fast away.

The convent's chanted rite was stayed,
And the hermit dropped his
beads,
And a trembling ran through the
forest shade,
At the neigh of the phantom
steeds,
And the church bells pealed to the
rocking blast,
As the Wild Night Huntsman
passed.

The storm hath swept with the chase
away,

There is stillness in the sky ;
 But the mother looks on her son to-day,
 With a troubled heart and eye,
 And the maiden's brow hath a shade of care
 'Midst the gleam of her golden hair !

The Rhine flows bright ; but its waves ere long
 Must hear a voice of war,
 And the clash of spears our hills among,
 And a trumpet from afar ;
 And the brave on a bloody turf must lie—
 For the Huntsman hath gone by !

BRANDENBURG HARVEST SONG

FROM THE GERMAN OF LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

[For the year of the Queen of Prussia's death.]

THE corn in golden light
 Waves o'er the plain ;
 The sickle's gleam is bright ;
 Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
 Our harvest lay !—
 Alas ! a heavier sound
 Comes o'er the day !

Earth shrouds with burial sod
 Her soft eyes blue,—
 Now o'er the gifts of God
 Fall tears like dew !

On every breeze a knell
 The hamlets pour ;
 We know its cause too well—
She is no more !

THE SHADE OF THESEUS

AN ANCIENT GREEK TRADITION

Know ye not when our dead
 From sleep to battle sprung ?—
 When the Persian charger's tread
 On their covering greensward rung ;
 When the trampling march of foes
 Had crushed our vines and flowers,
 When jewelled crests arose
 Through the holy laurel bowers ;

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

There was one, a leader crowned,
 And armed for Greece that day ;
 But the falchions made no sound
 On his gleaming war-array.
 In the battle's front he stood,
 With his tall and shadowy crest ;
 But the arrows drew no blood,
 Though their path was through his breast.

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

His sword was seen to flash
 Where the boldest deeds were done ;
 But it smote without a clash—
 The stroke was heard by none !
 His voice was not of those
 That swelled the rolling blast,
 And his steps fell hushed like snows—
 'Twas the Shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

Far sweeping through the foe,
 With a fiery charge he bore ;
 And the Mede left many a bow
 On the sounding ocean shore.
 And the foaming waves grew red,
 And the sails were crowded fast,
 When the sons of Asia fled,
 As the Shade of Theseus passed !

When banners caught the breeze,
 When helms in sunlight shone,
 When masts were on the seas,
 And spears on Marathon.

ANCIENT GREEK SONG OF EXILE

WHERE is the summer with her golden sun ?—
 That festal glory hath not passed from earth ;
 For me alone the laughing day is done !

Where is the summer with her voice of mirth —Far in my own bright land ! Where are the Fauns, whose flute- notes breathe and die On the green hills ?—the founts, from sparry caves Through the wild places bearing melody ?— The reeds, low whispering o'er the river waves ? —Far in my own bright land ! Where are the temples, through the dim wood shining, [strains ? The virgin dances, and the choral Where the sweet sisters of my youth entwining [sylvan fanes ? The spring's first roses for their —Far in my own bright land !	Where are the vineyards, with their joyous throngs, The red grapes pressing when the foliage fades ? The lyres, the wreaths, the lovely Dorian songs, And the pine forests, and the olive shades ? —Far in my own bright land ! Where the deep haunted grots, the laurel bowers, The Dryad's footsteps, and the minstrel's dreams ?— Oh, that my life were as a southern flower's !— I might not languish then by these chill streams, —Far from my own bright land !
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GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR MYRIOLOGUE

[Les Chants Funèbres par lesquels on déplore en Grèce la mort de ses proches, prennent le nom particulier de Myriologia—comme qui dirait, Discours de lamentation, complaintes. Un malade vient-il de rendre le dernier soupir, sa femme, sa mère, ses filles, ses sœurs, celles, en un mot, de ses plus proches parentes qui sont là, lui ferment les yeux et la bouche, en épanchant librement, chacune selon son naturel et sa mesure de tendresse pour le défunt, la douleur qu'elle ressent de sa perte. Ce premier devoir rempli, elles se retirent toutes chez une de leurs parentes ou de leurs amies. Là elles changent de vêtements, s'habillent de blanc, comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale, avec cette différence, qu'elles gardent la tête nue, les cheveux épars et pendants. Ces apprêts terminés, les parentes reviennent dans leur parure de deuil ; toutes se rangent en cercle autour du mort, et leur douleur s'exhale de nouveau, et comme la première fois, sans règle et sans contrainte. À ces plaintes spontanées succèdent bientôt des lamentations d'une autre espèce : ce sont les *Myriologues*. Ordinairement c'est le plus proche parente qui prononce le sien la première ; après elle les autres parentes, les amies, les simples voisins. Les *Myriologues* sont toujours composés et chantés par les femmes. Ils sont toujours improvisés, toujours en vers, et toujours chantés sur un air qui diffère d'un lieu à un autre, mais qui, dans un lieu donné, reste invariablement consacré à ce genre de poésie.]—*Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, par C. FAURIEL.]

A WAIL was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful mother sung :
" Ianthis ! dost thou sleep ? Thou sleepest !—but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pillowed on my breast ?
I lulled thee not to *this* repose, Ianthis ! my sweet son !
As, in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight I have done.
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon thee now ?
And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale glorious brow ?

" I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most fair and brave !
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for the grave.
Though mournfully thy smile is fixed, and heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon glance that in it loved to lie ;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seemed on breezes borne,
When to thy couch I came and said,—' Wake, hunter, wake ! 'tis morn !'
Yet art thou lovely still, my flower ! untouched by slow decay,—
And I, the withered stem, remain. I would that grief might slay !

" Oh ! ever, when I met thy look, I knew that *this* would be !
I knew too well that length of days was not a gift for thee

I saw it in thy kindling cheek, and in thy bearing high ;—
 A voice came whispering to my soul, and told me thou must die !
 That thou must die, my fearless one ! where swords were flashing red.—
 Why doth a mother live to say—‘My first-born and my dead !’
 They tell me of thy youthful fame, they talk of victory won :
 Speak *thou*, and I will hear, my child ! Ianthis ! my sweet son ! ”

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—
 A fair-haired bride the Funeral Chant amidst her weeping sung :—
 “ Ianthis ! look'st thou not on *me* ? Can love indeed be fled ?
 When was it woe before to gaze upon thy stately head ?
 I would that I had followed thee, Ianthis, my beloved !
 And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved ;
 That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side !—
 It would have been a blessed thing together had we died !

“ But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword ?
 Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board ?
 Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
 Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine ?
 And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
 Fast gushing, like a mountain spring ! And couldst thou thus depart ?
 Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath ?—
 Oh ! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death !

“ Yes ! I was with thee when the dance through many rings was led,
 And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread ;
 But not where noble blood flowed forth, where sounding javelins flew—
 Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu ?
 What now can breathe of gladness more,—what scene, what hour, what
 tone ?
 The blue skies fade with all their lights ; they fade, since thou art gone !
 Even *that* must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved :
 Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis ! my beloved ! ”

A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young—
 Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung :—
 “ Ianthis ! brother of my soul !—oh ! where are now the days
 That laughed among the deep-green hills, on all our infant plays ?
 When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,
 And like the stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course !—
 I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
 But see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend !

“ I come with flowers—for spring is come ! Ianthis ! art thou *here* ?
 I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier.
 Thou shouldst be crowned with victory's crown—but oh ! more meet *they*
 seem,
 The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream—
 More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low.
 Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow—
 The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send ;
 Woe ! that it smiles, and not for thee !—my brother and my friend ! ”

GREEK PARTING SONG

[This piece is founded on a tale related by Fauriel, in his *Chansons Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, and accompanied by some very interesting particulars respecting the *extempore* parting songs, or songs of expatriation, as he informs us they are called, in which the modern Greeks are accustomed to pour forth their feelings on bidding farewell to their country and friends.]

A YOUTH went forth to exile, from a home
Such as to early thought gives images,
The longest treasured, and most oft recalled,
And brightest, kept of love ;—a mountain home,
That, with the murmur of its rocking pines,
And sounding waters, first in childhood's heart
Wakes the deep sense of nature unto joy,
And half-unconscious prayer ;—a Grecian home,
With the transparence of blue skies o'erhung,
And, through the dimness of its olive shades,
Catching the flash of fountains, and the gleam
Of shining pillars from the fanes of old.
And this was what he left ! Yet many leave
Far more—the glistening eye, that first from theirs
Called out the soul's bright smile ; the gentle hand,
Which through the sunshine led forth infant steps
To where the violets lay ; the tender voice
That earliest taught them what deep melody
Lives in affection's tones. *He* left not these.
Happy the weeper, that but weeps to part
With all a mother's love ! A bitter grief
Was his—to part *unloved* !—of her unloved
That should have breathed upon his heart, like spring,
Fostering its young faint flowers !

Yet had he friends,
And they went forth to cheer him on his way
Unto the parting spot, and she, too, went,
That mother, tearless for her youngest-born.
The parting spot was reached—a lone deep glen,
Holy, perchance, of yore ; for cave and fount
Were there, and sweet-voiced echoes ; and above,
The silence of the blue still upper heaven
Hung round the crags of Pindus, where they wore
Their crowning snows. Upon a rock he sprang,
The unloved one, for his home to gaze
Through the wild laurels back ; but then a light
Broke on the stern proud sadness of his eye,
A sudden quivering light, and from his lips
A burst of passionate song.

“ Farewell, farewell !

I hear thee, O thou rushing stream !—thou'rt from my native dell,
Thou'rt bearing thence a mournful sound—a murmur of farewell !
And fare *thee* well—flow on, my stream !—flow on, thou bright and free !
I do but dream that in thy voice one tone laments for me ;
But I have been a thing unloved from childhood's loving years,
And therefore turns my soul to thee, for thou hast known my tears.
The mountains, and the caves, and thou, my secret tears have known :
The woods can tell where *he* hath wept, that ever wept alone !

“ I see thee once again, my home ! thou'rt there amidst thy vines,

And clear upon thy gleaming roof the light of summer shines.
 It is a joyous hour when eve comes whispering through thy groves—
 The hour that brings the son from toil, the hour the mother loves.
 The hour *the mother* loves !—for *me* beloved it hath not been ;
 Yet ever in its purple smile, *thou* smil'st, a blessed scene !
 Whose quiet beauty o'er my soul through distant years will come—
 Yet what but as the dead, to thee, shall I be then, my home ?

" Not as the dead !—no, not the dead ! We speak of *them*—we keep
Their names, like light that must not fade, within our bosoms deep :
 We hallow even the lyre they touched, we love the lay they sung,
 We pass with softer step the place *they* filled our band among !
 But I depart like sound, like dew, like aught that leaves on earth
 No trace of sorrow or delight, no memory of its birth !
 I go !—the echo of the rock a thousand songs may swell
 When mine is a forgotten voice. Woods, mountains, home, farewell !

" And farewell, mother ! I have borne in lonely silence long,
 But now the current of my soul grows passionate and strong :
 And I will speak ! though but the wind that wanders through the sky,
 And but the dark, deep-rustling pines and rolling streams reply.
 Yes ! I will speak ! Within my breast, what'er hath seemed to be,
 There lay a hidden fount of love that would have gushed for thee !
 Brightly it would have gushed—but thou, my mother ! thou hast thrown
 Back on the forests and the wilds, what should have been thine own !

" Then fare thee well ! I leave thee not in loneliness to pine,
 Since thou hast sons of statelier mien and fairer brow than mine.
 Forgive me that thou couldst not love !—it may be that a tone
 Yet from my burning heart may pierce through thine, when I am gone .
 And thou, perchance, mayst weep for him on whom thou ne'er hast smiled,
 And the grave give his birthright back to thy neglected child !
 Might but my spirit *then* return, and midst its kindred dwell,
 And quench its thirst with love's free tears ! 'Tis all a dream—farewell ! "

" Farewell ! "—the echo died with that deep word ;
 Yet died not so the late repentant pang
 By the strain quickened in the mother's breast !
 There had passed many changes o'er her brow,
 And cheek and eye ; but into one bright flood
 Of tears at last all melted ; and she fell
 On the glad bosom of her child, and cried,
 " Return, return, my son ! " The echo caught
 A lovelier sound than song, and woke again,
 Murmuring, " Return, my son ! "

THE SULIOTE MOTHER

[It is related, in a French life of Ali Pasha, that several of the Suliote women, on the advance of the Turkish troops into the mountain fastnesses, assembled on a lofty summit, and, after chanting a wild song, precipitated themselves, with their children, into the chasm below, to avoid becoming the slaves of the enemy.]

SHE stood upon the loftiest peak,
 Amidst the clear blue sky ;

A bitter smile was on her cheek,
 And a dark flash in her eye.

" Dost thou see them, boy ?—
 through the dusky pines
 Dost thou see where the foeman's
 armour shines ?
 Hast thou caught the gleam of the
 conqueror's crest ?
 My babe, that I cradled on my breast !

Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms with joy?
 —That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
 Lay Suliote sire and son:
 They had heaped high the piles of death
 Before the pass was won.

"They have crossed the torrent, and on they come:
 Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
 There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
 There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
 There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
 Nought but the bloodstain our trace shall keep!"

And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
 And now the cymbal's clang,
 Till even the upper air was stirred,
 As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
 What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild?
 Doth it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
 As if at a glance of thine armèd sire?
 Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low:
 Thou wouldst not smile couldst thou see him now!"

But nearer came the clash of steel,
 And louder swelled the horn,
 And farther yet the tambour's peal
 Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?
 Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
 Free, and how cherished, my warrior's son!
 He too hath blessed thee, as I have done!
 Ay, and unchained must his loved ones be—

Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung,
 And fast the fair child bore:—
 A veil upon the wind was flung,
 A cry—and all was o'er!

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD

[The following piece is founded on a beautiful part of the Greek funeral service, in which relatives and friends are invited to embrace the deceased (whose face is uncovered) and to bid their final adieu.—See *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*.]

'Tis hard to lay into the earth
 A countenance so benign! a form that walked
 But yesterday so stately o'er the earth!
 WILSON.

COME near! Ere yet the dust
 Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
 Look on your brother; and embrace him now,
 In still and solemn trust!
 Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
 On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
 What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
 Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
 Gladdening its hearth and race?
 Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed.
 Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
 For tears befit earth's partings!
 Yesterday,
 Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
 And sunshine seemed to dwell
 Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed.
 Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!

Look yet on him whose eye
 Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth.
 Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,

The beings born to die?—
But not where death has power may
love be blessed.
Come near! and bear ye the beloved
to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope
again?

The spring's rich promise hath been
given in vain—

The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our
best? [to rest!]

Come near! and bear the early called

Look on him! Is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the
chase?—

Too still and sad the smile upon his
face;

Yet that, even that must fade:
Death holds not long unchanged his
fairest guest.

Come near! and bear the mortal to
his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left
no place

For him whose dust receives your
vain embrace,

At the gay bridal-feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder
on her breast.

Come near! weep o'er him! bear
him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!

For him the past
Is sealed: he may not fall, he may
not cast

His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and
blessed.

Leave ye the sleeper with his God to
rest!

RECORDS OF WOMAN

ARABELLA STUART

And is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?
BYRON.
Fermossi al fin il cor che balzò tanto.
PINDEMONTE.

I

'Twas but a dream! I saw the stag
leap free,

Under the boughs where early
birds were singing;

I stood o'ershadowed by the green-
wood tree,

And heard, it seemed, a sudden
bugle ringing

Far through a royal forest. Then
the fawn

Shot, like a gleam of light, from
grassy lawn

To secret covert; and the smooth
turf shook,

And lilies quivered by the glade's
lone brook,

And young leaves trembled, as, in
fleet career,

A princely band, with horn, and
hound, and spear,

Like a rich masque swept forth. I
saw the dance

Of their white plumes, that bore a
silvery glance

Into the deep wood's heart; and all
passed by

Save one—I met the smile of *one*
clear eye,

Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou*
wert there,

Seymour! A soft wind blew the
clustering hair

Back from thy gallant brow, as thou
didst rein

Thy courser, turning from that gor-
geous train,

And fling, methought, thy hunting
spear away, [array,

And, lightly graceful in thy green
Bound to my side. And we, that
met and parted

Ever in dread of some dark watch-
ful power,

Won back to childhood's trust, and
fearless-hearted,

Blent the glad fulness of our
thoughts that hour

Even like the mingling of sweet
streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and 'midst the
floating breath
Of hidden forest flowers.

II

'Tis past! I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from
thee,
My love and friend! Yet fostering,
for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to
be;
And feeling still my woman-spirit
strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from
earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I
know our love [above,
Shall yet call gentle angels from
By its undying fervour, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the spring's
first gale,
Through hearts now cold; and,
raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish. In this
trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded
form,
No bosom chilled and blighted by the
storm,
But all my youth's first treasures,
when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion,
sweet.

III

And thou too art in bonds! Yet
droop thou not,
O my beloved! there is *one* hopeless
lot.
But one, and that not ours. Beside
the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up
its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud
pomp of light,
When darkness, from the vainly
doting sight
Covers its beautiful! If thou wert
gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy
radiant brow—

If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that
low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now,
even now
Seems floating through my soul, were
music taken
For ever from this world—oh! thus
forsaken
Could I bear on? Thou livest, thou
livest, thou'rt mine!
With this glad thought I make my
heart a shrine,
And by the lamp which quenchless
there shall burn,
Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV

And lo! the joy that cometh with
the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours
of care!
I have not watched in vain, serenely
scorning
The wild and busy whispers of
despair!
Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven
—I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed
flight to thee.
Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks
its mate
As a star shoots!—but on the
breezy sea
We shall meet soon. To think of
such an hour!
Will not my heart, o'erburdened
by its bliss, [flower
Faint and give way within me, as a
Borne down and perishing by
noontide's kiss?
Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect
rest,
The full deep joy of dying on thy
breast,
After long suffering won? So rich a
close
Too seldom crowns with peace affec-
tion's woes.

V

Sunset! I tell each moment. From
the skies
The last red splendour floats along
my wall,
Like a king's banner! Now it melts,
it dies!

I see one star—I hear—'twas not
the call,
The expected voice ; my quick heart
throbbed too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light.
Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice poured, I
sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy
love,
Under the vine or in the citron grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of
sleep.

I hear my veins beat. Hark ! a
bell's slow chime !

My heart strikes with it. Yet again
—'tis time !

A step !—a voice !—or but a rising
breeze ?

Hark !—haste !—I come, to meet
thee on the seas !

* * *

VI

Now **never** more, oh ! never, in the
worth

Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love
on earth

Trust fondly—never more ! The
hope is crushed

That lit my life, the voice within
me hushed

That spoke sweet oracles ; and I
return

To lay my youth, as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it.

All is lost ! [tossed ;

No tempest met our barks—no billow
Yet were they severed, even as we
must be,

That so have loved, so striven our
hearts to free

From their close-coiling fate ! In
vain—in vain !

The dark links meet, and clasp them-
selves again,

And press out life. Upon the deck I
stood

And a white sail came gliding o'er the
floor,

Like some proud bird of ocean ; then
mine eye

Strained out, one moment earlier to
descry

The form it ached for, and the bark's
career

Seemed slow to that fond yearning ;
it drew near

Fraught with our foes ! What boots
it to recall

The strife, the tears ? Once more
a prison wall

Shuts the green hills and woodlands
from my sight,

And joyous glance of waters to the
light,

And thee, my Seymour !—thee !

I will not sink

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy
chain that bound thee !

And this shall be my strength—the
joy to think

That thou mayst wander with
heaven's breath around thee,

And all the laughing sky ! This
thought shall yet

Shine o'er my heart a radiant amulet,
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds

are broken ;

And unto me, I know, thy true love's
token

Shall one day be deliverance, though
the years

Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists
of tears.

VII

My friend ! my friend ! where art
thou ? Day by day,

Gliding like some dark mournful
stream away,

My silent youth flows from me.
Spring, the while,

Comes and rains beauty on the
kindling boughs

Round hall and hamlet ; summer
with her smile

Fills the green forest ; young
hearts breathe their vows ;

Brothers long parted meet ; fair
children rise

Round the glad board ; hope laughs
from loving eyes :

All this is in the world !—These joys
lie sown,

The dew of every path ! On *one*
alone

Their freshness may not fall—the
stricken deer
Dying of thirst with all the waters
near.

VIII

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade,
ye flowers !
By some kind hand to cheer my
dungeon sent ;
O'er you the oak shed down the
summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your
bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and raindrop,
like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you heaven's
eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark
sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to
you
Hath murmured, and the rill. My
soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its
quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream—
the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound—the shut
from me !

IX

There went a swift bird singing past
my cell——
O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely
things !
With you the peasant on the hills
may dwell,
And by the streams. But I—the
blood of kings,
A proud unmingling river, through
my veins
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts
are chains ! [bliss,
Kings !—I had silent visions of deep
Leaving their thrones far distant ; and
for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crushed ! Oh !
Heaven is far—
Earth pitiless !
Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I
am proved
So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my
beloved

There are such tales of holy marvels
done
By strong affection, of deliverance
won
Through its prevailing power ! Are
these things told
Till the young weep with rapture, and
the old
Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and
thou ! oh, thou !
Dost thou forget me in my hope's
decay ?—
Thou canst not ! Through the silent
night, even now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake
and pray
Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle
friend !
How shall I bear this anguish to the
end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ? The
voice of blood
Passes heaven's gate, even ere the
crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward ! Is
there not a cry
From the wrung heart, of power,
through agony,
To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !
—hear me ! None
That bleed and weep beneath the
smiling sun
Have heavier cause ! Yet hear !—
my soul grows dark !—
Who hears the last shriek from the
sinking bark [alone,
On the mid seas, and with the storm
And bearing to the abyss, unseen,
unknown,
Its freight of human hearts ? The
o'ermastering wave,
Who shall tell how it rushed—and
none to save !
Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I
know,
There would be rescue if this were not
so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the
festive board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and
high is poured,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet ! A
magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud
shapes pass,

Flushing it o'er with pomp from
bower and hall ;

I see one shadow, stateliest there of
all—

Thine! What dost *thou* amidst the
bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking
my despair ?

It is not well of thee ! My love was
more

Than fiery song may breathe, deep
thought explore ;

And there thou smilest, while my
heart is dying,

With all its blighted hopes around
it lying :

Even thou, on whom they hung their
last green leaf—

Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art
thou for grief !

Death ! What ! is death a locked
and treasured thing,

Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden
spring,

A fabled fruit, that I should thus
endure,

As if the world within me held no
cure ?

Wherefore not spread free wings—
Heaven, heaven control

These thoughts !—they rush—I look
into my soul

As down a gulf, and tremble at the
array

Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give
strength to pray !

So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is stilled.

Father in Heaven ! Thou, only Thou,
canst sound

The heart's great deep, with floods
of anguish filled,

For human line too fearfully pro-
found.

Therefore, forgive, my Father ! if
Thy child,

Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath
grown wild

And sinned in her despair ! It well
may be

That Thou wouldst lead my spirit
back to Thee,

By the crushed hope too long on this
world poured—

The stricken love which hath per-
chance adored

A mortal in Thy place ! Now let me
strive

With Thy strong arm no more !
Forgive, forgive !

Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent
The o'erwearied dust from home : no
breeze flits by,

But calls me with a strange sweet
whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone

Deepens—its word is *Death!* Alone,
alone,

And sad in youth, but chastened, I
depart,

Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my
woman's heart

Shall wake a spirit and a power to
bless,

Even in this hour's o'ershadowing
fearfulness,

Thee, its first love ! O tender still,
and true !

Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy
name,

Though but a moment !

Now, with fainting frame,

With soul just lingering on the flight
begun,

To bind for thee its last dim thoughts
in one,

I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble
head,

Years of bright fame, when I am
with the dead !

I bid this prayer survive me, and
retain

Its might, again to bless thee, and
again !

Thou hast been gathered into my
dark fate

Too much ; too long, for my sake,
desolate

Hath been thine exiled youth : but
now take back,

From dying hands, thy freedom, and
re-track

(After a few kind tears for her whose
days

Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny
ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness!
Yet send
Even then, in silent hours, a thought,
dear friend!
Down to my voiceless chamber; for
thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth
above,
Though bought with burning tears!
It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious
thing
In this cold world! What were it,
then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on
me now?
Too keen a pang! Farewell! and
yet once more,
Farewell! The passion of long years
I pour
Into that word! Thou hear'st
not—but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day
flow
To thy heart's holy place: there let
them dwell.
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet.
Farewell!

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE

Fear! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear
death?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my free-
dom?

I will not live degraded.

Sardanapalus.

I

COME from the woods with the citron
flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal
hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came
and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian
seas;
They came, and Eudora stood robed
and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train
around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided
hair,
Like starry dew 'midst the roses
there;

T'earls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its
golden zone.
But a brow, as those gems of the
ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her trans-
parent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair
cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the
light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent
eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too
high,
Lay floating in mists, which the
troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervent
beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's
door,
Like one that is leaving his native
shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called
her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold
stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze
brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded
track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that
fall

When the young bride goes from
her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and
new,
She parts from love which hath still
been true;
Mute be the song and the choral
strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is
clear again!
She wept on her mother's faithful
breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In *his* that waited her dawning
smile—
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished
less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—

The choking swell of her heart was
 past ;
 And her lovely thoughts from their
 cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

WHY do I weep ? To leave the
 vine

Whose clusters o'er me bend ;
 The myrtle—yet, oh, call it mine !—

The flowers I love to tend.
 A thousand thoughts of all things
 dear

Like shadows o'er me sweep ;
 I leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh ! therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister ! we have played
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive
 shade

Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
 Yes ! thou and I, by stream, by
 shore,

In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! Eve's bright
 moon

Must now light other feet,
 With the gathered grapes, and the
 lyre in tune,

Thy homeward step to greet.
 Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy
 child,

Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath
 smiled—

I leave thee ! let me weep !

Mother ! I leave thee ! on thy
 breast

Pouring out joy and woe,
 I have found that holy place of
 rest

Still changeless—yet I go !
 Lips, that have lulled me with your
 strain !

Eyes that have watched my
 sleep !

Will earth give love like *yours*
 again ?—

Sweet mother ! let me weep !

And like a slight young tree that
 throws

The weight of rain from its drooping
 boughs,

Once more she wept. But a change-
 ful thing

Is the human heart—as a mountain
 spring

That works its way, through the
 torrent's foam,

To the bright pool near it, the lily's
 home !

It is well !—the cloud on her soul
 that lay

Hath melted in glittering drops away.
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and
 lyre !

She turns to her lover, she leaves her
 sire.

Mother ! on earth it must still be so :
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them
 go !

They are moving onward, the bridal
 throng,

Ye may track their way by the swells
 of song ;

Ye may catch through the foliage
 their white robes' gleam,

Like a swan 'midst the reeds of a
 shadowy stream ;

Their arms bear up garlands, their
 gliding tread

Is over the deep-veined violet's bed ;
 They have light leaves around them,

blue skies above,
 An arch for the triumph of youth
 and love !

II

Still and sweet was the home that
 stood

In the flowering depths of a Grecian
 wood,

With the soft green light o'er its low
 roof spread,

As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
 Pouring through lime leaves that

mingled on high,
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear
 sky.

Citrons amidst their dark foliage
 glowed,

Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest
 shiver

Scattered out rays like a glancing river ; Stars of jasmine its pillars crowned, Vine-stalks its lattice and the walls had bound ; And brightly before it a fountain's play Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay, To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain, Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane. And thither Ianthis had brought his bride, And the guests were met by that fountain side. They lifted the veil from Eudora's face— It smiled out softly in pensive grace, With lips of love, and a brow serene, Meet for the soul of the deep-wood scene. Bring wine, bring odours !—the board is spread ; Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head ! The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered On the young and fair from the world embowered ; The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade, The winds amid scented boughs were laid ; And there came by fits, through some wavy tree, A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea. Hush ! be still ! Was that no more Than the murmur from the shore ? Silence !—did thick raindrops beat On the grass like trampling feet ! Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword ! The groves are filled with a pirate horde ! Through the dim olives their sabres shine !— Now must the red blood stream for wine ! The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,	The woods with the shrieks of the maidens rang ; Under the golden-fruited boughs There were flashing poniards and darkening brows— Footsteps o'er garland and lyre that fled, And the dying soon on a greensward bed. —Eudora, Eudora ! <i>thou</i> dost not fly !— She saw but Ianthis before her lie, With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow, Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe, And a gathering film in his lifted eye, That sought his young bride out mournfully. She knelt down beside him—her arms she wound Like tendrils, his drooping neck around, As if the passion of that fond grasp Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp. But they tore her thence in her wild despair, The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there : [vein, They left to the fountain a dark-red And on the wet violets a pile of slain, And a hush of fear through the sum- mer grove.— So closed the triumph of youth and love III Gloomy lay the shore that night, When the moon, with sleeping light, Bathed each purple Sciote hill— Gloomy lay the shore, and still. O'er the wave no gay guitar Sent its floating music far ; No glad sound of dancing feet Woke the starry hours to greet. But a voice of mortal woe, In its changes wild or low, Through the midnight's blue repose, From the sea-beat rocks arose, As Eudora's mother stood Gazing o'er the Ægean flood, With a fixed and straining eye— Oh ! was the spoiler's vessel nigh ?
---	---

Yes! there, becalmed in silent
sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless
deep,
On a sea of molten silver, dark
Brooding it frowned, that evil
bark!
There its broad pennon a shadow
cast,
Moveless and black from the tall
still mast;
And the heavy sound of its
flapping sail
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hushed was all else—had ocean's
breast
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour
to rest?

To rest? the waves tremble!—what
piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on
high!
What light through the heavens, in
a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire!
'tis fire!

There are wild forms hurrying to and
fro,

Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;
There are shout, and signal gun, and
call,

And the dashing of water—but
fruitless all!

Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing
flame!

It hath twined the mast like a glitter-
ing snake,

That coils up a tree from a dusky
brake;

It hath touched the sails, and their
canvas rolls

Away from its breath into shrivelled
scrolls;

It hath taken the flag's high place
in the air, [glare;

And reddened the stars with its wavy
And sent out bright arrows, and
soared in glee,

To a burning mount midst the moon-
light sea.

The swimmers are plunging from
stern and prow—

Eudora! Eudora! where, where art
thou?

The slave and his master alike are
gone—

Mother! who stands on the deck
alone?

The child of thy bosom!—and lo!
a brand

Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her free
dark hair

Swayed by the flames as they rock
and flare;

And her fragile form to its loftiest
height

Dilated, as if by the spirit's might;
And her eye with an eagle-gladness
fraught—

Oh! could this work be of woman
wrought?

Yes! 'twas her deed!—by that
haughty smile,

It was hers: she hath kindled her
funeral pile!

Never might shame on that bright
head be,

Her blood was the Greek's, and hath
made her free!

Proudly she stands like an Indian
bride,

On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath
caught her ear,

As the flames to her marriage robe
draw near,

And starting, she spreads her pale
arms in vain

To the form they must never enfold
again.

—One moment more, and her hands
are clasped—

Fallen is the torch they had wildly
grasped—

Her sinking knee unto heaven is
bowed,

And her last look raised through the
smoke's dim shroud,

And her lips as in prayer for her
pardon move;—

Now the night gathers o'er youth
and love!

THE SWITZER'S WIFE

[Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenberg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his

dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.

M. J. J.

Wer solch ein Herz an sienem Busen drückt,
Der kann für Herd und Hof mit freuden fechten.

Wilhelm Tell.

It was the time when children bound
to meet

Their father's homeward step from
field or hill

And when the herd's returning bells
are sweet,

In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes
grow still,

And the last note of that wild horn
swells by

Which haunts the exile's heart with
melody.

And lovely smiled full many an
Alpine home,

Touched with the crimson of the
dying hour,

Which lit its low roof by the torrent's
foam,

And pierced its lattice through
the vine-hung bower;

But one, the loveliest o'er the land
that rose,

Then first looked mournful in its
green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden
tree,

That sent its lulling whispers
through his door,

Even as man sits, whose heart alone
would be

With some deep care, and thus can
find no more

The accustomed joy in all which
evening brings,

Gathering a household with her
quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—
sad, yet mild

In her beseeching mien!—he
marked it not.

The silvery laughter from his bright-
haired child

Rang from the greensward round
the sheltered spot,

But seemed unheard; until at last
the boy

Raised from his heaped-up flowers
a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then
a change

Passed swiftly o'er the brow of
infant glee,

And a quick sense of something dimly
strange

Brought him from play to stand
beside the knee

So often climbed, and lift his loving
eyes

That shone through clouds of sorrow-
ful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong
man shook;

But tenderly his babe's fair mother
laid

Her hand on his, and with a pleading
look,

Through tears half-quivering, o'er
him bent and said,

"What grief, dear friend, hath made
thy heart its prey—

That thou shouldst turn thee from
our love away?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my
friend!

Mark'st thou the wonder on thy
boy's fair brow,

Missing the smile from thine! Oh,
cheer thee! bend

To his soft arms: unseal thy
thoughts e'en now!

Thou dost not kindly to withhold the
share

Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest
face,

But sternly, mournfully: not yet
the band

Was loosened from his soul; its in-
most place

Not yet unveiled by love's o'er-
mastering hand.

"Speak low!" he cried, and pointed
where on high

The white Alps glittered through the
solemn sky:

" We must speak low amidst our
ancient hills

And their free torrents ; for the
days are come

When tyranny lies couched by
forest rills,

And meets the shepherd in his
mountain home.

Go, pour the wine of our own grapes
in fear—

Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes
are near.

" The envy of the oppressor's eye
hath been

Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not
serene,

Yet with the faces best beloved in
sight :

To-morrow eve may find me chained,
and thee—

How can I bear the boy's young
smiles to see ? "

The bright blood left that youth-
ful mother's cheek ;

Back on the linden stem she
leaned her form ;

And her lip trembled as it strove to
speak,

Like a frail harp-string shaken
by the storm.

'Twas but a moment, and the faint-
ness passed,

And the free Alpine spirit woke at
last.

And she, that ever through her home
had moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and
quiet smile

Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the
while,

Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly,
that hour—

Her clear glance kindling into sudden
power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye
of light,

And took her fair child to her holy
breast,

And lifted her soft voice, that gathered
might

As it found language :—" Are we
thus oppressed ?

Then must we rise upon our moun-
tain-sod,

And man must arm, and woman call
on God !

" I know what thou wouldst do ;—
and be it done !

Thy soul is darkened with its fears
for me.

Trust me to heaven, my husband !
this, thy son,

The babe whom I have borne thee,
must be free !

And the sweet memory of our
pleasant hearth

May well give strength—if aught be
strong on earth.

" Thou hast been brooding o'er the
silent dread

Of my desponding tears ; now lift
once more, [head,

My hunter of the hills ! thy stately
And let thine eagle glance my joy
restore !

I can bear all, but seeing *thee* sub-
dued—

Take to thee back thine own un-
daunted mood.

" Go forth beside the waters, and
along

The chamois paths, and through
the forests go ;

And tell, in burning words, thy tale
of wrong

To the brave hearts that midst the
hamlets glow.

God shall be with thee, my beloved !
Away !

Bless but thy child, and leave me—I
can pray ! "

He sprang up, like a warrior youth
awaking

To clarion sounds upon the ringing
air ;

He caught her to his breast, while
proud tears breaking

From his dark eyes fell o'er her
braided hair ;

And " worthy art thou," was his
joyous cry,

" That man for thee should gird
himself to die !

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
 Now shall thy name be armour to my heart:
 And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
 I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell:
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps.
 Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight: he the strength to rouse
 Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
 Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep
 With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI

[Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

Tell me no more, no more
 Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
 To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
 Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
 One true heart unto me, whereon my own
 Might find a resting-place, a home for all
 Its burden of affections? I depart,
 Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave
 The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
 Shall give my name a power to win such tears
 As would have made life precious.

I

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!
 And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
 My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
 Of that which lit my being, though its race
 Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!
 From my deep spirit one victorious gleam,

Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!
 May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
 Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined
 Something immortal of my heart and mind,
 That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
 Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
 Of lost affection,—something that may prove
 What she hath been, whose melancholy love
 On thee was lavished; silent pang and tear,
 And fervent song that gushed when none was near,
 And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
 Stealing the brightness from her life away—
 While thou——Awake! not yet within me die!
 Under the burden and the agony
 Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake!
 Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
 Live! in thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,
 Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
 Thine unrequited gift.

II

It comes! the power
 Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
 That could not win me love. Yet once again
 I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
 Of glorious images: they throng—they press—
 A sudden joy lights up my loneliness—
 I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows
 Beneath my hand, unfolded as a rose,
 Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,
 I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,

Through the pale marble's veins.
 It grows !—and now
 I give my own life's history to thy
 brow,
 Forsaken Ariadne !—thou shalt wear
 My form, my lineaments ; but oh !
 more fair,
 Touched into lovelier being by the
 glow
 Which in me dwells, as by the
 summer light
 All things are glorified. From thee
 my woe
 Shall yet look beautiful to meet his
 sight,
 When I am passed away. Thou art
 the mould,
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts,
 the untold,
 The self-consuming ! Speak to him
 of me,
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest
 eye—
 Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply,
 mournfully,
 Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could
 I throw
 Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and
 low,
 And thrilling voice of song ! when
 he came nigh,
 To send the passion of its melody
 Through his pierced bosom—on its
 tones to bear
 My life's deep feeling, as the southern
 air
 Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to
 rise, to swell,
 To sink away in accents of farewell,
 Winning but one, *one* gush of tears,
 whose flow
 Surely my parted spirit yet might
 know,
 If love be strong as death !

III

Now fair thou art,
 Thou form, whose life is of my burn-
 ing heart !
 Yet all the vision that within me
 wrought,
 I cannot make thee. Oh ! I might
 have given
 Birth to creations of far nobler
 thought ;

I might have kindled, with the
 fire of heaven,
 Things not of such as die ! But I
 have been
 Too much alone ! A heart whereon
 to lean,
 With all these deep affections that
 o'erflow
 My aching soul, and find no shore
 below ;
 An eye to be my star ; a voice to
 bring
 Hope o'er my path like sounds that
 breathe of spring :
 These are denied me—dreamt of
 still in vain.
 Therefore my brief aspirings from
 the chain
 Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
 Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
 In dirge-like echoes.

IV

Yet the world will see
 Little of this, my parting work ! in
 thee.
 Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mock-
 ery ! give the reed
 From storms a shelter—give the
 drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils
 may entwine—
 Give the parched flower a rain-
 drop, and the meed
 Of love's kind words to woman !
 Worthless fame !
 That in *his* bosom wins not for my
 name
 The abiding place it asked ! Yet
 how my heart,
 In its own fairy world of song and art,
 Once beat for praise ! Are those
 high longings o'er ?
 That which I have been can I be no
 more ?
 Never ! oh, never more ! though still
 thy sky
 Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !
 And though the music, whose rich
 breathings fill
 Thin air with soul, be wandering
 past me still ;
 And though the mantle of thy sun-
 light streams
 Unchanged on forms, instinct with
 poet-dreams.

Never! oh, never more! Where'er
 I move,
 The shadow of this broken-hearted
 love
 Is on me and around! Too well
they know
 Whose life is all within, too soon
 and well,
 When there the blight hath settled!
 But I go
 Under the silent wings of peace to
 dwell;
 From the slow wasting, from the
 lonely pain,
 The inward burning of those words—
"in vain,"
 Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill
 soon be past!
 Sunshine and song, and bright Italian
 heaven,
 And thou, oh! thou, on whom
 my spirit cast
 Unvalued wealth—who knowest not
 what was given
 In that devotedness—the sad, and
 deep,
 And unrepaid—farewell! If I could
 weep
 Once, only once, beloved one! on
 thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink
 to rest!
 But that were happiness!—and unto
 me
 Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was
 formed to be
 So richly blessed! With thee to
 watch the sky,
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou
 wert nigh;
 With thee to listen, while the tones
 of song
 Swept even as part of our sweet air
 along—
 To listen silently; with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days—
 This had been joy enough; and hour
 by hour,
 From its glad well-springs drinking
 life and power,
 How had my spirit soared, and made
 its fame
 A glory for thy brow! Dreams,
 dreams!—the fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave
 my name—

As a deep thrill may linger on the
 lyre
 When its full chords are hushed—
 awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart
 revive
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with
 a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully
 profound;
 I leave it, on my country's air to
 dwell—
 Say proudly yet—" 'Twas *hers* who
 loved me well! "

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH

[The Baron Von der Wart, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

Dark lowers our fate,
 And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us;
 But nothing, till that latest agony
 Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
 This fixed and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-
 house,
 In the terrific face of armed law,
 Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
 I never will forsake thee.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark
 eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and
 cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.
 "And bid me not depart," she
 cried;
 "My Rudolph, say not so!
 This is no time to quit thy side—
 Peace! peace! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
 When death is on thy brow?
 The world! what means it? *Mine*
 is *here*—
 I will not leave thee now.

' I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss ;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this* !
And thou, mine honoured love and
true,
Bear on, bear nobly on !
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to
flow

From woman's breaking heart ?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part ;
But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, Love ! of mortal agony
Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak !

The wind rose high—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear :—
Perchance that dark hour brought
repose

To happy bosoms near ;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his
brow

With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords
low

Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !

She had her meed—one smile in
death—

And his worn spirit passed !
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God Who
gave
Strength to forsake it not !

IMELDA

Sometimes

The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee,
Imelda !

Italy, a Poem.

Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma.
TASSO.

WE have the myrtle's breath around
us here.

Amidst the fallen pillars : this
hath been

Some Naiad's fane of old. How
brightly clear,

Flinging a vein of silver o'er the
scene,

Up through the shadowy grass the
fountain wells,

And music with it, gushing from
beneath

The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur
tells

The rich wild flowers no tale of woe
or death ;

Yet once the wave was darkened,
and a stain

Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not
of rain—

On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's
head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair
girl met

One whom she loved, by this lone
temple's spring,

Just as the sun behind the pine grove
set,

And eve's low voice in whispers
woke, to bring

All wanderers home. They stood,
that gentle pair,

With the blue heaven of Italy
above,

And citron odours dying on the air,
And light leaves trembling round,

and early love
Deep in each breast. What recked

their souls of strife
Between their fathers ! Unto them

young life [years ;
Spread out the treasures of its vernal

And if they wept, they wept far
other tears

Than the cold world brings forth.
They stood that hour

Speaking of hope ; while tree, and
fount, and flower,

And star, just gleaming through the
cypress boughs,

Seemed holy things, as records of
their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A
 hurrying tread
 Broke on the whispery shades.
 Imelda knew
 The footstep of her brother's wrath,
 and fled
 Up where the cedars make yon
 avenue
 Dim with green twilight: pausing
 there, she caught—
 Was it the clash of swords? A swift
 dark thought
 Struck down her lip's rich crimson
 as it passed,
 And from her eye the sunny sparkle
 took
 One moment with its fearfulness,
 and shook
 Her slight form fiercely, as a stormy
 blast
 Might rock the rose. Once more,
 and yet once more,
 She stilled her heart to listen—all
 was o'er;
 Sweet summer winds alone were
 heard to sigh, [by.
 Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit
 That night Imelda's voice was in
 the song—
 Lovely it floated through the festive
 throng
 Peopling her father's halls. That
 fatal night
 Her eye looked starry in its dazzling
 light,
 And her cheek glowed with beauty's
 flushing dyes,
 Like a rich cloud of eve in southern
 skies—
 A burning, ruby cloud. There were
 whose gaze
 Followed her form beneath the clear
 lamp's blaze,
 And marvelled at its radiance. But
 a few
 Beheld the brightness of that feverish
 hue
 With something of dim fear; and
 in that glance
 Found strange and sudden tokens
 of unrest,
 Startling to meet amidst the mazy
 dance,
 Where thought, if present, an
 unbidden guest,

Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this
 were, the time
 Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief,
 and crime
 Alike: and when the banquet's
 hall was left
 Unto its garlands of their bloom be-
 reft;
 When trembling stars looked silvery
 in their wane,
 And heavy flowers yet slumbered,
 once again
 There stole a footstep, fleet, and
 light, and lone,
 Through the dim cedar shade—the
 step of one
 That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
 Of one that panted with some secret
 dread.
 What did Imelda there? She sought
 the scene
 Where love so late with youth and
 hope had been.
 Bodings were on her soul; a shudder-
 ing thrill
 Ran through each vein, when first
 the Naiad's rill
 Met her with melody—sweet sounds
 and low; [flow—
 We hear them yet, they live along its
 Her voice is music lost! The foun-
 tain-side
 She gained—the wave flashed forth—
 'twas darkly dyed
 Even as from warrior hearts; and
 on its edge,
 Amidst the fern, and flowers, and
 moss-tufts deep,
 There lay, as lulled by stream and
 rustling sedge,
 A youth, a graceful youth. "Oh!
 dost thou sleep?
 Azzo!" she cried, "my Azzo! is
 this rest?"
 But then her low tones faltered:—
 "On thy breast
 Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood! And
 that cold cheek—
 That moveless lip!—thou dost not
 slumber?—speak,
 Speak, Azzo, my beloved! No
 sound—no breath—
 What hath come thus between our
 spirits? Death!
 Death?—I but dream—I dream!"
 And there she stood,

A faint fair trembler, gazing first on
 blood,
 With her fair arm around yon cy-
 press thrown,
 Her form sustained by that dark
 stem alone,
 And fading fast, like spell-struck
 maid of old,
 Into white waves dissolving, clear
 and cold ;
 When from the grass her dimmed
 eye caught a gleam—
 'Twas where a sword lay shivered by
 the stream—
 Her brother's sword !—she knew it ;
 and she knew
 'Twas with a venom'd point that
 weapon slew !
 Woe for young love ! But love is
 strong. There came
 Strength upon woman's fragile heart
 and frame ;
 There came swift courage ! On the
 dewy ground
 She knelt, with all her dark hair
 floating round
 Like a long silken stole ; she knelt,
 and pressed [breast,
 Her lips of glowing life to Azzo's
 Drawing the poison forth. A strange,
 sad sight !
 Pale death, and fearless love, and
 solemn night !
 —So the moon saw them last.

The morn came singing
 Through the green forests of the
 Apennines,
 With all her joyous birds their free
 flight winging,
 And steps and voices out amongst
 the vines.
 What found that dayspring *here* ?
 Two fair forms laid
 Like sculptured sleepers ; from the
 myrtle shade
 Casting a gleam of beauty o'er the
 wave,
 Still, mournful, sweet. Were such
 things for the grave ?
 Could it be so indeed ? That radiant
 girl,
 Decked as for bridal hours !—long
 braids of pearl
 Amidst her shadowy locks were
 faintly shining,

As tears might shine, with melan-
 choly light ;
 And there was gold her slender waist
 entwining ;
 And her pale graceful arms—how
 sadly bright !
 And fiery gems upon her breast were
 lying,
 And round her marble brow red
 roses dying.
 But she died first !—the violet's hue
 had spread
 O'er her sweet eyelids with repose
 oppressed ;
 She had bowed heavily her gentle
 head,
 And on the youth's hushed bosom
 sunk to rest.
 So slept they well !—the poison's
 work was done ;
 Love with true heart had striven—but
 Death had won.

EDITH

A TALE OF THE WOODS

Du Heilige ! rufe dein Kind zurück ?
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.

Wallenstein.

THE woods—oh ! solemn are the
 boundless woods
 Of the great western world when
 day declines,
 And louder sounds the roll of dis-
 tant floods,
 More deep the rustling of the an-
 cient pines.
 When dimness gathers on the stilly
 air,
 And mystery seems o'er every
 leaf to brood,
 Awful it is for human heart to bear
 The might and burden of the soli-
 tude !
 Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green
 wastes, there sate
 One young and fair ; and oh ! how
 desolate !
 But undismayed—while sank the
 crimson light,
 And the high cedars darkened with
 the night.
 Alone she sate ; though many lay
 around,

They, pale and silent on the bloody
ground,
Were severed from her need and from
her woe,

Far as death severs life. O'er
that wild spot

Combat had raged, and brought the
valiant low,

And left them, with the history
of their lot,

Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene
For her whose home of other days
had been

Midst the fair halls of England! But
the love

Which filled her soul was strong
to cast out fear;

And by its might upborne all else
above,

She shrank not—marked not that
the dead were near.

Of him alone she thought, whose
languid head [fell;

Faintly upon her wedded bosom
Memory of aught but him on earth
was fled,

While heavily she felt his life-
blood well

Fast o'er her garments forth, and
vainly bound

With her torn robe and hair the
streaming wound—

Yet hoped, still hoped! Oh! from
such hope how long

Affection woos the whispers that
deceive,

Even when the pressure of dismay
grows strong!

And we, that weep, watch, tremble,
ne'er believe

The blow indeed can fall. So bowed
she there

Over the dying, while unconscious
prayer

Filled all her soul. Now poured
the moonlight down,

Veining the pine stems through the
foliage brown,

And fireflies, kindling up the leafy
place,

Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's
face,

Whereby she caught its changes.
To her eye,

The eye that faded looked through
gathering haze,

Whence love, o'ermastering mortal
agony,

Lifted a long, deep, melancholy
gaze,

When voice was not; that fond,
sad meaning passed—

She knew the fulness of her woe at
last!

One shriek the forests heard—and
mute she lay

And cold, yet clasping still the
precious clay

To her scarce-heaving breast. O
Love and Death!

Ye have sad meetings on this
changeeful earth, [breath

Many and sad!—but airs of heavenly
Shall melt the links which bind

you, for your birth
Is far apart.

Now light of richer hue

Than the moon sheds, came flushing
mist and dew;

The pines grew red with morning;
fresh winds played;

Bright-coloured birds with splendour
crossed the shade,

Flitting on flowerlike wings; glad
murmurs broke

From reed, and spray, and leaf—
the living strings

Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music
woke

Into young life and joy all happy
things.

And she, too, woke from that long
dreamless trance,

The widowed Edith: fearfully her
glance

Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and
strange,

And dusky forms. A sudden sense
of change

Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere
memory swept

The tide of anguish back with
thoughts that slept;

Yet half instinctively she rose, and
spread

Her arms, as 'twere for something
lost or fled,

Then faintly sank again. The forest
bough,

With all its whispers, waved not o'er
her now.

Where was she? Midst the people
of the wild,
By the red hunter's fire: an aged
chief,
Whose home looked sad—for therein
played no child—
Had borne her, in the stillness of
her grief,
To that lone cabin of the woods;
and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touched with thoughts from some
past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron
hung;
While in grave silence, yet with
earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste
stood by,
Bending in watchfulness his proud
grey head,
And leaning on his bow.

And life returned,
Life, but with all its memories of
the dead,
To Edith's heart; and well the
sufferer learned
Her task of meek endurance—well
she wore
The chastened grief that humbly
can adore
'Midst blinding tears. But unto
that old pair,
Even as a breath of spring's awaken-
ing air,
Her presence was; or as a sweet
wild tune
Bringing back tender thoughts, which
all too soon
Depart with childhood. Sadly they
had seen
A daughter to the land of spirits
go;
And ever from that time her fading
mien,
And voice, like winds of summer,
soft and low,
Had haunted their dim years: but
Edith's face
Now looked in holy sweetness
from her place,
And they again seemed parents. Oh!
the joy,
The rich deep blessedness—though
earth's alloy,

Fear, that still bodes, be there—of
pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its
wealth and worth
Of strong affection, in one healthful
flow,
On something all its own! that kindly
glow,
Which to shut inward its consuming
pain,
Gives the glad soul its flowering time
again,
When, like the sunshine, freed. And
gentle cares
The adopted Edith meekly gave for
theirs
Who loved her thus. Her spirit
dwelt the while
With the departed, and her patient
smile
Spoke of farewells to earth; yet
still she prayed
E'en o'er her soldier's lowly grave,
for aid
One purpose to fulfil, to leave one
trace
Brightly recording that her dwelling-
place
Had been among the wilds; for
well she knew
The secret whisper of her bosom
true,
Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word
Linked unto moments when the
heart was stirred—
By the sweet mournfulness of many a
hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew
hushed and dim—
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with childlike piety—
By the still beauty of her life she
strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born
truth, the love
Poured out on her so freely. Nor
in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence
to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds; by slow
degrees
Light followed on, as when a summer
breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest
shade,

And lets the sunbeam through.
 Her voice was made
 Even such a breeze; and she, a
 lowly guide,
 By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
 So to the Cross her Indian fosterers
 led,
 Until their prayers were one. When
 morning spread
 O'er the blue lake, and when the
 sunset's glow
 Touched into golden bronze the cy-
 press bough,
 And when the quiet of the Sabbath
 time
 Sank on her heart, though no melo-
 dious chime
 Wakened the wilderness, their prayers
 were one.
 Now might she pass in hope—her
 work was done! [away—
 And she *was* passing from the woods
 The broken flower of England might
 not stay
 Amidst those alien shades. Her eye
 was bright
 Even yet with something of a
 starry light,
 But her form wasted, and her fair
 young cheek
 Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
 A rose whose root was death. The
 parting sigh
 Of autumn through the forests had
 gone by,
 And the rich maple o'er her wander-
 ings lone
 Its crimson leaves in many a shower
 had strown,
 Flushing the air; and winter's
 blast had been
 Amidst the pines; and now a softer
 green
 Fringed their dark boughs: for
 spring again had come,
 The sunny spring! but Edith to
 her home
 Was journeying fast. Alas! we
 think it sad
 To part with life when all the earth
 looks glad
 In her young lovely things—when
 voices break
 Into sweet sounds, and leaves and
 blossoms wake :

Is it not brighter, then, in that far
 clime
 Where graves are not, nor blights
 of changeful time,
 If *here* such glory dwell with passing
 blooms,
 Such golden sunshine rest around
 the tombs?
 So thought the dying one. 'Twas
 early day,
 And sounds and odours, with the
 breezes' play,
 Whispering of spring time, through
 the cabin door,
 Unto her couch life's farewell
 sweetness bore.
 Then with a look where all her hope
 awoke,
 "My father!"—to the grey-haired
 chief she spoke—
 "Knowest thou that I depart?"
 "I know, I know,"
 He answered mournfully, "that thou
 must go
 To thy beloved, my daughter!"
 "Sorrow not
 For me, kind mother!" with
 meek smiles once more
 She murmured in low tones: "one
 happy lot
 Awaits us, friends! upon the
 better shore;
 For we have prayed together in one
 trust, [dust
 And lifted our frail spirits from the
 To God, Who gave them. Lay me by
 mine own,
 Under the cedar shade: where he is
 gone,
 Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
 And the dead parents, lipping at
 whose knee
 My childhood's prayer was learned—
 the Saviour's prayer
 Which now *ye* know—and I shall
 meet you there.
 Father and gentle mother! ye have
 bound
 The bruised reed, and mercy shall be
 found
 By Mercy's children." From the
 matron's eye
 Dropped tears, her sole and passion-
 ate reply.
 But Edith felt them not; for now a
 sleep

Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad
and slow,

And mantling up his stately head in
woe,

“Thou’rt passing hence,” he sang,
that warrior old,

In sounds like those by plaintive
waters rolled.

“Thou’rt passing from the lake’s
green side,

And the hunter’s hearth away :
For the time of flowers, for the
summer’s pride,

Daughter ! thou canst not
stay.

“Thou’rt journeying to thy
spirit’s home,

Where the skies are ever clear :
The corn-month’s golden hours
will come

But they shall not find thee
here.

“And we shall miss thy voice,
my bird !

Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall midst the leaves be
heard,

But not a song like thine.

“A breeze that roves o’er stream
and hill,

Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet
caught we still

A farewell in its tone.

“But thou, my bright one !
thou shalt be

Where farewell sounds are o’er ;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov’st,
shalt see

No fear of parting more.

“The mossy grave thy tears
have wet,

And the winds wild moanings
by,

Thou with thy kindred shalt
forget,

’Midst flowers—not such as
die.

“The shadow from thy brow
shall melt

The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile
hath dwelt

Our heart shall thirst in vain.

“Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled :

Yet hath thy step the pathway
shown

Unto the happy dead.

“And we will follow thee, our
guide !

And join that shining band
Thou’rt passing from the lake’s
green side—

Go to the better land ! ”

The song had ceased—the listeners
caught no breath :

That lovely sleep had melted into
death.

THE INDIAN CITY

What deep wounds ever closed without a sear ?
The heart’s bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.

Childe Harold.

ROYAL in splendour went down the
day

On the plain where an Indian city
lay,

With its crown of domes o’er the
forest high,

Red, as if fused in the burning sky ;
And its deep groves pierced by the
rays which made

A bright stream’s way through each
long arcade,

Till the pillared vaults of the banian
stood

Like torch-lit aisles ’midst the solemn
wood ;

And the plantain glittered with
leaves of gold,

As a tree midst the Genie gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,

And the stems of the cocoa were
shafts of fire.

Many a white pagoda’s gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and
stream,

Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun’s
last hours,

Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
 Its glory forth on their crystal bed.
 Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
 With the water-vase from the palmy
 shade,
 Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
 Down marble steps, to the tanks
 below ;
 And a cool sweet plashing was ever
 heard,
 As the molten glass of the wave was
 stirred,
 And a murmur, thrilling the scented
 air,
 Told where the Brahmin bowed in
 prayer.
 —There wandered a noble Moslem
 boy
 Through the scene of beauty in
 breathless joy.
 He gazed where the stately city rose,
 Like a pageant of clouds, in its red
 repose ;
 He turned where birds through the
 gorgeous gloom
 Of the woods went glancing on starry
 plume ;
 He tracked the brink of the shining
 lake,
 By the tall canes feathered in tuft and
 brake ;
 Till the path he chose, in its mazes,
 wound
 To the very heart of the holy ground.
 And there lay the water, as if en-
 shrined
 In a rocky urn, from the sun and
 wind,
 Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
 Far down through its dark still purity.
 The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
 Spread out like a metal mirror's
 breast ;
 But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,
 Seemed made for the swimmer's
 joyous leap,
 For the stag athirst from the noon-
 tide's chase
 For all free things of the wild wood's
 race.

Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming
 wave,
 From the shadowy bank was the
 bound he gave ;
 Dashing the spray drops, cold and
 white,
 O'er the glossy leaves in its young
 delight,
 And bowing his locks to the waters
 clear—
 Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was
 near.
 His mother looked from her tent the
 while,
 O'er heaven and earth with a quiet
 smile :
 She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
 Had stayed the march of her pilgrim
 train,
 Calmly to linger a few brief hours
 In the Brahmin city's glorious bowers ;
 For the pomp of the forest, the wave's
 bright fall,
 The red gold of sunset—she loved
 them all.

II

The moon rose clear in the splendour
 given
 To the deep-blue night of an Indian
 heaven ;
 The boy from the high-arched woods
 came back—
 Oh ! what had he met in his lonely
 track ?
 The serpent's glance through the long
 reeds bright ?
 The arrowy spring of the tiger's
 might ?
 No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,
 With his graceful hair all soiled and
 torn,
 And a gloom on the lids of his dark-
 ened eye,
 And a gash on his bosom—he came to
 die !
 He looked for the face to his young
 heart sweet,
 And found it, and sank at his mother's
 feet.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue
 sky,
 Was the kindling flash of the boy's
 glad eye ;

" Speak to me ! whence does the
 swift blood run ?
 What hath befallen thee, my child,
 my son ? "

The mist of death on his brow lay
 pale,
 But his voice just lingered to breathe
 the tale.
 Murmuring faintly of wrongs and
 scorn,
 And wounds from the children of
 Brahma borne.
 This was the doom for a Moslem
 found
 With a foot profane on their holy
 ground—
 This was for sullyng the pure waves,
 free
 Unto them alone—'twas their god's
 decree.

 A change came o'er his wandering
 look—
 The mother shrieked not then nor
 shook :
 Breathless she knelt in her son's
 young blood,
 Rending her mantle to staunch its
 flood ;
 But it rushed like a river which none
 may stay,
 Bearing a flower to the deep away.
 That which our love to the earth
 would chain, [vain—
 Fearfully striving with heaven in
 That which fades from us while yet
 we hold,
 Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal
 mould,
 Was fleeting before her, afar and fast;
 One moment—the soul from the face
 had passed ! [woe ?
 Are there no words for that common
 Ask of the thousands its depth that
 know !
 The boy had breathed, in his dream-
 ing rest,
 Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle
 breast ;
 He had stood, when she sorrowed,
 beside her knee,
 Painfully stilling his quick heart's
 glee ;
 He had kissed from her cheek the
 widow's tears,
 With the loving lip of his infant
 years :
 He had smiled o'er her path like a
 bright spring day—
 Now in his blood on the earth he lay !

Murdered ! Alas ! and we love so
 well
 In a world where anguish like this can
 dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her
 dead—

They that stood round her watched
 in dread ;

They watched—she knew not they
 were by—

Her soul sat veiled in its agony.

On the silent lips she pressed no kiss—
 Too stern was the grasp of her pangs
 for this :

She shed no tear, as her face bent
 low

O'er the shining hair of the lifeless
 brow ;

She looked but into the half-shut eye
 With a gaze that found there no reply,
 And, shrieking, mantled her head
 from sight,

And fell, struck down by her sorrow's
 might.

And what deep change, what work
 of power,

Was wrought on her secret soul that
 hour ?

How rose the lonely one ? She rose
 Like a prophetess from dark repose !

And proudly flung from her face the
 veil,

And shook the hair from her forehead
 pale,

And 'midst her wondering handmaids
 stood,

With the sudden glance of a dauntless
 mood—

Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
 A brow in its regal passion high,

With a close and rigid grasp she
 pressed

The blood-stained robe to her heaving
 breast,

And said—"Not yet, not yet I weep,
 Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep !

Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
 Be piled for its victim's monument.

Cover his dust ! bear it on before !
 It shall visit those temple gates once
 more."

And away in the train of the dead she
 turned,

The strength of her step was the heart
that burned ;
And the Brahm'in groves in the star-
light smiled,
As the mother passed with her slaugh-
tered child.

III

Hark ! a wild sound of the desert's
horn
Through the woods round the Indian
city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour
afar—
War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem
war !
The Brahmin looked from the leaguer-
ed towers—
He saw the wild archer amidst his
bowers ;
And the lake that flashed through
the plantain shade,
As the light of the lances along it
played ;
And the canes that shook as if winds
were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste
swept by ;
And the camp as it lay like a billowy
sea,
Wide round the sheltering banian
tree.

There stood one tent from the rest
apart—
That was the place of a wounded
heart.
Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and
strong
A voice that cries against mighty
wrong ;
And full of death as a hot wind's
blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection
light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had
passed,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's
blast.
There had been words from her pale
lips poured,
Each one a spell to unsheath the
sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed
to hear,

And the dark chief of Araby grasped
his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the
wall,
And a vow was recorded that doomed
its fall.
Back with the dust of her son she
came,
When her voice had kindled that
lightning flame ;
She came in the might of a queenly
foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;
But a deeper power on her forehead
sate—
There sought the warrior his star of
fate :
Her eye's wild flash through the
tented line
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip
was caught
As a sybil's breath of prophetic
thought. [grief,
—Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of
That lights up vengeance to find
relief,
Transient and faithless ! it cannot
fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor
still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die !
Sickening she turned from her sad
renown,
As a king in death might reject his
crown.
Slowly the strength of the walls gave
way—
She withered faster from day to day ;
All the proud sounds of that bannered
plain,
To stay the flight of her soul were
vain ;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven,
and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts
born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour
was come
For its fearful rushing through dark-
ness home.
The bright sun set in his pomp and
pride,

As on that eve when the fair boy
died :
She gazed from her couch, and a
softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's
farewell ;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying
tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long
seemed flown.
She murmured a low sweet cradle-
song,
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior
throng—
A song of the time when her boy's
young cheek
Had glowed on her breast in its
slumber meek.
But something which breathed from
that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;
And starting, as if from a dream, she
cried—
" Give him proud burial at my side !
There, by yon lake, where the palm
boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make
there our grave."
And the temples fell, though the spirit
passed,
That stayed not for victory's voice at
last ;
When the day was won for the martyr
dead,
For the broken heart and the bright
blood shed.

Through the gates of the vanquished
the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming
speed ;
Free swept the flame through the idol
fanes,
And the streams glowed red, as from
warrior veins ;
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose
to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying
prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
Where the boy and his mother at rest
were laid.
Palace and tower on that plain were
left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning
cleft ;

The wild vine mantled the stately
square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's
lair,
And the jungle grass o'er the altar
sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart
wrung !

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHÔNE

—There is but one place in the world—
Thither, where he lies buried !

* * *

There, there is all that still remains of him :
That single spot is the whole earth to me.
COLERIDGE'S Wallenstein.
Alas ! our young affections run to waste
Or water but the desert."

Childe Harold.

THERE went a warrior's funeral
through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly
thrown
From the high woods, along the
sweeping Rhône,
Far down the waters. Heavily and
dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-
hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the green-
sward fell,
As chieftains passed ; and solemnly
the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleam-
ing river
Borne with the gale, and with the
leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners
there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly ;
—but of one,
Oh ! who shall speak ? What words
his brow unveil ?
A father following to the grave his
son !—
That is no grief to picture ! Sad
and slow,
Through the wood-shadows, moved
the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier
laid low—
Fair even when found amidst the
bloody slain,
Stretched by its broken lance. They
reached the lone

Baronial chapel, where the forest
 gloom
 Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs
 had grown
 Into thick archways, as to vault
 the tomb.
 Stately they trode the hollow-
 ringing aisle,
 A strange deep echo shuddered
 through the pile,
 Till crested heads at last in silence
 bent
 Round the DeCoucis' antique monu-
 ment,
 When dust to dust was given :—and
 Aymer slept
 Beneath the drooping banners of
 his line,
 Whose broidered folds the Syrian
 wind had swept
 Proudly and oft o'er fields of
 Palestine.
 So the sad rite was closed. The
 sculptor gave
 Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly
 grave ;
 And the pale image of a youth,
 arrayed
 As warriors are for fight, but calmly
 laid
 In slumber on his shield. Then
 all was done—
 And still around the dead. His
 name was heard
 Perchance when wine-cups flowed,
 and hearts were stirred
 By some old song, or tale of battle
 won
 Told round the hearth. But in his
 father's breast
 Manhood's high passions woke again,
 and pressed
 On to their mark ; and in his friend's
 clear eye
 There dwelt no shadow of a dream
 gone by ;
 And with the brethren of his fields,
 the feast
 Was gay as when the voice whose
 sounds had ceased
 Mingled with theirs. Even thus
 life's rushing tide
 Bears back affection from the grave's
 dark side ;
 Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's
 void place

Filled up so soon !—so like a
 summer cloud,
 All that we loved to pass and leave
 no trace !—
 He lay forgotten in his early
 shroud.
 Forgotten ?—not of all ! The sunny
 smile
 Glancing in play o'er that proud lip
 erewhile,
 And the dark locks, whose breezy
 waving threw
 A gladness round, whene'er their
 shade withdrew
 From the bright brow ; and all the
 sweetness lying
 Within that eagle eye's jet radiance
 deep,
 And all the music with that young
 voice dying,
 Whose joyous echoes made the
 quick heart leap
 As at a hunter's bugle—these things
 lived
 Still in one breast, whose silent love
 survived
 The poms of kindred sorrow. Day
 by day,
 On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in
 garlands lay,
 Through the dim fane soft summer
 odours breathing,
 And all the pale sepulchral trophies
 wreathing,
 And with a flush of deeper brilliance
 glowing
 In the rich light, like molten rubies
 flowing
 Through storied windows down. The
 violet there
 Might speak of love—a secret love
 and lowly ;
 And the rose image all things fleet
 and fair ;
 And the faint passion-flower, the
 sad and holy,
 Tell of diviner hopes. But whose
 light hand,
 As for an altar, wove the radiant
 band ?
 Whose gentle nurture brought, from
 hidden dells,
 That gem-like wealth of blossoms
 and sweet bells,
 To blush through every season ?
 Blight and chill

Might touch the changing woods ;
 but duly still
 For years those gorgeous coronals
 renewed,
 And brightly clasping marble spear
 and helm,
 Even through mid-winter, filled the
 solitude
 With a strange smile—a glow of
 summer's realm.
 Surely some fond and fervent heart
 was pouring
 Its youth's vain worship on the dust,
 adoring
 In lone devotedness !

One spring morn rose,
 And found, within that tomb's
 proud shadow laid—
 Oh ! not as 'midst the vineyards, to
 repose
 From the fierce noon—a dark-
 haired peasant maid.

Who could reveal her story ? That
 still face
 Had once been fair ; for on the
 clear arched brow
 And the curved lip there lingered yet
 such grace
 As sculpture gives its dreams ;
 and long and low
 The deep black lashes, o'er the half-
 shut eye— [fully.
 For death was on its lids—fell mourn-
 But the cold cheek was sunk, the
 raven hair
 Dimmed, the slight form all wasted,
 as by care.
 Whence came that early blight ?
Her kindred's place
 Was not amidst the high De Couci
 race ;
 Yet there her shrine had been ! She
 grasped a wreath—
 The tomb's last garland !—This was
 love in death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG

[An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in Long's *Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River*.]

Non, je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air.

Bride of Messina—Translated by MADAME DE STAËL.

Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman.

The Prairie.

Down a broad river of the western wilds,
 Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
 Swept with the current : fearful was the speed
 Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
 Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
 Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
 Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone,
 Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
 A woman stood ! Upon her Indian brow
 Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
 As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,
 In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
 And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
 Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
 Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death.

“ Roll swiftly to the spirits' land, thou mighty stream and free !
 Father of ancient waters, roll ! and bear our lives with thee !
 The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the sunshine's calm,
 And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the woods of balm.

“ Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's face,
 And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace :

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,
He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou stream!

"The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within *his* breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest;
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone—
I cannot live without that light. Father of waves! roll on!

"Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase?
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and decked his couch of yore?—
He will not! Roll, dark foaming stream, on to the better shore!

"Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.

"And thou, my babe! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,
Smile!—to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave thee not;
Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love away—
Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn! from sorrow and decay.

"She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none is heard to weep,
And where the unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening from a dream:
One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark rolling stream!"

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS

[Jeanne d'Arc avait eu la joie de voir à
Châlons quelques amis de son enfance. Une
joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims,
au sein de son triomphe: Jacques d'Arc,
son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes
de Charles VII. y furent entrées; et comme
les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient
accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au
milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père
vertueux.—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

Thou hast a charmèd cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality:
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring!

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of
old,
When peal on peal of mighty music
rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral;
while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no
sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though
elate,
With victory, listened at their
temple's gate.
And what was done within? Within,
the light,

Through the rich gloom of pictured
windows flowing
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately
sight—
The chivalry of France their proud
heads bowing
In martial vassalage! While 'midst
that ring, [a king
And shadowed by ancestral tombs,
Received his birthright's crown.
For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters,
and the day
With the sweetcenser's misty breath
grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated
o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But
who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar
stone,
With the white banner forth like
sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of
fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood? The
helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that up-
ward gazed,

Intensely worshipping—a still, clear
face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn!
Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress.
That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lovely dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done,
Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken,
And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound:
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,

The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart.
"Joanne!"—Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof? "Joanne!"—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth!
She turned—she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy,
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
"Father! and ye, my brothers!"
On the breast
Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
The plumes, the banners: to her cabin-door, [glade,
And to the Fairy's Fountain in the
Where her young sisters by her side had played
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,

Winning her back to nature. She
unbound

The helm of many battles from her
head,

And, with her bright locks bowed to
sweep the ground,

Lifting her voice up, wept for joy
and said—

"Bless me, my father! bless me!
and with thee,

To the still cabin and the beechen
tree,

Let me return!"

Oh! never did thine eye

Through the green haunts of happy
infancy

Wander again, Joanne! Too much
of fame

Had shed its radiance on thy peasant
name;

And bought alone by gifts beyond
all price—

The trusting heart's repose, the para-
dise

Of home, with all its loves—doth fate
allow

The crown of glory unto woman's
brow.

PAULINE

To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for *this*;
It is to *live* without the vanished light
That strength is needed.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore e'l verde.

TASSO.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music
swelling,

Till the air thrilled with its exulting
mirth;

Proudly it floated, even as if no
dwelling

For cares of stricken hearts were
found on earth;

And a glad sound the measure lightly
beat,

A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green

leaves were hung,
And from the painted walls a stream

of light

On flying forms beneath soft splen-
dour flung;

But loveliest far amidst the revel's
pride

Was one—the lady from the Danube
side.

Pauline, the meekly bright! though
now no more

Her clear eye flashed with youth's
all-tameless glee,

Yet something holier than its day-
spring wore,

There in soft rest lay beautiful to
see;

A charm with graver, tenderer
sweetness fraught—

The blending of deep love and matron
thought.

Through the gay throng she moved,
serenely fair,

And such calm joy as fills a moon-
light sky

Sat on her brow beneath its graceful
hair,

As her young daughter in the dance
went by,

With the fleet step of one that yet
hath known

Smiles and kind voices in this world
alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her
breast?

Did no faint whisper warn of evil
nigh?

Such oft awake when most the heart
seems blest

'Midst the light laughter of festivity.

Whence come those tones? Alas!
enough we know

To mingle fear with all triumphal
show!

Who spoke of evil when young feet
were flying

In fairy rings around the echoing
hall?

Soft airs through braided locks in
perfume sighing,

Glad pulses beating unto music's
call?

Silence!—the minstrels pause—and
hark! a sound,

A strange quick rustling which their
notes had drowned!

And lo! a light upon the dancers
breaking—

Not such their clear and silvery
lamps had shed !

From the gay dream of revelry
awaking,

One moment holds them still in
breathless dread.

The wild fierce lustre grows : then
bursts a cry—

Fire! through the hall and round
it gathering—fly !

And forth they rush, as chased by
sword and spear,

To the green coverts of the garden
bowers—

A gorgeous masque of pageantry and
fear ?

Startling the birds and trampling
down the flowers :

While from the dome behind, red
sparkles driven

Pierce the dark stillness of the mid-
night heaven.

And where is she—Pauline ? The
hurrying throng

Have swept her onward, as a
stormy blast

Might sweep some faint o'erwearied
bird along—

Till now the threshold of that death
is past,

And free she stands beneath the starry
skies,

Calling her child—but no sweet voice
replies.

“ Bertha ! where art thou ? Speak !
oh, speak, my own ! ”

Alas ! unconscious of her pangs
the while,

The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp
alone,

Powerless had sunk within the
blazing pile ;

A young bright form, decked glor-
iously for death,

With flowers all shrinking from the
flame's fierce breath !

But oh ! thy strength, deep love !
There is no power

To stay the mother from that
rolling grave,

Though fast on high the fiery volumes
tower,

And forth like banners from each
lattice wave :

Back, back she rushes through a host
combined—

Mighty is anguish, with affection
twined !

And what bold step may follow, 'midst
the roar,

Of the red billows, o'er their prey
that rise ?

None !—Courage there stood still—
and never more

Did those fair forms emerge on
human eyes !

Was one bright meeting theirs, one
wild farewell ?

And died they heart to heart ?—Oh !
who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning
broke

On that sad palace, 'midst its plea-
sure shades ;

Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black
with smoke

And lonely stood its marble colon-
nades :

But yester eve their shafts with
wreaths were bound,

Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll
around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had

dared and done ?

Yes ! there were gems to mark its
mortal place,

That forth from dust and ashes
dimly shone !

Those had the mother, on her gentle
breast,

Worn round her child's fair image,
there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and
the true

Left this alone her sacrifice to
prove,

Hallowing the spot where mirth once
lightly flew,

To deep lone chastened thoughts
of grief and love.

Oh ! we have need of patient faith
below,

To clear away the mysteries of such
woe !

JUANA

[Juana, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress ; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end : too much we give
Unto the things that perish.

THE night wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart and step were free :
No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold slumberer's side
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride ;
Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke aloud ;
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried, " Thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one ! for thy sake.

" They told me this was death, but well I knew it could not be :
Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death for *thee* ?
They would have wrapt the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed and crowned !

" With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death ?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,
But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed and strong.

" I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light of glee !
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling cheek—
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

" But when thou wak'st, my prince, my lord ! and hear'st how I have kept
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and wept—
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and days have past—
Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at last !

" And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me erewhile !
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine—
Oh ! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond glance of thine !

" Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou comest from the chase—
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy face !
Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless ;
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love shall give me loveliness.

"But wake! my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy voice.
Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul found way,
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face,

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to his rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in the wind—
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman!—power to suffer and to love;
Therefore thou so canst pity.

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian
drum

On the deep hush of moonlight
forests broke—

"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour
is come"—

So the red warriors to their captive
spoke.

Still, and amidst those dusky forms
alone,

A youth, a fair-haired youth of
England, stood,

Like a king's son; though from his
cheek had flown

The mantling crimson of the island
blood,

And his pressed lips looked marble.
Fiercely bright

And high around him blazed the
fires of night,

Rocking beneath the cedars to and
fro,

As the wind passed, and with a
fitful glow

Lighting the victim's face: but who
could tell

Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour?

Perchance a thought

Of his far home then so intensely
wrought,

That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day!—and he might see
the band

Of his young sisters wandering hand
in hand,

Where the laburnums drooped; or
happily binding

The jasmine up the door's low pillars
winding;

Or, as day closed upon their gentle
mirth,

Gathering, with braided hair, around
the hearth,

Where sat their mother; and that
mother's face

Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in
the place

Where so it ever smiled! Perchance
the prayer

Learned at her knee came back on his
despair;

The blessing from her voice, the very
tone

Of her "*Good-night*" might breathe
from boyhood gone

—He started and looked up: thick
cypress boughs,

Full of strange sound, waved o'er him,
darkly red

In the broad stormy firelight; savage
brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild
hues o'erspread,

Girt him like feverish phantoms; and
pale stars

Looked through the branches as
through dungeon bars,

Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt
his doom—

Oh! what a tale to shadow with its
gloom

That happy hall in England! Idle
fear!

Would the winds tell it? Who
might dream or hear

The secret of the forests? To the
stake

They bound him; and that proud
 young soldier strove
 His father's spirit in his breast to
 wake,
 Trusting to die in silence! He, the
 love
 Of many hearts!—the fondly reared—
 the fair,
 Gladdening all eyes to see! And
 fettered there
 He stood beside his death-pyre, and
 the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's
 hand.
 He thought upon his God. Hush!
 hark! a cry
 Breaks on the stern and dread so-
 lemnity—
 A step hath pierced the ring! Who
 dares intrude
 On the dark hunters in their vengeful
 mood?
 A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-
 like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
 Springing unmarked till then, as some
 lone flower,
 Happy because the sunshine is its
 dower;
 Yet one that knew how early tears
 are shed,
 For *hers* had mourned a playmate-
 brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
 Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
 And, by its passion's deepening fervour
 swayed,
 Even to the stake she rushed, and
 gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and
 around
 His form her slender arms to shield it
 wound
 Like close lianes; then raised her
 glittering eye,
 And clear-toned voice, that said, "He
 shall not die!"
 "He shall not die!"—the gloomy
 forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound. A sudden
 wonder fell
 On the fierce throng; and heart and
 hand were stilled,
 Struck down as by the whisper
 of a spell,

They gazed: their dark souls bowed
 before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and
 glade!
 And, as her cheek flushed through its
 olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the night-wind
 flew,
 Something o'ermastered them from
 that young mien—
 Something of heaven in silence felt and
 seen;
 And seeming, to their childlike faith,
 a token
 That the Great Spirit by her voice had
 spoken.
 They loosed the bonds that held their
 captive's breath;
 From his pale lips they took the cup
 of death;
 They quenched the brand beneath the
 cypress tree:
 "Away," they cried, "young stranger,
 thou art free!"

COSTANZA

Art thou then desolate?
 Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!
 I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved
 false?
 Flatters deceived thee? Wanderer, come to
 me!
 Why didst thou ever leave me? Knowest thou
 all
 I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,
 For thy sake? Knowest thou that thy voice
 hath power
 To shake me with a thrill of happiness
 By one kind tone?—to fill mine eyes with tears
 Of yearning love? And thou—oh! thou didst
 throw
 That crushed affection back upon my heart;
 Yet come to me!—it died not.

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of
 sunset fell
 Through the stained window of her
 lonely cell,
 And with its rich, deep, melancholy
 glow,
 Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna
 brow,
 While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it
 threw
 Bright waves of gold—the autumn
 forest's hue—
 Seemed all a vision's mist of glory.
 spread

Some costly love-gift—rent: but
 what of these?
 There were the clustering raven locks
 —the breeze,
 As it came in through lime and myrtle
 flowers,
 Might scarcely lift them; steeped in
 bloody showers,
 So heavily upon the pallid clay
 Of the damp cheek they hung. The
 eyes' dark ray,
 Where was it? And the lips!—
 they gasped apart,
 With their light curve, as from the
 chisel's art,
 Still proudly beautiful! but that
 white hue—
 Was it not death's?—that stillness—
 that cold dew
 On the scarred forehead? No! his
 spirit broke
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but
 awoke
 To wander in wild dreams; and there
 he lay,
 By the fierce fever as a green reed
 shaken,
 The haughty chief of thousands—the
 forsaken
 Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day
 by day—
 Such hours are woman's birthright—
 she, unknown,
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and
 alone;
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence
 laving
 His brow with tears that mourned the
 strong man's raving.
 He felt them not, nor marked the
 light veiled form
 Still hovering nigh! Yet sometimes,
 when that storm
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones
 as low
 As a young mother's by the cradle
 singing,
 Would soothe him with sweet *Aves*,
 gently bringing
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery
 glow
 Ebbd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
 Of memory dawned upon the cloud of
 dreams,

And feebly lifting, as a child, his
 head,
 And gazing round him from his leafy
 bed,
 He murmured forth, "Where am I?
 What soft strain
 Passed like a breeze across my burning
 brain?
 Back from my youth it floated, with a
 tone
 Of life's first music, and a thought of
 one—
 Where is she now? and where the
 gauds of pride,
 Whose hollow splendour lured me
 from her side?
 All lost!—and this is death!—I
cannot die
 Without forgiveness from that mourn-
 ful eye!
 Away! the earth hath lost her. Was
 she born
 To brook abandonment, to strive with
 scorn?
 My first, my holiest love!—her broken
 heart
 Lies low, and I—unpardoned I de-
 part."

But then Costanza raised the shadowy
 veil
 From her dark locks and features
 brightly pale,
 And stood before him with a smile—
 oh! ne'er
 Did aught that *smiled* so much of
 sadness wear—
 And said, "Cesario! look on me; I
 live
 To say my heart hath bled, and can
 forgive.
 I loved thee with such worship, such
 deep trust,
 As should be heaven's alone—and
 heaven is just!
 I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame
 Too fast the strong tide rushed—the
 sudden shame,
 The joy, the amaze! He bowed his
 head—it fell
 On the wronged bosom which had
 loved so well;
 And love, still perfect, gave him refuge
 there—

His last faint breath just waved her
floating hair.

MADELINE

A DOMESTIC TALE

Who should it be?—Where shouldst thou look
for kindness?

When we are sick, where can we turn for succour;
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother?

JOANNA BAILEIE.

"My child, my child, thou leavest me!
I shall hear

The gentle voice no more that blest
mine ear

With its first utterance: I shall miss
the sound

Of thy light step amidst the flowers
around,

And thy soft-breathing hymn at twi-
light's close,

And thy 'Good-night' at parting for
repose.

Under the vine leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mourn-
ful tone

Amidst their tendrils, while I think of
thee,

My child! and thou, along the moonlit
sea,

With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant
land of France,

Fading to air. Yet blessings with
thee go!

Love guard thee, gentlest! and the
exile's woe

From thy young heart be far! And
sorrow not

For me, sweet daughter! in my lonely
lot,

God shall be with me. Now, farewell!
farewell!

Thou that hast been what words may
never tell

Unto thy mother's bosom, since the
days

When thou wert pillowed there, and
wont to raise

In sudden laughter thence thy loving
eye

That still sought mine: these moments
are gone by—

Thou, too, must go, my flower! Yet
with thee dwell
The peace of God! One, one more
gaze: farewell!"

This was a mother's parting with her
child—

A young meek bride, on whom fair
fortune smiled,

And wooed her with a voice of love
away

From childhood's home: yet there,
with fond delay,

She lingered on the threshold, heard
the note

Of her caged bird through trellised
rose-leaves float,

And fell upon her mother's neck and
wept,

Whilst old remembrances, that long
had slept,

Gushed o'er her soul, and many a
vanished day,

As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said; and on
the deep,

When its breast heaved in sunset's
golden sleep,

With a calmed heart, young Madeline
ere long

Poured forth her own sweet, solemn
vesper song,

Breathing of home. Through stillness
heard afar,

And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters; till at
last

The sounding ocean solitudes were
passed,

And the bright land was reached, the
youthful world

That glows along the West: the sails
were furled

In its clear sunshine, and the gentle
bride

Looked on the home that promised
hearts untried

A bower of bliss to come. Alas! we
trace

The map of our own paths, and long
ere years

With their dull steps the brilliant lines
efface,

On sweeps the storm, and blots them
out with tears!

That home was darkened soon : the
 summer breeze
 Welcomed with death the wanderers
 from the seas ;
 Death unto one, and anguish—how
 forlorn !
 To her that, widowed in her marriage
 morn,
 Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence
 with him,
 Her bosom's first beloved, her friend
 and guide,
 Joy had gone forth, and left the green
 earth dim,
 As from the sun shut out on every
 side
 By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but
 ill,
 When with rich hopes o'erfraught,
 the young high heart
 Bears its first blow ! it knows not
 yet the part
 Which life will teach—to suffer and
 be still,
 And with submissive love to count
 the flowers
 Which yet are spared, and through
 the future hours
 To send no busy dream ! *She* had not
 learned
 Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore
 turned
 In weariness from life. Then came the
 unrest,
 The heart-sick yearning of the exile's
 breast,
 The haunting sounds of voices far
 away,
 And household steps : until at last
 she lay
 On her lone couch of sickness, lost in
 dreams
 Of the gay vineyards and blue-rushing
 streams
 In her own sunny land ; and murmur-
 ing oft
 Familiar names, in accents wild yet
 soft,
 To strangers round that bed, who
 knew not aught
 Of the deep spells wherewith each
 word was fraught,
 To strangers ? Oh ! could strangers
 raise the head
 Gently as *hers* was raised ? Did
 strangers shed

The kindly tears which bathed that
 feverish brow
 And wasted cheek with half-uncon-
 scious flow ?
 Something was there that, through
 the lingering night,
 Outwatches patiently the taper's
 light—
 Something that faints not through
 the day's distress,
 That fears not toil, that knows not
 weariness—
 Love, true and perfect love ! Whence
 came that power,
 Uprearing through the storm the
 drooping flower ?
 Whence ?—who can ask ? The wild
 delirium passed,
 And from her eyes the spirit looked
 at last
 Into her *mother's* face, and wakening
 knew
 The brow's calm grace, the hair's
 dear silvery hue,
 The kind sweet smile of old !—and
 had *she* come,
 Thus in life's evening from her distant
 home,
 To save her child ? Even so—nor yet
 in vain :
 In that young heart a light sprang up
 again,
 And lovely still, with so much love to
 give,
 Seemed this fair world, though faded ;
 still to live
 Was not to pine forsaken. On the
 breast
 That rocked her childhood, sinking in
 soft rest,
 " Sweet mother ! gentlest mother !
 can it be ? "
 The lorn one cried, " and do I look on
 thee ?
 Take back thy wanderer from this
 fatal shore,
 Peace shall be ours beneath our vines
 once more."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB

[This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg,
 near Berlin. It was not without surprise that
 I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair
 white Doric temple. I might and should have
 deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds,
 but the cypress and the willow declare it a
 habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus

of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the King brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother.”—*SHERER'S Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

In sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled; then drooping mute and broken-
hearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed.

MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep
From cypress branches thrown;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feellest the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm:
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle yet majestic grace
Throned on the matron brow;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought;
A kindly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought:
She whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true!
Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled:

She met the tempest, meekly brave,
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered: but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower!
Fast through the realm a spirit
moved—
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep:
Her grief, a bitter vial poured
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its
chain—
So was the triumph won!
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's!—*She* was
gone!

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR

[On the roadside, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription:—
“This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd April 1616.”—See Notes to the *Pleasures of Memory.*]

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales,
pursued
Each mountain scene magnificently rude,
Nor with attention's lifted eye revered
That modest stone, by pious Pembroke reared,
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour?

ROGERS.

MOTHER and child! whose blending
tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years
Was given one last embrace—
Oh! ye have shrined a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour!

A spell to waken solemn thought—
A still, small undertone,
That calls back days of childhood,
fraught
With many a treasure gone;

And smites, perchance, the hidden
source,
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,
Who but a mother's love hath known—
The *one* love changing not?
Alas! and haply learned its worth
First with the sound of "Earth to
earth!"

But thou, high-hearted daughter! thou,
O'er whose bright honoured head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
E'en here were fondly shed—
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh! though painful be the excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling dwells;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or
pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew?
And all—was all in this world o'er
With ties thus close and true?
It was! On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days
With memory lay at rest;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and
hill,
The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there
As of a vision fled?
A perished thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so!—I will not bow me so
To thoughts that breathe despair!

A loftier faith we need below,
Life's farewell words to bear.
Mother and child!—your tears are
past—
Surely your hearts have met at last.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS

[MARY TIGHE, AUTHOR OF "PSYCHE"]

Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez
Combein de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées!

I stood beside thy lowly grave;
Spring odours breathed around,
And music, in the river wave,
Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seemed to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee!
Thou in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song, was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering
low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring—
And thou wert passed away.

But then, e'en then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came;
The immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have looked ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

The shadows of the tomb are here,
 Yet beautiful is earth !
 What see'st thou, then, where no dim
 fear,
 No haunting dream hath birth ?

Here a vain love to passing flowers
 Thou gavest ; but where thou art,
 The sway is not with changeful
 hours—
There love and death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
 A voice not loud but deep
 The glorious bowers of earth among,
 How often didst thou weep ?

Where couldst thou fix on mortal
 ground
 Thy tender thoughts and high ?—
 Now peace the woman's heart hath
 found,
 And joy the poet's eye.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS

They tell but dreams—a lonely spirit's dreams ;
 Yet ever through their fleeting imagery
 Wanders a vein of melancholy love,
 An aimless thought of home ; as in the song
 Of the caged skylark ye may deem there dwells
 A passionate memory of blue skies and flowers,
 And living streams, far off !

A SPIRIT'S RETURN

This is to be a mortal,
 And seek the things beyond mortality !

Manfred.

THY voice prevails—dear friend, my
 gentle friend !

This long-shut heart for thee shall be
 unsealed,

And though thy soft eye mournfully
 will bend

Over the troubled stream, yet once
 revealed

Shall its freed waters flow ; then rocks
 must close

For evermore, above their dark repose.

Come while the gorgeous mysteries
 of the sky

Fused in the crimson sea of sunset lie ;
 Come to the woods, where all strange
 wandering sound

Is mingled into harmony profound ;
 Where the leaves thrill with spirit,
 while the wind

Fills with a viewless being, uncon-
 fined,

The trembling reeds and fountains—
 our own dell,

With its green dimness and Æolian
 breath,

Shall suit the unveiling of dark
 records well—

Hear me in tenderness and silent
 faith !

Thou knewest me not in life's fresh
 vernal morn—

I would thou hadst !—for then my
 heart on thine

Had poured a worthier love ; now,
 all o'erworn

By its deep thirst for something too
 divine,

It hath but fitful music to bestow,
 Echoes of harp-strings broken long
 ago,

Yet even in youth companionless I
 stood,

As a lone forest bird 'midst ocean's
 foam ;

For me the silver cords of brotherhood
 Were early loosed ; the voices from
 my home

Passed one by one, and melody and
 mirth

Left me a dreamer by a silent hearth.

But, with the fulness of a heart that
 burned

For the deep sympathies of mind, I
 turned

From that unanswering spot, and
 fondly sought

In all wild scenes with thrilling
 murmurs fraught,

In every still small voice and sound
 of power,

And flute-note of the wind through
 cave and bower

A perilous delight!—for then first
 woke
 My life's lone passion, the mysterious
 quest
 Of secret knowledge; and each tone
 that broke
 From the wood-arches or the foun-
 tain's breast,
 Making my quick soul vibrate as a
 lyre,
 But ministered to that strange
 inborn fire.

'Midst the bright silence of the moun-
 tain dells,
 In noontide hours or golden summer
 eves,
 My thoughts have burst forth as a
 gale that swells.
 Into a rushing blast, and from the
 leaves
 Shakes out response. O thou rich
 world unseen!
 Thou curtained realm of spirits!—
 thus my cry
 Hath troubled air and silence—dost
 thou lie
 Spread all around, yet by some filmy
 screen
 Shut from us ever? The resounding
 woods,
 Do their depths teem with marvels?
 —and the floods,
 And the pure fountains, leading
 secret veins
 Of quenchless melody through rock
 and hill,
 Have they bright dwellers?—are
 their lone domains
 Peopled with beauty, which may
 never still
 Our weary thirst of soul? Cold,
 weak and cold,
 Is earth's vain language, piercing not
 one fold
 Of our deep being! Oh, for gifts
 more high!
 For a seer's glance to rend mortality!
 For a charmed rod, to call from each
 dark shrine
 The oracles divine!

I woke from those high fantasies, to
 know
 My kindred with the earth—I woke
 to love;

O gentle friend! to love in doubt
 and woe,
 Shutting the heart the worshipped
 name above,
 Is to love deeply—and *my* spirit's
 dower
 Was a sad gift, a melancholy power
 Of so adoring—with a buried care,
 And with the o'erflowing of a voiceless
 prayer,
 And with a deepening dream that
 day by day,
 In the still shadow of its lonely sway,
 Folded me closer, till the world held
 nought
 Save the *one* being to my centred
 thought.

There was no music but his voice to
 hear, [near;
 No joy but such as with *his* step drew
 Light was but where he looked—life
 where he moved;
 Silently, fervently, thus, thus I loved.
 Oh! but such love is fearful!—and I
 knew
 Its gathering doom: the soul's
 prophetic sight
 Even then unfolded in my breast,
 and threw
 O'er all things round a full, strong,
 vivid light,
 Too sorrowfully clear!—an under-
 tone
 Was given to Nature's harp, for me
 alone
 Whispering of grief. Of grief?—be
 strong, awake!
 Hath not thy love been victory, O
 my soul?
 Hath not its conflict won a voice to
 shake
 Death's fastnesses?—a magic to con-
 trol
 Worlds far removed?—from o'er the
 grave to thee
 Love hath made answer; and *thy*
 tale should be
 Sung like a lay of triumph! Now
 return,
 And take thy treasure from its
 bosomed urn,
 And lift it once to light!

In fear, in pain,
 I said I loved—but yet a heavenly
 strain

Of sweetness floated down the tearful
stream,
A joy flashed through the trouble of
my dream !
I knew myself beloved !—we breathed
no vow,
No mingling visions might our fate
allow,
As unto happy hearts ; but still and
deep,
Like a rich jewel gleaming in a grave,
Like golden sand in some dark river's
wave,
So did my soul that costly knowledge
keep
So jealously !—a thing o'er which to
shed,
When stars alone beheld the drooping
head,
Lone tears ! yet oftentimes burdened
with the excess
Of our strange nature's quivering
happiness.

But, oh ! sweet friend ! we dream
not of love's might
Till death has robed with soft and
solemn light
The image we enshrine !—Before
that hour,
We have but glimpses of the o'er-
mastering power
Within us laid !—*then* doth the spirit-
flame
With swordlike lightning rend its
mortal frame ;
The wings of that which pants to
follow fast
Shake their clay-bars, as with a
prisoned blast—
The sea is in our souls !

He died—he died

On whom my lone devotedness was
cast !
I might not keep one vigil by his side,
I, whose wrung heart watched with
him to the last !
I might not once his fainting head
sustain,
Nor bathe his parched lips in the hour
of pain,
Nor say to him “ Farewell ! ” He
passed away—
Oh ! had *my* love been there, its
conquering sway

Had won him back from death !—
but thus removed,
Borne o'er the abyss no sounding-
line hath proved,
Joined with the unknown, the view-
less—he became
Unto my thoughts another, yet the
same—
Changed — hallowed — glorified !—
and his low grave
Seemed a bright mournful altar—
mine, all mine :—
Brother and friend soon left me *that*
sole shrine,
The birthright of the faithful !—
their world's wave
Soon swept them from its brink. Oh !
deem thou not
That on the sad and consecrated spot
My soul grew weak ! I tell thee that
a power [shower
There kindled heart and lip—a fiery
My words were made—a might was
given to prayer,
And a strong grasp to passionate
despair,
And a dread triumph ! Knowest
thou what I sought ?
For what high boon my struggling
spirit wrought ?
—Communion with the dead !—I
sent a cry
Through the veiled empires of eternity,
A voice to cleave them ! By the
mournful truth,
By the lost promise of my blighted
youth,
By the strong chain a mighty love
can bind
On the beloved, the spell of mind o'er
mind ;
By words, which in themselves are
magic high,
Armed and inspired, and winged with
agony ;
By tears, which comfort not, but
burn, and seem
To bear the heart's blood in their
passion-stream ;
I summoned, I adjured—with quick-
ened sense,
With the keen vigil of a life intense,
I watched, an answer from the winds
to wring,
I listened, if perchance the stream
might bring

Token from worlds afar : I taught <i>one</i> sound	Pure, sculpture-like, on the pale brow, that wore
Unto a thousand echoes—one pro- found	Of the once beating heart no token more ;
Imploring accent to the tomb, the sky—	And stillness on the lip—and o'er the hair
One prayer to-night—"Awake, appear, reply!"	A gleam, that trembled through the breathless air ;
Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,	And an unfathomed calm, that seemed to lie
The dark way never hath allowed return ?	In the grave sweetness of the illumined eye ;
That all, which tears can move, with life is fled—	Told of the gulfs between our being set,
That earthly love is powerless on the dead ?	And, as that unsheathed spirit-glance I met,
Believe it not !—there is a large lone star	Made my soul faint :—with <i>fear</i> ? Oh ! <i>not</i> with fear !
Now burning o'er yon western hill afar,	With the sick feeling that in <i>his</i> far sphere
And under its clear light there lies a spot	<i>My</i> love could be as nothing ! But he spoke—
Which well might utter forth— "Believe it not !"	How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill
I sat beneath that planet—I had wept	In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill
My woe to stillness, every night wind slept ;	My bosom's infinite ? O friend ! I woke
A hush was on the hills ; the very streams	<i>Then</i> first to heavenly life ! Soft, solemn, clear,
Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams,	Breathed the mysterious accents on mine ear
And the dark tree o'ershadowing me that hour,	Yet strangely seemed as if the while they rose
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower	From depths of distance, o'er the wide repose
Whereon I gazed unconsciously :— there came	Of slumbering waters wafted, or the dells
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame, [wing,	Of mountains, hollow with sweet echo-cells ;
Or like the light quick shiver of a flitting through twilight woods, across the air ;	But, as they murmured on, the mortal chill
And I looked up ! Oh ! for strong words to bring	Passed from me, like a mist before the morn,
Conviction o'er thy thought ! Be- fore me there,	And, to that glorious intercourse upborne
He, the departed, stood ! Ay, face to face,	By slow degrees, a calm, divinely still,
So near, and yet how far ! His form, his mien,	Possessed my frame : I sought that lighted eye—
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace	From its intense and searching purity
Within :—Yet something awfully serene,	I drank in <i>soul</i> !—I questioned of the dead—
	Of the hushed, starry shores their footsteps tread,

And I was answered. If remembrance
 there,
 With dreamy whispers fill the im-
 mortal air;
 If thought, here piled from many a
 jewel-heap,
 Be treasure in that pensive land to
 keep;
 If love, o'ersweeping change, and
 blight, and blast,
 Find *there* the music of his home at
 last;
 I asked, and I was answered. Full
 and high
 Was that communion with etern-
 ity,
 Too rich for aught so fleeting! Like
 a knell
 Swept o'er my sense its closing words,
 " Farewell,
 On earth we meet no more!" And
 all was gone—
 The pale bright settled brow—the
 thrilling tone,
 The still and shining eye! and never
 more
 May twilight gloom or midnight hush
 restore
 That radiant guest! One full-
 fraught hour of heaven,
 To earthly passion's wild implorings
 given,
 Was made my own—the ethereal fire
 hath shivered
 The fragile censer in whose mould
 it quivered,
 Brightly, consumingly! What now
 is left?
 A faded world, of glory's hues be-
 reft—
 A void, a chain! I dwell 'midst
 throngs, apart,
 In the cold silence of the stranger's
 heart;
 A fixed, immortal shadow stands be-
 tween
 My spirit and life's fast-receding
 scene;
 A gift hath severed me from human
 ties,
 A power is gone from all earth's
 melodies,
 Which never may return: their
 chords are broken,
 The music of another land hath
 spoken—

No after-sound is sweet! This
 weary thirst!
 And I have heard celestial fountains
 burst!—
 What *here* shall quench it?
 Dost thou not rejoice,
 When the spring sends forth an
 awakening voice
 Through the young woods? Thou
 dost! And in that birth
 Of early leaves, and flowers, and
 songs of mirth,
 Thousands, like thee, find gladness!
 Couldst thou know
 How every breeze then summons *me*
 to go!
 How all the light of love and beauty
 shed
 By those rich hours, but woos me to
 the dead!
 The *only* beautiful that change no
 more—
 The only loved!—the dwellers on the
 shore
 Of spring fulfilled! The dead!—
 whom call we so?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel,
 that know
 Things wrapt from us! Away!—
 within me pent,
 That which is barred from its own
 element
 Still droops or struggles! But the
 day *will* come—
 Over the deep the free bird finds its
 home,
 And the stream lingers 'midst the
 rocks, yet greets
 The sea at last; and the winged
 flower-seed meets
 A soil to rest in: shall not *I*, too,
 be,
 My spirit-love! upborne to dwell
 with thee?
 Yes! by the power whose conquering
 anguish stirred
 The tomb, whose cry beyond the stars
 was heard,
 Whose agony of triumph won thee
 back
 Through the dim pass no mortal step
 may track,
 Yet shall we meet!—that glimpse
 of joy divine
 Proved thee for ever and for ever
 mine!

THE LADY OF PROVENCE

Courage was cast about her like a dress
 Of solemn comeliness,
 A gathered mind and an untroubled face
 Did give her dangers grace.

DONNE.

THE war-note of the Saracen
 Was on the winds of France ;
 It had stilled the harp of the Trou-
 badour,
 And the clash of the tourney's
 lance.

The sounds of the sea, and the sounds
 of the night,
 And the hollow echoes of charge and
 flight,
 Were around Clotilde, as she knelt
 to pray
 In a chapel where the mighty lay,
 On the old Provençal shore ;
 Many a Chatillon beneath,
 Unstirred by the ringing trumpet's
 breath,
 His shroud of armour wore.
 And the glimpses of moonlight that
 went and came
 Through the clouds, like bursts of a
 dying flame,
 Gave quivering life to the slumber pale
 Of stern forms crouched in their
 marble mail,
 At rest on the tombs of the knightly
 race,
 The silent throngs of that burial-
 place.

They were imaged there with helm
 and spear,
 As leaders in many a bold career—
 And haughty their stillness looked
 and high,
 Like a sleep whose dreams were of
 victory.
 But meekly the voice of the lady rose
 Through the trophies of their proud
 repose ;
 Meekly, yet fervently, calling down
 aid,
 Under their banners of battle she
 prayed ;
 With her pale fair brow, and her eyes
 of love,
 Upraised to the Virgin's portrayed
 above,
 And her hair flung back, till it swept
 the grave

Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
 And her fragile frame, at every blast,
 That full of the savage war-horn
 passed,
 Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick
 heart,
 When it vainly strives from its cage
 to part—
 So knelt she in her woe ;
 A weeper alone with the tearless
 dead—
 Oh ! they reckon not of tears o'er their
 quiet shed,
 Or the dust that stirred below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught
 its tone
 Through the dash of the sea, through
 the wild wind's moan ;
 Is her lord returned with his conquer-
 ing bands ?
 No ! a breathless vassal before her
 stands !
 —“ Hast thou been on the field ?—
 Art thou come from the host ? ”
 —“ From the slaughter, lady !—All,
 all is lost !
 Our banners are taken, our knights
 laid low,
 Our spearmen chased by the Paynim
 foe ;
 And thy lord,” his voice took a sadder
 sound—
 “ Thy lord—he is not on the bloody
 ground !
 There are those who tell that the
 leader's plume
 Was seen on the flight through the
 gathering gloom.”
 —A change o'er her mien and her
 spirit passed ;
 She ruled the heart which had beat
 so fast,
 She dashed the tears from her kindling
 eye,
 With a glance, as of sudden royalty :
 The proud blood sprang in a fiery
 flow,
 Quick o'er bosom, and cheek, and
 brow,
 And her young voice rose till the
 peasant shook
 At the thrilling tone and the falcon
 look :
 —“ Dost thou stand by the tombs
 of the glorious dead,

And fear not to say that their son
hath fled?
Away! he is lying by lance and
shield,—
Point me the path to his battle-field!"

The shadows of the forest
Are about the lady now;
She is hurrying through the mid-
night on,
Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every
leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the
dirge of a chief;
The branches that rock to the tempest
strife
Are groaning like things of troubled
life;
The wind from the battle seems
rushing by
With a funeral march through the
gloomy sky;
The pathway is rugged, and wild, and
long,
But her fame in the daring of love
is strong,
And her soul as on swelling seas
upborne,
And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her
spread,
When she reached the field of the
warrior dead;
There lay the noble, the valiant, low—
Ay! but *one* word speaks of deeper
woe;

There lay the *loved*—on each fallen
head [shed]
Mothers' vain blessings and tears had
Sisters were watching in many a home
For the fettered footstep, no more to
come;

Names in the prayer of that night were
spoken,
Whose claim unto kindred prayer
was broken;

And the fire was heaped, and the
bright wine poured,
For those, now needing nor hearth
nor board;

Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
And oh! ye beloved of women,
farewell!

Silently, with lips compressed,
Pale hands clasped above her
breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless
eye;
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the lady 'midst the slain.

Sometimes it seemed as a charging
cry,
Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came
nigh;
Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
Sudden and shrill from the mountains
borne;
And her maidens trembled;—but on
her ear
No meaning fell with those sounds
of fear;
They had less of mastery to shake
her now,
Than the quivering, erewhile, of an
aspen bough,
She searched into many an unclosed
eye,
That looked, without soul, to the
starry sky;
She bowed down o'er many a
shattered breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven
crest—

Not there, not there he lay!
"Lead where the most hath been
dared and done,
Where the heart of the battle hath
bled,—lead on!"

And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red;
Oh! swiftest *there* had the currents
free
From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear heads
gleamed,
And the scattered plumage
streamed,
And the broken shields were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed,
And the mail-clad sleepers round
Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there! the leader amidst
his band,

Where the faithful had made their
last vain stand ;
He was there ! but affection's glance
alone
The darkly-changed in that hour had
known ;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand
grasped,
And a banner of France to his bosom
clasped,
And the form that of conflict bore
fearful trace,
And the face—oh ! speak not of that
dead face !
As it lay to answer love's look no
more,
Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quelled in her soul the deep floods
of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves
to flow ;
She felt the full presence, the might
of death,
Yet there came no sob with her
struggling breath,
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale
despair,
As she turned to his follower—" Your
lord is there !
Look on him ! know him by scarf
and crest !—
Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day, another night,
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral
rite
From the lordly chapel sweep.

It comes with a broken and muffled
tone,
As if that rite were in terror done ;
Yet the song 'midst the seas hath a
thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial
hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go ;
With a hushed and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead ;
Sheathed in armour of the field—
Only his wan face revealed,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem

To the anxious eyes of that pale
band,
With torches wavering in every
hand,
For they dread each moment the
shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem
scimitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier
to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely
friend :
No sound comes back like the sounds
of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the
marble floor ;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry ;
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene to the last
their part.

She hath led the death-train of the
brave
To the verge of his own ancestral
grave ;
She hath held o'er her spirit long
rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now
have way ;
In the cheek, half seen through her
mourning veil,
By turns does the swift blood flush
and fail ;
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes as a flame to the blast
might thrill ;
Anguish and triumph are met at
strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young
life ; [bier,
And she sinks at last on her warrior's
Lifting her voice, as if death might
hear.
" I have won thy fame from the
breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory
strong !
Now call me hence, by thy side to be,
The world thou leavest has no place
for me,
The light goes with thee, the joy, the
worth—
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me
forth !

Give me my home on thy noble heart,—
 Well have we loved, let us both depart!"—
 And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
 The living cheek to the cheek of clay;
 The *living* cheek!—Oh! it was not vain,
 That strife of the spirit to rend its chain;
 She is there at rest in her place of pride,
 In death how queenlike—a glorious bride!

Joy for the freed one!—she might not stay
 When the crown had fallen from her life away;
 She might not linger—a weary thing,
 A dove with no home for its broken wing,
 Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
 That know not its own land's melodies.
 From the long heart-withering early gone;
 She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO

Tableau, où l'Amour fait alliance avec la Tombe; union redoutable de la mort et de la vie!—MADAME DE STAËL.

THERE was music on the midnight:
 From a royal fane it rolled,
 And a mighty bell, each pause between,
 Sternly and slowly tolled.
 Strange was their mingling in the sky,
 It hushed the listener's breath;
 For the music spoke of triumph high,
 The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight,
 A sound of many feet;
 But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
 Along the shadowy street:

And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
 As it neared the minster gate,
 Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
 From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance
 In the centre of the nave,
 Where the folds of a purple canopy
 Swept down in many a wave;
 Loading the marble pavement old
 With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
 For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
 Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
 High on a glittering throne,
 A woman's form sat silently
 'Midst the glare of light alone.
 Her jewelled robes fell strangely still—
 The drapery on her breast
 Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,
 So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
 Shook e'en the dust below,
 When the burning gold of the diadem
 Was set on her pallid brow!
 Then died away that haughty sound,
 And from the encircling band
 Stepped prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,
 With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering
 Over each martial frame,
 As one by one, to touch that hand,
 Noble and leader came?
 Was not the settled aspect fair?
 Did not a queenly grace,
 Under the parted ebon hair,
 Sit on the pale still face?

Death! death! canst *thou* be lovely
 Unto the eye of life?
 Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
 With thy cold mien at strife?
 —It was a strange and fearful sight,
 The crown upon that head,
 The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
 All gathered round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
 One with a brow as pale,
 And white lips rigidly compressed,
 Lest the strong heart should
 fail :

King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
 Watching the homage done,
 By the land's flower and chivalry,
 To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,
 Which once his star had been ;
 To every form his glance was
 turned,

Save of the breathless queen :
 Though something, won from the
 grave's embrace,
 Of her beauty still was there,
 Its hues were all of that shadowy
 place,

It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,
 The treasures of the earth,
 And the priceless love that poured
 those gifts,

Alike of wasted worth !

The rites are closed—bear back the
 dead

Unto the chamber deep !

Lay down again the royal head,
 Dust with the dust to sleep !

There is music on the midnight—

A requiem sad and slow,
 As the mourners through the sound-
 ing aisle

In dark procession go ;
 And the ring of state, and the starry
 crown,

And all the rich array,
 Are borne to the house of silence
 down,

With her, that queen of clay !

And tearlessly and firmly

King Pedro led the train ;
 But his face was wrapt in his folding
 robe,

When they lowered the dust
 again.

'Tis hushed at last the tomb above,
 Hymns die, and steps depart :

Who called thee strong as Death, O
 Love ?

Mightier thou wast and art,

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

O sanctissima, O purissima !

Dulcis Virgo Maria,

Mater amata, intemerata,

Ora, ora pro nobis.

Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

In the deep hour of dreams,
 Through the dark woods, and past
 the moaning sea,

And by the starlight gleams,
 Mother of sorrows ! lo, I come to
 thee !

Unto thy shrine I bear
 Night-blowing flowers, like my own
 heart, to lie,

All, all unfolded there,
 Beneath the meekness of thy pitying
 eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
 In thy still beauty, through an early
 home,

Thou knowest the grief, the love,
 The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee
 I come !

Many, and sad, and deep,
 Were the thoughts folded in thy silent
 breast ; [weep—

Thou, too, couldst watch and
 Hear, gentlest mother ! hear a heart
 oppressed !

There is a wandering bark
 Bearing one from me o'er the restless
 wave :

Oh ! let thy soft eye mark
 His course ;—be with him, holiest,
 guide and save !

My soul is on that way ;
 My thoughts are travellers o'er the
 waters dim :

Through the long weary day
 I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams
 of him.

Aid him—and me, too, aid !
 Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's
 excess !

On thy weak child is laid
 The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er *him* is poured
 My being's hope—scarce leaving
 Heaven a part ;

Too faithfully adored,
Oh! make not him the chastener of
my heart!

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be;—I hear a warning
low—

Sweet mother! call me hence!
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul
hath known

And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings; take back, take
back thine own.

Hark! how the wind swept by!
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er
the wave—

Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother,
guide and save!

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT

From the bright stars, or from the
viewless air,

Or from some world unreach'd by
human thought,

Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be
there,

And if thy visions with the past be
fraught,

Answer me, answer me!

Have we not communed here of life
and death?

Have we not said that love, such love
as ours,

Was not to perish as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal
bowers?

Answer, oh! answer me!

Thine eye's last light was mine—the
soul that shone

Intensely, mournfully, through gather-
ing haze—

Didst thou bear with thee to the shore
unknown,

Nought of what lived in that long,
earnest gaze!

Hear, hear, and answer me!

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, fare-
well tone

Thrilled through the tempest of the
parting strife,

Like a faint breeze:—oh, from that
music flown,

Send back *one* sound, if love's be
quenchless life,

But once, oh! answer me!

In the still noontide, in the sunset's
hush,

In the dead hour of night, when
thought grows deep,

When the heart's phantoms from the
darkness rush,

Fearfully beautiful, to strive with
sleep—

Spirit! then answer me!

By the remembrance of our blended
prayer;

By all our tears, whose mingling
made them sweet;

By our last hope, the victor o'er
despair;—

Speak! if our souls in deathless
yearnings meet;

Answer me, answer me!

The grave is silent:—and the far-off
sky,

And the deep midnight—silent all,
and lone!

Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth!—Hear, pity,

speaking, mine own!

Answer me, answer me!

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S LOVE

For all his wildness and proud phantasies,
I love him!

CROLY.

Thy heart is in the upper world, where fleet the chamois bounds;
Thy heart is where the mountain fir shakes to the torrent sounds;
And where the snow peaks gleam like stars, through the stillness of the air,
And where the Lauwine's peal is heard—hunter! thy heart is there!

I know thou lov'st me well, dear friend! but better, better far,
Thou lov'st that high and haughty life, with rocks and storms at war;

In the green sunny vales with me, thy spirit would but pine,
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will not seek to woo thee down from those thy native heights,
With the sweet song, our land's own song, of pastoral delights ;
For thou must live as eagles live, thy path is not as mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

And I will leave my blessèd home, my father's joyous hearth,
With all the voices meeting there in tenderness and mirth,
With all the kind and laughing eyes that in its firelight shine,
To sit forsaken in thy hut, yet know that thou art mine !

It is my youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free heart,
That I cast away for thee—for thee, all reckless as thou art !
With tremblings and with vigils lone, I bind myself to dwell,
Yet, yet I would not change that lot, oh no ! I love too well !

A mournful thing is love which grows to one so wild as thou,
With that bright restlessness of eye, that tameless fire of brow,
Mournful !—but dearer far I call its mingled fear and pride,
And the trouble of its happiness, than aught on earth beside.

To listen for thy step in vain, to start at every breath,
To watch through long long nights of storm, to sleep and dream of death
To wake in doubt and loneliness—this doom I know is mine,
And yet I will be thine, my love ! and yet I will be thine !

That I may greet thee from thine Alps, when thence thou com'st at last,
That I may hear thy thrilling voice tell o'er each danger past,
That I may kneel and pray for thee, and win thee aid divine—
For this I will be thine, my love ! for this I will be thine !

THE INDIAN WITH HIS DEAD CHILD

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with my dead ;
In the darkness of the forest boughs
A lonely path I tread.

But my heart is high and fearless,
As by mighty wings upborne ;
The mountain eagle hath not plumes
So strong as love and scorn.

I have raised thee from the grave-sod,
By the white man's path
defiled ;
On to the ancestral wilderness
I bear thy dust, my child !

I have asked the ancient deserts
To give my dead a place,
Where the stately footsteps of the
free
Alone should leave a trace.

And the tossing pines made answer—
“ Go, bring us back thine own ! ”
And the streams from all the hunters' hills
Rushed with an echoing tone.

Thou shalt rest by sounding waters
That yet untamed may roll ;
The voices of that chainless host
With joy shall fill thy soul.

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead,
Where the arrows of my father's bow
Their falcon flight have sped.

I have left the spoilers' dwellings
For evermore behind ;
Unmingled with their household
sounds,
For me shall sweep the wind.

Alone, amidst their hearth-fires,
I watched my child's decay ;

Uncheered, I saw the spirit-light
From his young eyes fade away.

When his head sank on my bosom,
When the death-sleep o'er him fell,
Was there one to say, "A friend is
near?"

There was none!—Pale race, fare-
well!

To the forests, to the cedars,
To the warrior and his bow,
Back, back!—I bore thee laughing
thence,
I bear thee slumbering now!

I bear thee unto burial
With the mighty hunters gone;
I shall hear thee in the forest breeze,
Thou wilt speak of joy, my son!

In the silence of the midnight
I journey with the dead;
But my heart is strong, my step is
fleet,
My father's path I tread.

SONG OF EMIGRATION

THERE was heard a song on the
chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was
there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures
new,
It sang, while the bark through the
surges flew,

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming
main!"

This was the free and the joyous
strain;

"There are clearer skies than ours,
afar,

We will shape our course by a brighter
star;

There are plains whose verdure no
foot hath pressed,

And whose wealth is all for the first
brave guest."

"But, alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads, warm
and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees
that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every
bough;

O'er our white walls we will train the
vine,

And sit in its shadows at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range
at will

Through the green savannas, all
bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children played,
'Midst the birds and honey-
bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further
pass!' [wavy grass;
We will track each step through the
We will chase the elk in his speed and
might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth
at night."

"But, oh! the grey church-
tower,
And the sound of Sabbath-bell,
And the sheltered garden-bower,
We have bid them all fare-
well!"

"We will give the names of our
fearless race [trace;
To each bright river whose course we
We will leave our memory with
mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in bound-
less woods!
And our works unto many a lake's
green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay, alone,
before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to
dwell,

In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home and friends,
farewell!"

THE KING OF ARAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER

If I could see him, it were well with me.

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls,
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed ;
But their lord, the King of Aragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below
The moonlit sea, the torchlit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow ;
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone :
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, " Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !
But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee ?—
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange bowers is mournful to my soul.

" My brother ! oh, my brother ! thou art gone—the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave ;
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on—
There was *one* to *love* me in the world—my brother ! thou art gone !

" In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side ; one hope was ours—one path ;
Thou hast wrapped me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy
breast ;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !

" I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine,
I hear the voice of victory—my Fedro ! where is *thine* ?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—
Oh, brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !

" I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away !
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !

" I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown ;
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !

" I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is even as death !
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ;
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother ? where ?—in thy low and early grave ! "

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
" My brother ! oh, my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone ! "

THE RETURN

"HAST thou come with the heart of
thy childhood back ?

The free, the pure, the kind ? "

So murmured the trees in my home-
ward track

As they played to the mountain
wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early
love ? "

Whispered my native streams :

"Hath the spirit nursed amidst hill
and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams ? "

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the
holy prayer

Of the child in his parent-halls ? "

Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling
air

From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the
faithful dead,

Whose place of rest is nigh ?

With the father's blessing o'er thee
shed,

With the mother's trusting eye ? "

Then my tears gushed forth in sudden
rain,

As I answered—"O, ye shades !

I bring not my childhood's heart
again

To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turned from my first pure
love aside,

O bright and happy streams !

Light after light, in my soul have
died

The dayspring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my
thoughts hath passed—

The prayer at my mother's knee ;

Darkened and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee !

"But I bear from my childhood a
gift of tears

To soften and atone ;

And oh ! ye scenes of those blessed
years,

They shall make me again your
own."

THE VAUDOIS WIFE

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink

Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;

And when this heart hath ceased to beat, oh !
think—

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess—

That thou hast been to me all tenderness,

And friend, to more than human friendship just.

Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,

And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in
dust.

Gertrude of Wyoming.

THY voice is in mine ear, beloved !

Thy look is in my heart,

Thy bosom is my resting-place,

And yet I must depart,

Earth on my soul is strong—too
strong—

Too precious is its chain,

All woven of thy love, dear friend,

Yet vain, though mighty, vain !

Thou seest mine eye grow dim,
beloved !

Thou seest my lifeblood flow,

Bow to the chastener silently,

And calmly let me go !

A little while between our hearts

The shadowy gulf must lie,

Yet have we for their communing

Still, still Eternity !

Alas ! thy tears are on my cheek,

My spirit they detain ;

I know that from thine agony

Is wrung that burning rain.

Best, kindest, weep not : make the
pang,

The bitter conflict, less—

Oh ! sad it is, and yet a joy,

To feel thy love's excess !

But calm thee ! Let the thought
of death

A solemn peace restore !

The voice that must be silent soon

Would speak to thee once more,

That thou mayst bear its blessing on

Through years of after life—

A token of consoling love,

Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,

The tender, and the true,

Where mine hath found the happiest
rest

That e'er fond woman's knew ;

I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,

For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words
Showered on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes !
A gladness ever new !
For the voice which ne'er to mine
replied
But in kindly tones of cheer ;
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here !

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side !
And yet more for the glorious hope
Even to *these* moments given—
Did not *thy* spirit ever lift—
The trust of *mine* to Heaven ?

Now be *thou* strong ! Oh, knew we
not

Our path must lead to this ?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss !
We plighted our young hearts when
storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die !

Be strong ! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyred blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood ;
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love !
Ay, joyously endure !
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolat and pure ; [still
There must our God be worshipped
With the worship of the free :
Farewell !—there's but *one* pang in
death,
One only—leaving thee !

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW

All my pretty ones !
Did you say all ? * * *

Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief !

Macbeth.

My battle-vow !—no minster walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross nor shrine the low deep
tone
Of smothered vengeance heard :
But the ashes of a ruined home
Thrilled, as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood that
shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay.
And the startled vulture at my step
Soared from their precious lay.
I stood amidst my dead alone—
I kissed their lips—I poured,
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The roof-tree fallen, the smouldering
floor,
The blackened threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn, and soiled with
blood,
Whose fountain was my own ;
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night ;
Before them rose the avenger's soul,
In crushed affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of
heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Seared on it then, could fade.
They have no cause !—Go, ask the
streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstained were
borne—
How hath my faith been kept ?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close,
The sad, sweet glances of the lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch 'midst the
rocks,
And by the torrent's foam,
Through the dark-rolling mists they
shine,
Full, full of love and home !

Alas ! the mountain eagle's heart
 When wronged, may yet find rest ;
 Scorning the place made desolate,
 He seeks another rest.
 But I—your soft looks wake the thirst
 That wins no quenching rain ;
 Ye drive me back, my beautiful !
 To the stormy fight again.

THEKLA AT HER LOVER'S GRAVE

Thither where he lies buried !
 That single spot is the whole world to me.
COLERIDGE'S Wallenstein.

THY voice was in my soul ! it called
 me on ;
 O my lost friend ! thy voice was in
 my soul :
 From the cold, faded world whence
 thou art gone,
 To hear no more life's troubled
 billows roll,
 I come, I come !

Now speak to me again ! we loved so
 well—

We *loved* ! oh ! still, I know that
 still we love !
 I have left all things with thy dust to
 dwell,
 Through these dim aisles in dreams
 of *thee* to rove :
 This is my home !

Speak to me in the thrilling minster's
 gloom !

Speak ! thou hast died, and sent me
 no farewell !
 I will not shrink ; oh ! mighty is the
 tomb,
 But one thing mightier, which it
 cannot quell,
 This woman's heart !

This lone, full, fragile heart !—the
 strong alone

In love and grief—of both the
 burning shrine !
 Thou, my soul's friend ! with grief
 hast surely done,
 But with the love which made thy
 spirit mine,
 Say, couldst thou part ?

I hear the rustling banners ; and I
 hear

The wind's low singing through the
 fretted stone ;
 I hear *not thee* ; and yet I feel thee
 near—

What is this bound that keeps thee
 from thine own ?

Breathe it away !

I wait thee—I adjure thee ! hast
 thou known

How I have loved thee ? couldst
 thou dream it all !

Am I not here, with night and death
 alone,

And fearing not ? and hath my
 spirit's call

O'er thine no sway ?

Thou *canst* not come ! or thus I
 should not weep !

Thy love is deathless—but no
 longer free !

Soon would its wing triumphantly
 o'ersweep

The viewless barrier, if such power
 might be,
 Soon, soon, and fast !

But I shall come to thee ! our soul's
 deep dreams,

Our young affections, have not
 gushed in vain ;

Soon in one tide shall blend the
 severed streams,

The worn heart break its bonds—
 and death and pain

Be with the past !

THE SISTERS OF SCIO

As are our hearts, our way is one,
 And cannot be divided. Strong affection
 Contents with all things and o'ercometh all
 things.

Will I not live with thee ? will I not cheer thee ?
 Wouldst thou be lonely then ? wouldst thou be
 sad ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"SISTER, sweet sister ! let me weep
 awhile !

Bear with me—give the sudden
 passion way !

Thoughts of our own lost home, our
 sunny isle,

Come, as a wind that o'er a reed
 hath sway ;

Till my heart dies with yearnings and
 sick fears !

Oh! could my life melt from me in
these tears!

"Our father's voice, our mother's
gentle eye,

Our brother's bounding step—
where are they, where?

Desolate, desolate our chambers lie!
How hast *thou* won thy spirit
from despair?

O'er *mine* swift shadows, gusts of
terror, sweep;—

I sink away—bear with me—let me
weep!"

"Yes! weep, my sister! weep, till
from thy heart

Thy weight flow forth in tears! yet
sink thou not;

I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! our
orphan lot

To meet in quenchless trust; my soul
is strong— [ere long]

Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might

"A breath of our free heavens and
noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious
dead,—

These mantle me with power! and
though their fires

In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by
side;

Have the wild birds, and have not *we*,
a guide?

"Cheer, then, beloved! on whose
meek brow is set

Our mother's image—in whose
voice a tone,

A faint sweet sound of hers is lingering
yet,

An echo of our childhood's music
gone;—

Cheer thee! thy sister's heart and
faith are high:

Our path is one—with thee I live and
die!"

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso, of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the King, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives; and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the King to meet him. And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, says the ancient chronicle, "Oh, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel King, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from afar, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and
went;

He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent

A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead !
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze ?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze ;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

" Father ! " at length he murmured low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
" No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh ! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

" I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire ! beside thee yet,
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son ! "

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead !

" Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is this !
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they ?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay !

" Into these glassy eyes put light—be still ! keep down thine ire,
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire !
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not ?—and a king !—his dust be mountains on thy head ! "

He loosed the steed ; his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place :
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS

To a mysteriously consorted pair
This place is consecrate ; to death and life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From this conjunction.

WORDSWORTH.

How many hopes were borne upon
thy bier,
O bride of stricken love ! in anguish
hither !
Like flowers, the first and fairest of
the year,

Plucked on the bosom of the dead
to wither ;
Hopes from their source all holy,
though of earth,
All brightly gathering round affec-
tion's hearth.

Of mingled prayer they told : of
Sabbath hours ;
Of morn's farewell, and evening's
blessed meeting ;
Of childhood's voice, amidst the
household bowers ;

And bounding step, and smile of joy-
ous greeting ;—
But thou, young mother ! to thy
gentle heart
Didst take thy babe, and meekly so
depart.

How many hopes have sprung in
radiance hence !
Their trace yet lights the dust where
thou art sleeping !
A solemn joy comes o'er me, and a
sense
Of triumph, blent with nature's
gush of weeping,
As, kindling up the silent stone, I
see
The glorious vision, caught by faith,
of thee.

Slumberer ! love calls thee, for the
night is past ;
Put on the immortal beauty of thy
waking !
Captive ! and hear'st thou not the
trumpet's blast,
The long, victorious note, thy bondage
breaking !
Thou hear'st, thou answer'st, " God
of earth and heaven !
Here am I, with the child whom
Thou hast given ! "

THE EXILE'S DIRGE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.
Cymbeline.

[I attended a funeral where there were a number of the German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Luther's Hymns, and they all began to sing, in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in this hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along : the words '*mein Gott*,' '*mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn."]—FLINT'S *Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi.*]

H. P.

THERE went a dirge through the
forest's gloom—
An exile was borne to a lonely tomb.

" Brother ! " (so the chant was
sung
In the slumberer's native tongue),
" Friend and brother ! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be ;
Long the exile's woe hath lain
On thy life a withering chain ;
Music from thine own blue streams,
Wandered through thy fever-
dreams ;
Voices from thy country's vines
Met thee 'midst the alien pines ;
And thy true heart died away,
And thy spirit would not stay."

So swelled the chant ; and the
deep wind's moan
Sweemed through the cedars to murmur
—" *Gone !* "

" Brother ! by the rolling Rhine
Stands the home that once was
thine ;
Brother ! now thy dwelling lies
Where the Indian arrow flies !
He that blessed thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed ;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there ;
They that earliest with thee
played,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence !—yet sea nor shore
Haply, brother ! part ye more ;
God hath called thee to that band
In the immortal Fatherland ! "

" The *Fatherland !* "—with that
sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain
was heard.

" Brother ! were we there with
thee,
Rich would many a meeting be !
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourned and lost one
found !
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine ;
Yet to hope !—to hope in heaven,

M

Though flowers fall, and ties be
riven—

Yet to pray ! and wait the hand
Beckoning to the Fatherland ! ”

And the requiem died in the forest's
gloom ;

They had reached the exile's lonely
tomb,

THE DREAMING CHILD

Alas ! what kind of grief should thy years
know ?

Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND is there sadness in *thy* dreams,
my boy ?

What should the cloud be made of ?—
blessed child !

Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of
joy,

All day hath ranged through sun-
shine, clear, yet mild.

And now thou tremblest !—where-
fore ?—in *thy* soul

There lies no past, no future. Thou
hast heard

No sound of presage from the distance
roll,

Thy heart bears traces of no arrowy
word.

From thee no love hath gone ; thy
mind's young eye

Hath looked not into death's, and
thence become

A questioner of mute eternity,
A weary searcher for a viewless

home ;

Nor hath thy sense been quickened
unto pain,

By feverish watching for some step
beloved ;

Free are thy thoughts, an ever-
changeable train,

Glancing like dew drops, and as
lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange
passion tossed,

How art thou wildered in the cave of
sleep !

My gentle child ! 'midst what dim
phantoms lost,

Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou
weep ?

Awake ! they sadden me—those
early tears,

First gushings of the strong dark
river's flow,

That *must* o'ersweep thy soul with
coming years,

The unfathomable flood of human
woe !

Awful to watch, even rolling through
a dream,

Forcing wild spray-drops but from
childhood's eyes !

Wake, wake ! as yet *thy* life's trans-
parent stream

Should wear the tinge of none but
summer skies.

Come from the shadow of those
realms unknown,

Where now thy thoughts dismayed
and darkling rove ;

Come to the kindly region all thine
own,

The home, still bright for thee with
guardian love.

Happy, fair child ! that yet a
mother's voice

Can win thee back from visionary
strife !

Oh ! shall *my* soul, thus wakened
to rejoice,

Start from the dreamlike wilderness
of life ?

THE CHARMED PICTURE

Oh ! that those lips had language !—Life hath
passed

With me but roughly since I saw thee last.
COWPER.

THINE eyes are charmed—thine
earnest eyes—

Thou image of the dead !

A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Of in their meek blue light enshrined
A blessing seems to be,

And sometimes there my wayward
mind

A still reproach can see ;

And sometimes pity, soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear ;
Even as if love in heaven could weep,
For grief left drooping here.

And oh, my spirit needs that balm !
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth !
And in the night-hour's haunted
calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow
praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine !

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain !—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee ;
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee !

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood
shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange ?

Whence are they charmed—those
earnest eyes ?
I know the mystery well !
In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell !

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis
born
Oh ! change no longer, thou !
For ever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow !

PARTING WORDS

One struggle more and I am free.
BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me !—unto all
below
Thy presence binds me with too deep
a spell ;
Thou makest those mortal regions,
whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—
farewell,
That I may part in peace !

Leave me !—thy footstep, with its
lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too pro-
found,

Too strong for aught that loves and
dies, to bear—

Oh ! bid the conflict cease !

I hear thy whisper—and the warm
tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills
my heart ;

Thou biddest the peace, the reveren-
tial hush,

The still submission, from my
thoughts depart ;

Dear one ! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mourn-
ful eye,

The beauty of our free and vernal
days,

Our communings with sea, and hill
and sky—

Oh ! take that bright world from my
spirit's gaze,

Thou art all earth to me !

Shut out the sunshine from my dying
room,

The jasmine's breath, the murmur
of the bee ;

Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce
the gloom !

They speak of love, of summer, and of
thee,

Too much—and death is here !

Doth our own spring make happy
music now,

From the old beech-roots flashing
into day ?

Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow ?

Alas ! vain thoughts ! that fondly
thus can stray

From the dread hour so near !

If I could but draw courage from the
light

Of thy clear eye, that ever shone
to bless !—

Not now ! 'twill not be now !—my
aching sight

Drinks from that fount a flood of
tenderness,

Bearing all strength away !

Leave me!—thou comest between
 my heart and Heaven;
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer
 to die!
 Why must our souls thus love, and
 then be riven!
 Return! thy parting wakes mine
 agony!
 Oh, yet awhile delay!

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
 Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
 Thou'rt leaving me, without thy
 voice,

In a lonely home to dwell;
 And from the hills, and from the
 hearth,

And from the household tree,
 With thee departs the lingering
 mirth,

The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
 Thou'rt speeding to the shore
 Where the dirge-like tone of parting
 words

Shall smite the soul no more!
 And thou wilt see our holy dead,
 The lost on earth and main:
 Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
 Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood,
 That yet his name is heard
 On the blue mountains, whence his
 youth

Passed like a swift bright bird.
 The light of his exulting brow,
 The vision of his glee,
 Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
 That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
 The rose cut down in spring,
 That yet my gushing soul is filled
 With lays she loved to sing.
 Her soft deep eyes look through my
 dreams,

Tender and sadly sweet;—
 Tell her my heart within me burns
 Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-haired father,
 That in the paths he trod,

The child he loved, the last on earth,
 Yet walks and worships God.
 Say, that his last fond blessing yet
 Rests on my soul like dew,
 And by its hallowing might I trust
 Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
 That on her grave I pour
 The sorrows of my spirit forth,
 As on her breast of yore.
 Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
 Our good and bright wilt see!—
 Oh! brother, brother! may I
 dwell,
 Ere long, with them and thee!

THE TWO HOMES

Oh! if the soul immortal be,
 Is not its love immortal, too?

SEE'ST thou my home?—'tis where
 yon woods are waving,
 In their dark richness, to the summer
 air,
 Where yon blue stream, a thousand
 flower banks laving,
 Leads down the hill a vein of light,—
 'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a
 fount lies gleaming,
 Fringed with the violet, coloured with
 the skies!

My boyhood's haunt, through days of
 summer dreaming,
 Under young leaves that shook with
 melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is
 breathing
 In every wind that plays across my
 track;
 From its white walls the very
 tendrils wreathing,
 Seem with soft links to draw the
 wanderer back.

There am I loved—there prayed for
 —there my mother
 Sits by the hearth with meekly
 thoughtful eye;
 There my young sisters watch to
 greet their brother;
 Soon their glad footsteps down the
 path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred
music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's
decline ;
One are those tones, as from one
heart ascending,—
There laughs *my* home—sad stran-
ger ! where is thine ?

Askest thou of mine ?—In solemn
peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs
away ;
'Tis where *I*, too, am loved with love
undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But
where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have
their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the track-
less air !
I know it not, yet trust the whisper,
telling
My lonely heart that love unchanged
is there.

And what is home, and where, but
with the loving ?
Happy *thou* art that so canst gaze on
thine !
My spirit feels but, in its weary rov-
ing,
That with the dead, where'er they
be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and
brother !
Bear in fresh gladness to the house-
hold scene !
For me, too, watch the sister and the
mother,
I well believe—but dark seas roll
between.

THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED

Wie herlich die Sonne dort untergeht ! da
ich noch ein Bube war—war's mein Lieblings-
gedanke, wie sie zu leben, wie sie zu sterben !
Die Räuber.

Like thee to die, thou sun !—My
boyhood's dream
Was this ; and now my spirit, with
thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory !—yet
the hour

Bears back upon me, with a torrent's
power,
Nature's deep longings :—Oh ! for
some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent fare-
well gaze ;
Some breast to pillow life's last
agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and
brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows ! But I
go,
I that have been so loved, go hence
alone ;
And ye, now gathering round my
own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends ! it may be that a
softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your
laughing glee,
Mingles its cadence while you speak
of me :
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the
mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles
dying,
Far, far away !—and oh ! your
parting prayer—
Will not his name be fondly murmured
there ?
It will ! A blessing on that holy
hearth,
Though clouds are darkening to
o'ercast its mirth !
Mother ! I may not hear thy voice
again ;
Sisters ! ye watch to greet my step
in vain ;
Young brother, fare thee well !—
on each dear head
Blessing and love a thousandfold be
shed,
My soul's last earthly breathings !
May your home
Smile for you ever ! May no
winter come,
No *world*, between your hearts !
May even your tears,
For my sake, full of long-remembered
years,
Quicken the true affections that
entwine
Your lives in one bright bond ! I
may not sleep
Amidst our fathers, where those
tears might shine

Over my slumbers; yet your love
will keep
My memory living in the ancestral
halls,
Where shame hath never trod:—
the dark night falls,
And I depart. The brave are gone
to rest,
The brothers of my combats, on the
breast
Of the red field they reaped:—their
work is done—
Thou, too, art set!—farewell, fare-
well, thou sun!
The last lone watcher of the bloody
sod,
Offers a trusting spirit up to God.

THE IMAGE IN THE HEART

TO —

True, indeed, it is,
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone.

WORDSWORTH.

The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

BYRON.

I CALL thee blessed!—though now
the voice be fled
Which to thy soul brought dayspring
with its tone,
And o'er the gentle eyes though dust
be spread,
Eyes that ne'er looked on thine but
light was thrown
Far through thy breast:
And though the music of thy life be
broken,
Or changed in every chord, since he is
gone,
Feeling all this, even yet, by many
a token,
O thou, the deeply, but the brightly
lone!

I call thee blessed!

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As 'mid the waste an Isle of fount
and palm,
For ever green!—the world's breath
enters not,
The passion-tempests may not break
its calm;

'Tis thine, all thine!

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayest
thou turn
From bitter words, cold greetings,
heartless eyes,
Quenching thy soul's thirst at the
hidden urn
That, filled with waters of sweet
memory, lies

In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy *home*!—there is no
power in change
To reach that temple of the past; no
sway,
In all time brings of sudden, dark, or
strange,
To sweep the still transparent peace
away

From its hushed air!

And oh! that glorious image of the
dead!
Sole thing whereon a deathless love
may rest,
And in deep faith and dreamy worship
shed
Its high gifts fearlessly!—I call thee
blessed,

If only *there*.

Blessed for the beautiful within thee
dwelling
Never to fade!—a refuge from
distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly
welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly
dust

With flowers divine.

And thou hast been beloved!—it is
no dream,
No false mirage for *thee*, the fervent
love.
The rainbow still unreached, the
ideal gleam,
That ever seems before, beyond,
above,

Far off to shine.

But thou, from all the daughters of
the earth
Singled and marked, hast *known* its
home and place;
And the high memory of its holy
worth,
To this our life a glory and a grace
For thee hath given.

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly
loved ?
Thou art !—the love his spirit bore
away
Was not for death !—a treasure but
removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer
day,—

Thine still in heaven !

THE LAND OF DREAMS

And dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy :
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They make us what we were not—what they
will,

And shake us with the vision that's gone by.
BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND ! thou land of dreams !
A world thou art of mysterious
gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at
strife,
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wavy shadows float by,
and part :
Visions of aspects, now loved, now
strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless
change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
With its gorgeous halls into frag-
ments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and
play
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the
seas have birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from
earth,—
All the sere flowers of our days gone
by,
And the buried gems in thy bosom
lie.

Yes ! thou art like those dim sea-
caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of
graves !
And the shapes through thy mysteries
that come and go
Are of beauty and terror, of power
and woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of
sleep !
Thou art all one world of affections
deep,—
And wrung from my heart is each
flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of
imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as
Eden fair :
All the beloved of my soul are there !
The forms my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes whose love hath been life to
me—

They are there ; and each blessed
voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery
clear ;
But under-tones are in each, that
say—
“ It is but a dream ; it will melt
away ! ”

I walk with sweet friends in the sun-
set's glow ;
I listen to music of long ago ;
But one thought, like an omen,
breathes faint through the lay,—
“ It is but a dream : it will melt
away ! ”

I sit by the hearth of my early days ;
All the home-faces are met by the
blaze,—
And the eyes of the mother shine
soft, yet say,
“ It is but a dream ; it will melt
away ! ”

And away, like a flower's passing
breath, 'tis gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply
lone !
Oh ! a haunted heart is a weight to
bear,—
Bright faces, kind voices ! where are
ye, where ?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of
dreams,
The past, as it fled by my own
blue streams !
Make not my spirit within me burn
For the scenes and the hours that may
ne'er return !

Call out from the *future* my visions
 bright,
 From the world o'er the grave take
 thy solemn light,
 And oh! with the loved, whom no
 more I see,
 Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
 No cloud, no parting, no sleepless
 fear;
 So my soul may bear on through the
 long, long day,
 Till I go where the beautiful melts
 not away!

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Where hath not woman stood,
 Strong in affection's might? a reed, upborne
 By an o'er-mastering current!

GENTLE and lovely form,
 What didst thou here,
 When the fierce battle-storm
 Bore down the spear!

Banner and shivered crest
 Beside thee strown,
 Tell, that amidst the best,
 Thy work was done!

Yet strangely, sadly fair,
 O'er that wild scene,
 Gleams, through its golden hair,
 That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
 Earth-bound the free;
 How gave those haughty dead
 A place to thee?

Slumberer! *thine* early bier
 Friends should have crowned,
 Many a flower and tear
 Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,
 Mingling their swell,
 Should o'er thy dust have sung
 Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, above the grave
 Of thy repose,
 Should have bid violets wave
 With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,
 Savage and shrill,
 For requiem o'er thee float,
 Thou fair and still!

And the swift charger sweep
 In full career,
 Trampling thy place of sleep,—
 Why cam'st thou here?

Why?—ask the true heart why
 Woman hath been
 Ever, where brave men die,
 Unshrinking seen?

Unto this harvest ground
 Proud reapers came,—
 Some, for that stirring sound,
 A warrior's name;

Some for the stormy play
 And joy of strife;
 And some, to fling away
 A weary life;—

But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
 With the slight frame,
 And the rich locks, whose glow
 Death cannot tame;

Only one thought, one power,
Thee could have led,
 So, through the tempest's hour,
 To lift thy head!

Only the true, the strong,
 The love, whose trust
 Woman's deep soul too long
 Pours on the dust!

THE DESERTED HOUSE

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
 Oh, silent house! once filled with
 mirth;

Sorrow is in the breezy sound
 Of thy tall poplars whispering
 round.

The shadow of departed hours
 Hangs dim upon *thine* early flowers;
 Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
 Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
 Mine own sweet home of other days!
 My children's birthplace! yet for me
 It is too much to look on thee.

Too much ! for all about thee spread
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanished
now,
Follow me where thy roses blow ;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay ;
For love which ne'er deceived my
trust,
For all which went with " dust to
dust ! "

What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot ! my spirit's
gaze—
To lift, through tears, my straining
eye
Up to my Father's house on high ?

Oh ! many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share !
No haunting shade from things gone
by
May there o'ersweep the unchanging
sky.

And *they* are there, whose long-loved
mien
In earthly home no more is seen ;
Whose places, where they smiling
sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is
spread ;
We miss them when the prayer is
said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings
vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain :
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,¹
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres !

¹ From an ancient Hebrew dirge :—
" Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead,
For he is at rest, and we in tears ! "

Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household
band.

But, by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter
shore
The severed wreath is bound once
more !

Holy ye were, and good, and true !
No change can cloud my thoughts of
you ;
Guide me, like you to live and die,
And reach my Father's house on
high !

THE STRANGER'S HEART

THE stranger's heart ! Oh, wound
it not !

A yearning anguish is its lot ;
In the green shadow of thy tree
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou thinkst the vine's low rustling
leaves

Glad music round thy household
caves ;

To him that sound hath sorrow's
tone—

The stranger's heart is with his
own.

Thou thinkst thy children's laughing
play

A lovely sight at fall of day ;—
Then are the stranger's thoughts
oppressed—

His mother's voice comes o'er his
breast.

Thou thinkst it sweet when friend
with friend

Beneath one roof in prayer may
blend ;

Then doth the stranger's eye grow
dim—

Far, far are those who prayed with
him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage-
land—

The voices of thy kindred band—
Oh ! 'midst them all when blest thou
art,

Deal gently with the stranger's heart !

TO A REMEMBERED PICTURE

[THAT OF DAVID RIZZIO]

THEY haunt me still—those calm,
pure, holy eyes !

Their piercing sweetness wanders
through my dreams : [lies,

The soul of music that within them
Comes o'er my soul in soft and
sudden gleams ;

Life—spirit life, immortal and divine,
Is there—and yet how dark a death
was thine !

Could it—oh ! *could* it be—meek
child of song ?

The might of gentleness on that
fair brow— [wrong ?

Was the celestial gift no shield from
Bore it no talisman to ward the
blow ?

Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,
Might brave their strife—a flute-note
hush the blast ?

Are there not deep sad oracles to
read

In the clear stillness of that radiant
face ?

Yes, even like thee must gifted
spirits bleed,

Thrown on a world, for heavenly
things no place !

Bright exiled birds that visit alien
skies,

Pouring on storms their suppliant
melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle
breast,

Whereon their trembling plumage
might repose,

And their free song-notes, from that
happy nest,

Gush as a fount that forth from
sunlight flows ;

Vain dream ! the love whose precious
balms might save,

Still, still denied—they struggle
to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink !—
another doom,

Victim ! hath set its promise in
thine eye ;

A light is there, too quenchless for
the tomb,

Bright earnest of a nobler destiny ;
Telling of answers, in some far-off
sphere,

To the deep souls that find no
echo here.

COME HOME !

COME home ! there is a sorrowing
breath

In music since ye went,
And the early flower-scents wander
by,

With mournful memories blent.

The tones in every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word—*brother*—wakes
a wish

To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved ! come home !—the
hour

Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of
song

Returns—and ye are gone !

And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, ye wandering
ones ?

With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea ?

By stormy hills of battles old ?
Or where dark rivers foam ?—

Oh ! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved, come home !

Come with the leaves and winds of
spring,

And swift birds, o'er the main
Our love is grown too sorrowful—

Bring us its youth again !
Bring the glad tones to music back !

Still, still your home is fair,

The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there !

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION

"Implora pace!"

ONE draught, kind fairy! from
 that fountain deep,
 To lay the phantoms of a haunted
 breast,
 And lone affections, which are
 griefs, to steep
 In the cool honey-dews of dreamless
 rest;
 And from the soul the lightning-marks
 to lave—
 One draught of that sweet wave!

Yet, mortal, pause!—within thy
 mind is laid
 Wealth, gathered long and slowly;
 thoughts divine
 Heap that full treasure-house; and
 thou hast made
 The gems of many a spirit's ocean
 thine;
 Shall the dark waters to oblivion
 bear

A pyramid so fair?

Pour from the fount! and let the
 draught efface
 All the vain lore by memory's pride
 amassed,
 So it but swept along the torrent's
 trace,
 And fill the hollow channels of the
 past;
 And from the bosom's inmost folded
 leaf

Raise the one master-grief!

Yet pause once more! All, *all* thy
 soul hath known,
 Loved, felt, rejoiced in, from its
 grasp must fade!
 Is there no voice whose kind awaken-
 ing tone
 A sense of springtime in thy heart
 hath made?

No eye whose glance thy day-dreams
 would recall?

Think—wouldst thou part with all?

Fill with forgetfulness!—there are,
 there *are*

Voices whose music I have loved too
 well;

Eyes of deep gentleness—but they
 are *far*— [dwell!

Never! oh—never, in my home to
 Take their soft looks from off my
 yearning soul—

Fill high the oblivious bowl!

Yet pause again! With memory
 wilt thou cast

The undying hope away, of memory
 born?

Hope of reunion, heart to heart at
 last,

No restless doubt between, no rank-
 ling thorn? [delight

Wouldst thou erase all records of
 That make such visions bright?

Fill with forgetfulness, fill high!—
 Yet stay—

'Tis from the past we shadow forth
 the land

Where smiles, long lost, again shall
 light our way,

And the soul's friends be wreathed
 in one bright band.

Pour the sweet waters back on their
 own rill—

I *must* remember still.

For their sake, for the dead—whose
 image nought

May dim within the temple of my
 breast—

For their love's sake, which now no
 earthly thought

May shake or trouble with its own
 unrest,

Though the past haunt me as a spirit
 —yet

I ask not to forget.

WELSH MELODIES

THE HARP OF WALES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS, INSCRIBED
TO THE RUTHIN WELSH LITERARY
SOCIETY

HARP of the mountain-land ! sound
forth again

As when the foaming Hirlas horn
was crowned,

And warrior hearts beat proudly
to the strain,

And the bright mead at Owain's
feast went round :

Wake with the spirit and the power of
yore !

Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard
once more !

Thy tones are not to cease ! The
Roman came

O'er the blue waters with his
thousand oars :

Through Mona's oaks he sent the
wasting flame ;

The Druid shrines lay prostrate
on our shores :

All gave their ashes to the wind and
sea—

Ring out, thou harp ! he could not
silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The
Saxon passed,

His banners floated on Eryri's gales ;

But thou wert heard above the trum-
pet's blast,

E'en when his towers rose loftiest
o'er the vales !

Thine was the voice that cheered
the brave and free ;

They had their hills, their chainless
hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw
the valiant fall,

The rank weeds gathering round
the chieftain's board,

The hearth left lonely in the ruined
hall—

Yet power was *thine*—a gift in
every chord !

Call back that spirit to the days of
peace,

Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not
to cease !

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LAND-
ING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers
Whom the storms and seas obey,

From the Dark Isle's mystic bowers,
Romans ! o'er the deep away !

Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which
broods ?

By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?

She the rolling orbs can stay !

She the mighty grave compels

Back to yield its fettered prey !

Fear ye not the lightning-stroke ?

Mark ye not the fiery sky ?

Hence !—around our central oak

Gods are gathering—Romans, fly !

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN

WHERE are they, those green fairy
islands, reposing

In sunlight and beauty on ocean's
calm breast ?

What spirit, the things which are
hidden disclosing,

Shall point the bright way to
their dwellings of rest ?

Oh ! lovely they rose on the dreams
of past ages,

The mighty have sought them,
undaunted in faith ;

But the land hath been sad for her
warriors and sages,

For the guide to those realms of
the blessed is death.

Where are they, the high-minded
children of glory,

Who steered for those distant
green spots on the wave ?

To the winds of the ocean they left
their wild story,

In the fields of their country they
found not a grave.

Perchance they repose where the
summer breeze gathers

From the flowers of each vale
immortality's breath ;
But their steps shall be ne'er on the
hills of their fathers—
For the guide to those realms of
the blessed is death.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN

WATCH ye well ! The moon is
shrouded
On her bright throne ;
Storms are gathering, stars are
clouded,
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flow-
ing ;
But of winds, in darkness blowing,
O'er seas unknown !

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers
With harps and lays ;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are sing-
ing,
—Ay ! the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy, or praise.

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping
Rests in its cave !
Think of us when hearts are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
On the dark wave !

THE HIRLAS HORN

FILL high the blue hirlas, that shines
like the wave,
When sunbeams are bright on the
spray of the sea :
And bear thou the rich foaming mead
to the brave,
The dragons of battle, the sons of
the free !
To those from whose spears, in the
shock of the fight,
A beam, like heaven's lightning,
flashed over the field ;
To those who came rushing as storms
in their might,

Who have shivered the helmet, and
cloven the shield ;
The sound of whose strife was like
oceans afar,
When lances were red from the
harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas ! O cup-
bearer, fill
For the lords of the field in their
festival's hour,
And let the mead foam, like the
stream of the hill
That bursts o'er the rock in the
pride of its power :
Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high
the smooth horn
Of honour and mirth, for the con-
flict is o'er ;
And round let the golden-tipped
hirlas be borne
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's
fair shore,
Who rushed to the field where the
glory was won,
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to
the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not
those
Who shared its bright draught
in the days that are fled,
Though cold on their mountains the
valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown
to the dead !
While harps in the hall of the feast
shall be strung,
While regal Eryri with snow shall
be crowned—
So long by the bards shall their
battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn
at the sound.
The free winds of Maelor shall swell
with their name,
And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to
their fame.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-
night ;
I weep, for the grave has extinguished
its light ;
The beam of the lamp from its summit
is o'er,

The blaze of its hearth shall give
welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless
and still,

The sound of its harpings hath died
on the hill !

Be silent for ever, thou desolate
scene,

Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath
been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and
bare,

No banquet, no guest, not a footstep
is there !

Oh ! where are the warriors who
circled its board ?

—The grass will soon wave where the
mead-cup was poured !

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-
night,

Since he is departed whose smile
made it bright !

I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul
shall be brief,

The pathway is short to the grave of
my chief !

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

[Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant ; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons, is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN'S *Heroic Elegies and other poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the
blue sky is ringing

With song, and the hills are all
mantled with bloom ;

But fairer than aught which the
summer is bringing,

The beauty and youth gone to people
the tomb !

Oh ! why should I live to hear
music resounding,

Which cannot awake ye, my lovely,
my brave ?

Why smile the waste flowers, my sad
footsteps surrounding ?

—My sons ! they but clothe the
green turf of your grave !

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I
linger, [dream !

My spirit all wrapt in the past as a
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of
the singer,

Mine eye sparkles not to the sun-
light's glad beam ;

Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken
and weeping !

—O grave ! why refuse to the aged
thy bed,

When valour's high heart on thy
bosom is sleeping,

When youth's glorious flower is gone
down to the dead !

Fair were ye, my sons ! and all kingly
your bearing,

As on to the fields of your glory ye
trod !

Each prince of my race the bright
golden chain wearing,

Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now
by the sod !

I weep when the blast of the trumpet
is sounding,

Which rouses ye not, O my lovely !
my brave !

When warriors and chiefs to their
proud steeds are bounding,

I turn from heaven's light, for it
smiles on your grave !

GRUFYDD'S FEAST

[Grufydd ab Rhys ab Tewdwr, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys* the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors ; with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song ; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the
sons of the brave,

By the bright festal torches around
us that wave !
Set open the gates of the prince's
wide hall,
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear
on the wall !
There is peace in the land we have
battled to save :
Then spread ye the feast, bid the
wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have
feared not to die !

Let the horn whose loud blast gave
the signal for fight ;
With the bee's sunny nectar now
sparkle in light ;
Let the rich draught it offers with
gladness be crowned,
For the strong hearts in combat
that leaped at its sound !
Like the billows' dark swell was
the path of their might,
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-
cup on high,
That those may rejoice who have
feared not to die !

And wake ye the children of song
from their dreams,
On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's
fair streams !
Bid them haste with those strains of
the lofty and free,
Which shall float down the waves of
long ages to be.
Sheathe the sword which hath given
them unperishing themes,
And pour the bright mead : let the
wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have
feared not to die !

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying
On boundless lakes afar that shine ;
When winds amidst the palms are
sighing,
And fragrance breathes from every
pine :
When stars through cypress boughs
are gleaming,
And fire flies wander bright and
free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains
dreaming,

My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell
with thee.
Alone o'er green savannas roving,
Where some broad stream in silence
flows,
Or through the eternal forests
moving,
One only home my spirit knows !
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er
hath parted !
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;
But happier could the weary-hearted
Look on his own blue hills and die !

THE FAIR ISLE

FOR THE MELODY CALLED THE
" WELSH GROUND "

[The Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh Princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country ; and, while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbernaeth Prydain*, " the Monarchy of Britain." It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.—See JONES'S *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

SONS of the Fair Isle ! forget not the
time
Ere spoilers had breathed the free air
of your clime :
All that its eagles behold in their
flight
Was yours, from the deep of each
storm-mantled height,
Though from your race that proud
birthright be torn,
Unquenched is the spirit for mon-
archy born.

CHORUS

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er
us awhile,
The crown shall not pass from the
Beautiful Isle.
Ages may roll ere your children re-
gain
The land for which heroes have
perished in vain ;
Yet, in the sound of your names
shall be power,

Around her still gathering in glory's
full hour,
Strong in the fame of the mighty that
sleep,
Your Britain shall sit on the throne
of the deep.

CHORUS

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her
smile,
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY

[A prophecy of Taliesin relating to the Ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect :—

"Their God they shall worship,
Their language they shall retain,
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales."]

A VOICE from time departed yet
floats thy hills among,

O Cambria! thus thy prophet
bard, thy Taliesin sung :

"The path of unborn ages is traced
upon my soul,

The clouds which mantle things un-
seen away before me roll,

A light the depths revealing hath
o'er my spirit passed,

A rushing sound from days to be
swells fitful in the blast,

And tells me that for ever shall live
the lofty tongue

To which the harp of Mona's woods
by freedom's hand was strung.

"Green island of the mighty! I see
thine ancient race

Driven from their fathers' realm to
make the rocks their dwelling-
place!

I see from Uthyr's kingdom the
sceptre pass away,

And many a line of bards and chiefs
and princely men decay.

But long as Arvon's mountains shall
lift their sovereign forms,

And wear the crown to which is
given dominion o'er the storms,

So long, their empire sharing, shall live
the lofty tongue

To which the harp of Mona's woods
by freedom's hand was strung!"

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG

SAW ye the blazing star?
The heavens looked down on free-
dom's war,

And lit her torch on high!

Bright on the dragon crest

It tells that glory's wing shall rest,

When warriors meet to die!

Let earth's pale tyrants read despair

And vengeance in its flame;

Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair

Of conquest and of fame,

And swell the rushing mountain air

With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,

Marked ye how each majestic height

Burned in its awful beams?

Red shone the eternal snows,

And all the land, as bright it rose,

Was full of glorious dreams!

O eagles of the battle, rise!

The hope of Gwynedd wakes!

It is your banner in the skies

Through each dark cloud which
breaks,

And mantles with triumphal dyes

Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,

A murmur as of swelling seas

The Saxon on his way!

Lo! spear and shield and lance,

From Deva's waves with lightning
glance,

Reflected to the day!

But who the torrent-wave compels

A conqueror's chain to bear?

Let those who wake the soul that
dwells

On our free winds, beware!

The greenest and the loveliest dells

May be the lion's lair!

Of us *they* told, the seers,

And monarch bards of elder years,

Who walked on earth as powers!

And in their burning strains,

A spell of might and mystery reigns,

To guard our mountain towers!

—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay:
Before his gifted sight,

The march of ages passed away
 With hero footsteps bright,
 But proudest in that long array,
 Was Glyndwr's path of light !

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL

Why lingers my gaze where the last
 hues of day
 On the hills of my country in loveli-
 ness sleep ?
 Too fair is the sight for a wanderer,
 whose way
 Lies far o'er the measureless worlds
 of the deep !
 Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil
 the green shore,
 That the heart of the mighty may
 waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free
 songs of the land
 Where the harp's lofty soul on each
 wild wind is borne ?
 Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er
 shall the hand
 Of minstrel with melody greet my
 return.
 —No ! no !—let your echoes still
 float on the breeze,
 And my heart shall be strong for the
 conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to
 give birth
 Unto bosoms that shrink when
 their trial is nigh ;
 Away ! we will bear over ocean and
 earth
 A name and a spirit that never shall
 die,
 My course to the winds, to the stars,
 I resign ;
 But my soul's quenchless fire, O my
 country ! is thine.

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH

Caswallon (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the
 supreme command of the Britons (as recorded
 in the *Triads*), for the purpose of opposing
 Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of
 Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined
 legions of Rome might have made on the
 Britons in the first instance, the subsequent
 departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause
 of triumph ; and it is stated that Caswallon
 proclaimed an assembly of the various states
 of the island, for the purpose of celebrating

that event by feasting and public rejoicing.—
 See the *Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing southern regions,
 Where the sun-god makes his
 dwelling,
 Came the Roman's crested legions
 O'er the deep, round Britain
 swelling.
 The wave grew dazzling as he passed,
 With light from spear and helmet
 cast ;
 And sounds in every rushing blast
 Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,
 Bowing earth beneath its glory,
 Could not shadow with dominion
 Our wild seas and mountains
 hoary !
 Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
 To float in light through softer
 skies ;
 Oh ! chainless winds of heaven arise !
 Bear a vanquished world the story !

Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,
 Tell how Britain combat wages,
 How Caswallon's soul is burning
 When the storm of battle rages !
 And ye that shrine high deeds in
 song,
 O holy and immortal throng !
 The brightness of his name prolong,
 As a torch to stream through ages !

HOWEL'S SONG

[Howel ab Einion Llygliw was a distinguished
 bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful
 poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan,
 a celebrated beauty of those times, is still
 preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh
 bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence,
 Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a
 high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed ! I hear the
 swell
 Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
 Sweet floating from the holy dell
 O'er woods and waters round.
 Perchance the maid I love, e'en now,
 From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,
 Looks o'er the fairy world below,
 And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !
 The summer air is more serene,

The deep woods wave in richer green,
 The wave more gently flows !
 Oh, fair as Ocean's curling foam !
 Lo ! with the balmy hour I come—
 The hour that brings the wanderer
 home,
 The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darken-
 ening crest
 The glow hath died, the shadows
 rest,
 The twilight star on Deva's breast
 Gleams tremulously bright ;
 Speed for Myfanwy's bower on
 high !
 Though scorn may wound me from
 her eye,
 Oh ! better by the sun to die
 Than live in rayless night !

THE MOUNTAIN FIRES

[The custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or new year.—*Cambro-Briton*.]

When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills ! till heaven is glow-
 ing

As with some red meteor's rays !
 Winds of night, though rudely blow-
 ing

Shall but fan the beacon blaze.
 Light the hills ! till flames are
 streaming

From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,
 To the waves round Mona gleaming,
 Where the Roman tracked the
 deep !

Be the mountain watch-fires height-
 ened,

Pile them to the stormy sky !
 Till each torrent-wave is brightened,
 Kindling as it rushes by.

Now each rock, the mist's high
 dwelling,

Towers in reddening light sublime ;
 Heap the flames ! around them
 telling

Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
 Many a solemn vigil kept,
 When, in ages long departed,
 O'er the noble dead they wept.

In the winds we hear their voices—
 " Sons ! though yours a brighter
 lot,

When the mountain-land rejoices,
 Be her mighty unforgot ! "

ERYRI WEN

[Snowdon was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon.—*PENNANT*.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch
 hill,

With heaven's own azure crowned !
 Who called thee—what thou shalt be
 still,

White Snowdon !—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
 Of the dread power enshrined
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
 And on thy rushing wind !

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
 It filled thy chainless air,
 Deep thoughts of majesty and might
 For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell
 Yet holds unbroken sway,
 As when on that wild rock it fell
 Where Merddin Emrys lay !

Though from their stormy haunts of
 yore

Thine eagles long have flown,
 As proud a flight the soul shall soar
 Yet from thy mountain-throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of
 streams !

And make the snows thy crest !
 The sunlight of immortal dreams
 Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard !
 And fortress of the free !

Midst rocks which heroes died to
guard,
Their spirit dwells with thee !

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE
THEIR MASSACRE BY
EDWARD I

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-
stroke be given ;
Oh ! swift may it fall as the lightning
of heaven !
So shall our spirits be free as our
strains—
The children of song may not lan-
guish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's
bright crest ?
Are heroes reposing in death on her
breast ?
Red with her blood do her mountain
streams flow,
And think ye that still we would
linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! 'midst the hills
of your sires,
Oh ! who would not slumber when
freedom expires ?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must
remain—
The children of song may not breathe
in the chain !

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY

All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield.
MILTON.

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth :
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;
No voice of melody, no sound of
mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone ;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stained
the threshold stone.

“ And I, too, go : my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died ;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with
sleep,

Winds ! bear the spoiler one more
tone of pride !

“ Bear it where, on his battle-plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—‘ Saxon, think not *all*
is won.

“ ‘ Thou hast laid low the warrior's
head,
The minstrel's chainless hand :
Dreamer ! that numberest with the
dead
The burning spirit of the mountain-
land !

“ ‘ Thinkst thou, because the song
hath ceased,
The soul of song is flown ?
Thinkst thou it woke to crown the
feast, [alone ?
It lived beside the ruddy hearth

“ ‘ No ! by our wrongs, and by our
blood !
We leave it pure and free ;
Though hushed awhile, that sounding
flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet
to be.

“ ‘ We leave it 'midst our country's
wee—
The birthright of her breast ;
We leave it as we leave the snow
Bright and eternal on Eryri's
crest.

“ ‘ We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath ;
Our voice in theirs through time shall
swell—
The bard hath gifts of prophecy
from death.”

He dies ; but yet the mountains
stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;
And this is yet *Aneurin's* land—
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more
tone of pride !

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on
the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an
excavation resembling a couch ; and that
whoever should pass a night in that hollow,
would be found in the morning either dead,

in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms
have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the
home of the cloud; [swelling,
Around it for ever deep music is
The voice of the mountain wind,
solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows all
fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that
mingled their moan;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs
faintly gleaming;
And I met the dread gloom of its
grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came
o'er me;
Man's tongue hath no language
to speak what I saw;
Things glorious, unearthly, passed
floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with
rapture and awe. [that hover,
I viewed the dread beings around us
Though veiled by the mists of
mortality's breath;
And I called upon darkness the vision
to cover,
For a strife was within me of
madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the
wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears
onward the storms;
Like the sweep of the white rolling
wave was their motion—
I *felt* their dim presence, but knew
not their forms!
I saw them—the mighty of ages
departed—
The dead were around me that
night on the hill:
From their eyes, as they passed, a
cold radiance they darted,—
There was light on my soul, but
my heart's blood was chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—
but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly
lived through that hour;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to
inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a
power!
Day burst on that rock with the
purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced
in the sun;—
But oh! what new glory all nature
invested,
When the sense which gives soul
to her beauty was won!

SONGS OF THE CID

These ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient poem of the *Cid*.

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE

WITH sixty knights in his gallant
train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.
To march o'er field, and to watch
in tent,
From his home in good Castile he
went;
To the wasting siege and the battle's
van,
—For the noble *Cid* was a banished
man!

Through his olive woods the morn
breeze played,
And his native streams wild music
made,
And clear in the sunshine his vine-
yards lay,
When for march and combat he took
his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he
took, [look,
And he turned his steed for a parting
For a parting look at his own fair
towers,
—Oh! the exile's heart hath weary
hours!

The pennons were spread, and the
band arrayed,
But the Cid at the threshold a moment
stayed—
It *was* but a moment; the halls were
lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open
thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty
stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked
wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat
at the door, [floor.
Nor a sound of a step on the hollow

Then a dim tear swelled to the
warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves
went by;
And he said—"My foemen their
wish have won;
Now the will of God be in all things
done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of
cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept
off the tear,
And the fields of his glory lay distant
far,
—He is gone from the towers of his
own Bivar!

THE CID'S DEATHBED

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay
still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled
eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's notes were
wont to rise,
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor king's barks were on the
deep;
With sounds and signs of war;

But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the
towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sat,
With pale yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering
hand,
And cold the valiant breast;
He had fought the battles of the
land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the Ruler of the field?
—His voice is faint and low;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance
and shield
Hath louder accents now.

"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone;
Be ye of mighty heart!"

"Let the cymbal-clash and the
trumpet-strain
From your walls ring far and shrill;
And fear ye not, for the saints of
Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

"And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed;
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in the front of
war,
All armed with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King
Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth."

—Now wave, ye glorious banners!
wave!

Through the lattice a wind sweeps
by,
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of
the brave
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a
fight !

As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps ;
The wind and the banners fall hushed
as night :

The Campeador—he sleeps !

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze
of morn,

And swell out the trumpet's blast,
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice
of wail,

For the noble Cid hath passed !

THE CID'S FUNERAL PRO- CESSION

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's
towers,

And lances gleamed up through her
citron bowers,

And the tents of the desert had girt
her plain,

And camels were tramping the vines
of Spain ;

For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the
death-wind sweeps,

There were spears from hills where
the lion sleeps,

There were bows from sands where
the ostrich runs,

For the shrill horn of Afric had called
her sons

To the battles of the west.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas
heard,

Like the roar of waters, the air had
stirred ;

The stars were shining o'er tower
and wave,

And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's
cave ;

But the Christians woke that
night.

They reared the Cid on his barbèd
steed,

Like a warrior mailed for the hour of
need,

And they fixed the sword in the cold
right hand,
Which had fought so well for his
fathers' land,
And the shield from his neck hung
bright.

There was arming heard on Valencia's
halls,

There was vigil kept on the rampart
walls :

Stars had not faded nor clouds turned
red,

When the knights had girded the
noble dead,

And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of
one,

Was the still death-march of the
host begun ;

With a silent step went the cuirassed
bands,

Like a lion's tread on the burning
sands ;

And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was
midnight deep,

In heaven was the moon, in the camp
was sleep ;

When the last through the city's
gates had gone,

O'er tent and rampart the bright
day shone,

With a sunburst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred
went armed before,

And Bermudez the Cid's green stan-
dard bore ;

To its last fair field, with the break
of morn,

Was the glorious banner in silence
borne,

On the glad wind streaming free.

And the Campeador came stately
then,

Like a leader circled with steel-clad
men

The helmet was down o'er the face of
the dead,

But his steed went proud, by a warrior
led,

For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own
good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord ;
Her eye was solemn, her step was
slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or
woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and
lone,
The churches were empty, the masses
done ;
There was not a voice through the
wide streets far,
Nor a foot-fall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace
of one,
Was the still death-march of the host
begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirassed
bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning
sands :
—And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry
ere long,
When the Christians burst on the
Paynim throng !
—With a sudden flash of the lance and
spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full
career,
It was Alvar Fañez came !

He that was wrapt with no funeral
shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening
cloud !
And the storm rushed down on the
tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen, with her
bands, lay slain ;
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined
his war ;
And their hearts grew heavy, and
died away,
And their hands could not wield an
assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset
made,
There were seventy thousand knights
arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's
steep,
And they came like the foam of a
roaring deep ;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior
tall,
With a sword of fire went before them
all ;
With a sword of fire, and a banner
pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy
mail ;
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim
white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's
course !
Where his banner streamed with its
ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was
hurrying flight—
For it seemed not the sword of
man !

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled ;
There was work for the men of the Cid
that day !
—They were weary at eve, when they
ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done !

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled !
The sails of their galleys in haste
were spread ;
But the sea had its share of the
Paynim slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke
in Spain
—So the Cid to his grave passed
on !

THE CID'S RISING

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the
silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound went forth in rushing
might,
Like an army on its way !

In the stillness of the hour, When the dreams of sleep have power, And men forget the day. Through the dark and lonely streets it went, Till the slumberers woke in dread ;— The sound of a passing armament, With the charger's stony tread. There was heard no trumpet's peal, But the heavy tramp of steel, As a host's to combat led. Through the dark and lonely streets it passed, And the hollow pavement rang, And the towers, as with a sweeping blast, Rocked to the stormy clang ! But the march of the viewless train	Went on to a royal fane, Where a priest his night-hymn sang. There was knocking that shook the marble floor, [said— And a voice at the gate, which That the Cid Ruy Diaz, the Cam- peador, Was there in his arms arrayed ; And that with him, from the tomb, Had the Count Gonzalez come With a host, uprisen to aid ! And they came for the buried king that lay At rest in that ancient fane ; For he must be armed on the battle- day, With them to deliver Spain ! —Then the march went sound- ing on, And the Moors by noontide sun Were dust on Tolosa's plain.
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THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERTS

CALL it not loneliness, to dwell In woodland shade or hermit dell, Or the deep forest to explore, Or wander Alpine regions o'er ; For Nature there all joyous reigns, And fills with life her wild domains : A bird's light wing may break the air, A wave, a leaf, may murmur there : A bee the mountain flowers may seek, A chamois bound from peak to peak ; An eagle, rushing to the sky, Wake the deep echoes with his cry ; And still some sound, thy heart to cheer, Some voice, though not of man, is near. But he, whose weary step hath traced Mysterious Afric's awful waste— Whose eye Arabia's wilds hath viewed, Can tell thee what is solitude ! It is, to traverse lifeless plains, Where everlasting stillness reigns, And billowy sands and dazzling sky, Seem boundless as infinity ! It is, to sink, with speechless dread,	In scenes unmeet for mortal tread, Severed from earthly being's trace, Alone, amidst eternal space ! 'Tis noon—and fearfully profound, Silence is on the desert round ; Alone she reigns, above, beneath, With all the attributes of death ! No bird the blazing heaven may dare, No insect bide the scorching air ; The ostrich, though of sun-born race, Seeks a more sheltered dwelling- place ; The lion slumbers in his lair, The serpent shuns the noontide glare ; But slowly wind the patient train Of camels o'er the blasted plain, Where they and man may brave alone The terrors of the burning zone. Faint not, O pilgrims ! though on high, As a volcano, flame the sky ; Shrink not, though as a furnace glow The dark-red seas of sand below ; Though not a shadow save your own,
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Across the dread expanse is thrown ;
Mark ! where your feverish lips to
lave,

Wide spreads the fresh transparent
wave !

Urge your tired camels on, and take
Your rest beside yon glistening lake ;
Thence, haply, cooler gales may
spring,

And fan your brows with lighter
wing.

Lo ! nearer now, its glassy tide
Reflects the date tree on its side—
Speed on, pure draughts and genial air
And verdant shade await you there.
Oh, glimpse of heaven ! to him un-
known,

That hath not trod the burning zone !
Forward they press—they gaze dis-
mayed—

The waters of the desert fade !
Melting to vapours that elude
The eye, the lip, they vainly wooed.
What meteor comes ?—a purple haze
Hath half obscured the noontide
rays :

Onward it moves in swift career,
A blush upon the atmosphere ;
Haste, haste ! avert the impending
doom,

Fall prostrate ! 'tis the dread si-
moom !

Bow down your faces—till the blast
On its red wing of flame hath passed,
Far bearing o'er the sandy wave
The viewless Angel of the Grave.

It came—'tis vanished—but hath
left

The wanderers e'en of hope bereft ;
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
Pride, courage, strength, its power
could tame.

Faint with despondence, worn with
toil,

They sink upon the burning soil,
Resigned, amidst those realms of
gloom,

To find their deathbed and their
tomb.

But onward still !—yon distant
spot

Of verdure can deceive you not ;
Yon palms, which tremulously seemed
Reflected as the waters gleamed,

Along the horizon's verge displayed,
Still rear their slender colonnade—
A landmark, guiding o'er the plain
The caravan's exhausted train.

Fair is that little isle of bliss,
The desert's emerald oasis !

A rainbow on the torrent's wave,
A gem embosomed in the grave,

A sunbeam on a stormy day,
Its beauty's image might convey !

Beauty, in horror's lap that sleeps,
While silence round her vigil keeps.

—Rest, weary pilgrims ! calmly laid
To slumber in the acacia shade :

Rest, where the shrubs your camels
bruise,

Their aromatic breath diffuse ;

Where softer light the sunbeams pour
Through the tall palm and sycamore ;

And the rich date luxuriant spreads
Its pendent clusters o'er your heads.

Nature once more, to seal your eyes,
Murmurs her sweetest lullabies ;

Again each heart the music hails

Of rustling leaves and sighing gales,
Oh oh ! to Afric's child how dear

The voice of fountains gushing near !
Sweet be your slumbers ! and your

dreams

Of waving groves and rippling
streams !

Far be the serpent's venom'd coil
From the brief respite won by toil ;

Far be the awful shades of those

Who deep beneath the sands repose—
The hosts, to whom the desert's

breath

Bore swift and stern the call of death.
Sleep ! nor may scorching blast in-
vade,

The freshness of the acacia shade,
But gales of heaven your spirits

bless,

With life's best balm—Forgetfulness !
Till night from many an urn diffuse

The treasures of her world of dews.

The day hath closed—the moon on
high

Walks in her cloudless majesty.

A thousand stars to Afric's heaven
Serene magnificence have given ;

Pure beacons of the sky, whose flame
Shines forth eternally the same.

Blest be their beams, whose holy
light

Shall guide the camel's footsteps
right,

And lead, as with a track divine,
The pilgrim to his prophet's shrine !
—Rise ! bid your Isle of Palms
adieu !

Again your lonely march pursue,
While airs of night are freshly blowing,
And heavens with softer beauty
glowing.

—'Tis silence all : the solemn scene
Wears, at each step, a ruder mien ;
For giant rocks, at distance piled,
Cast their deep shadows o'er the wild.
Darkly they rise—what eye hath
viewed

The caverns of their solitude ?
Away ! within those awful cells
The savage lord of Afric dwells !
Heard ye his voice ?—the lion's roar
Swell as when billows break on
shore.

Well may the camel shake with fear,
And the steed pant—his foe is near ;
Haste ! light the torch, bid watch-
fires throw,

Far o'er the waste, a ruddy glow ;
Keep vigil—guard the bright array,
Of flames that scare him from his
prey ;

Within their magic circle press,
O wanderers of the wilderness !
Heap high the pile, and by its blaze
Tell the wild tales of elder days.

Arabia's wondrous lore—that dwells
On warrior deeds, and wizard spells ;
Enchanted domes, 'mid scenes like
these,

Rising to vanish with the breeze ;
Gardens, whose fruits are gems, that
shed

Their light where mortal may not
tread,

And spirits, o'er whose pearly halls
The eternal billow heaves and falls.

—With charms like these, of mystic
power,
Watchers ! beguile the midnight
hour.

—Slowly that hour hath rolled away,
And star by star withdraws its ray.
Dark children of the sun ! again
Your own rich orient hails his reign.
He comes, but veiled—with sanguine
glare

Tinging the mists that load the air ;
Sounds of dismay, and signs of
flame,

The approaching hurricane proclaim.
'Tis death's red banner streams on
high—

Fly to the rocks for shelter !—fly !
Lo ! darkening o'er the fiery skies,
The pillars of the desert rise !

On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
A giant host, the heavens concealing,
They move, like mighty Genie forms,
Towering immense 'midst clouds and
storms.

Who shall escape ?—with awful
force

The whirlwind bears them on their
course ;

They join, they rush resistless on,
The landmarks of the plain are gone ;
The steps, the forms, from earth
effaced,

Of those who trod the burning waste !
All whelmed, all hushed :—none left
to bear

Sad record how they perished there !
No stone their tale of death shall tell—
The desert guards its mysteries well ;
And o'er the unfathomed sandy deep,
Where low their nameless relics sleep,
Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,
Nor know his steps are on the dead.

MARIUS AMONGST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

[Marius, during the time of his exile, seeking refuge in Africa, had landed at Carthage, when an officer, sent by the Roman governor of Africa, came and thus addressed him: "Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as a public enemy." Marius, upon hearing this, was struck dumb with grief and indignation. He uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length the officer inquired what answer he should carry to the governor. "Go and tell him," said the unfortunate man, with a sigh, "that thou hast seen the exiled Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."—PLUTARCH.]

'Twas noon, and Afric's dazzling sun
on high,
With fierce resplendence filled the
unclouded sky;
No zephyr waved the palm's majestic
head,
And smooth alike the seas and deserts
spread;
While desolate, beneath a blaze of
light,
Silent and lonely as at dead of night,
The wreck of Carthage lay. Her
prostrate fanes
Had strewed their precious marble
o'er the plains;
Dark weeds and grass the column
had o'ergrown,
The lizard basked upon the altar
stone;
Whelmed by the ruins of their own
abodes,
Had sunk the forms of heroes and of
gods;
While near, dread offspring of the
burning day!
Coiled 'midst forsaken halls, the
serpent lay.

There came an exile, long by fate
pursued,
To shelter in that awful solitude.
Well did that wanderer's high yet
faded mien,
Suit the sad grandeur of the desert
scene;
Shadowed, not veiled, by locks of
wintry snow,
Pride sat, still mighty, on his furrowed
brow;
Time had not quenched the terrors
of his eye,
Nor tamed his glance of fierce ascen-
dancy;
While the deep meaning of his features
told

Ages of thought had o'er his spirit
rolled,
Nor dimmed the fire that might not
be controlled;
And still did power invest his stately
form,
Shattered, but yet unconquered, by
the storm.

But slow his step—and where, not
yet o'erthrown,
Still towered a pillar 'midst the waste
alone,
Faint with long toil, his weary limbs
he laid,
To slumber in its solitary shade.
He slept—and darkly, on his brief
repose,
The indignant genius of the scene
arose.
Clouds robbed his dim unearthly form,
and spread
Mysterious gloom around his crown-
less head—
Crownless, but regal still. With
stern disdain
The kingly shadow seems to lift his
chain,
Gazed on the palm, his ancient
sceptre torn,
And his eye kindled with immortal
scorn!

"And sleepest thou, Roman?"
cried his voice austere;
"Shall son of Latium find a refuge
here?
Awake! arise! to speed the hour of
Fate,
When Rome shall fall, as Carthage
desolate!
Go! with her children's flower, the
free, the brave,
People the silent chambers of the
grave;

So shall the course of ages yet to be,
More swiftly wait the day, avenging
me !

" Yes, from the awful gulf of
years to come,
I hear a voice that prophesies her
doom ;

I see the trophies of her pride decay,
And her long line of triumphs pass
away,

Lost in the depths of time—while
sinks the star

That led her march of heroes from
afar !

Lo ! from the frozen forests of the
North,

The sons of slaughter pour in myriads
forth !

Who shall awake the mighty ?—will
thy woe,

City of thrones ! disturb the realms
below ?

Call on the dead to hear thee ! let
thy cries

Summon their shadowy legions to
arise,

Array the ghosts of conquerors on
thy walls !

[halls,
—Barbarians revel in their ancient
And their lost children bend the
subject knee,

'Midst the proud tombs and trophies
of the free.

Bird of the sun ! dread eagle ! borne
on high,

A creature of the empyreal—thou,
whose eye

Was lightning to the earth—whose
pinion waved

In haughty triumph o'er a world
enslaved ;

Sink from thy heavens ! for glory's
noon is o'er,

And rushing storms shall bear thee
on no more !

Closed is thy regal course—thy crest
is torn,

And thy plume vanished from the
realms of morn.

The shaft hath reached thee !—rest
with chiefs and kings,

Who conquered in the shadow of thy
wings ;

Sleep ! while thy foes exult around
their prey,

And share thy glorious heritage of
day !

But darker years shall mingle with
the past,

And deeper vengeance shall be mine
at last.

O'er the seven hills I see destruction
spread,

And Empire's widow veils with dust
her head !

Her gods forsake each desolated
shrine,

Her temples moulder to the earth,
like mine :

'Midst fallen palaces she sits alone,
Calling heroic shades from ages gone,

Or bids the nations 'midst her deserts
wait

To learn the fearful oracles of Fate !

" Still sleepest thou, Roman ?
Son of Victory, rise !

Wake to obey the avenging Destinies !
Shed by thy mandate, soon thy

country's blood
Shall swell and darken Tiber's yellow

flood !
My children's manès call—awake !

prepare
The feast they claim !—exult in

Rome's despair !
Be thine ear closed against her

suppliant cries,
Bid thy soul triumph in her agonies ;

Let carnage revel, e'en her shrines
among,

Spare not the valiant, pity not the
young !

Haste ! o'er her hills the sword's
libation shed,

And wreak the curse of Carthage on
her head ! "

The vision flies—a mortal step is
near,

Whose echoes vibrate on the slum-
berer's ear ;

He starts, he wakes to woe—before
him stands

The unwelcome messenger of harsh
commands,

Whose faltering accents tell the
exiled chief,

To seek on other shores a home for
grief.

—Silent the wanderer sat—but on
his cheek

The burning glow far more than words
might speak ;
And, from the kindling of his eye,
there broke
Language, where all the indignant
soul awoke,
Till his deep thought found voice—
then, calmly stern,
And sovereign in despair, he cried,
" Return !
Tell him who sent thee hither, thou
hast seen
Marius, the exile, rest where Carthage
once had been ! "

SONG

FOUNDED ON AN ARABIAN ANECDOTE

AWAY ! though still thy sword is red
With lifeblood from my sire,
No drop of mine may now be shed
To quench my bosom's fire ;
Though on my heart 'twould fall more
blest
Than dew upon the desert's
breast.

I've sought thee 'midst the sons of
men,
Through the wide city's fanes ;
I've sought thee by the lion's den,
O'er pathless, boundless plains ;
No step that marked the burning
waste,
But mine its lonely course hath
traced.

Thy name hath been a baleful spell
O'er my dark spirit cast ;
No thought may dream, no words
may tell,
What there unseen hath passed :
This withered cheek, this faded eye,
Are seals of thee—behold ! and fly !

Hath not my cup for thee been poured,
Beneath the palm-tree's shade ?
Hath not soft sleep thy frame
restored,

Within my dwelling laid ?
What though unknown—yet who
shall rest
Secure—if not the Arab's guest ?

Haste thee ! and leave my threshold
floor
Inviolat and pure !

Let not thy presence tempt me
more,—

Man may not thus endure !
Away ! I bear a fettered arm,
A heart that burns—but must not
harm !

Begone ! outstrip the swift gazelle !
The wind in speed subdue !
Fear cannot fly so swift, so well,
As vengeance shall pursue ;
And hate, like love, in parting pain,
Smiles o'er *one* hope—we meet again !

To-morrow—and the avenger's hand,
The warrior's dart is free !
E'en now, no spot in all thy land,
Save *this*, had sheltered thee :
Let blood the monarch's hall pro-
fane,—

The Arab's tent must bear no stain !

Fly ! may the desert's fiery blast
Avoid thy secret way !
And sternly, till thy steps be past,
Its whirlwinds sleep to-day !
I would not that thy doom should be
Assigned by Heaven to aught but me.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH

[The beautiful constellation of the Cross is seen only in the southern hemisphere. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to it by a Spanish traveller in South America.]

In the silence and grandeur of mid-
night I tread,
Where savannas, in boundless mag-
nificence, spread,
And bearing sublimely their snow
wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the
sky.

The fir tree waves o'er me, the fire-
flies' red light
With its quick-glancing splendour
illuminates the night ;
And I read in each tint of the skies
and the earth
How distant my steps from the land
of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lodestars re-
splendently burn
In their clear depths of blue, with
devotion I turn,

Bright Cross of the South ! and be-
holding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the
olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er
the main
My fathers unfolded the ensign of
Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions
that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazoned
in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the ocean
unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful,
and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheered by
thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous
sleep !

As the vision that rose to the lord of
the world,
When first his bright banner of
faith was unfurled ;
Even such, to the heroes of Spain,
when their prow
Made the billows the path of their
glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world
of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness
that rest,
By forests and rivers untamed in
their pride,
Thy hues have a language, thy course
is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far
distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can
enlighten it not ;
And the eyes that I love, though
e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can
gaze not on thee !

But thou to my thoughts are a pure-
blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes, and of
visions divine ;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting
and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle
with thee.

THE SLEEPER OF MARATHON

I LAY upon the solemn plain,
And by the funeral mound,
Where those who died not there in
vain,
Their place of sleep had found.

'Twas silent where the free blood
gushed,
When Persia came arrayed—
So many a voice had there been
hushed,
So many a footstep stayed.

I slumbered on the lonely spot
So sanctified by death :
I slumbered—but my rest was not
As theirs who lay beneath.

For on my dreams, that shadowy
hour,
They rose—the chainless dead—
All armed they sprang, in joy, in
power,
Up from their grassy bed.

I saw their spears, on that red field,
Flash as in time gone by—
Chased to the seas without his shield,
I saw the Persian fly.

I woke—the sudden trumpet's blast
Called to another fight—
From visions of our glorious past,
Who doth not wake in might ?

TO MISS F. A. L.

ON HER BIRTHDAY

WHAT wish can friendship form for
thee,
What brighter star invoke to
shine ?
Thy path from every thorn is free,
And every rose is thine !

Life hath no purer joy in store,
Time hath no sorrow to efface ;
Hope cannot paint one blessing more
Than memory can retrace !

Some hearts a boding fear might own,
Had Fate to *them* thy portion given,
Since many an eye by tears alone
Is taught to gaze on Heaven !

And there are virtues oft concealed,
Till roused by anguish from repose,

As odorous trees no balm will yield
Till from their wounds it flows.

But fear not *thou* the lesson fraught
With Sorrow's chastening power
to know ;

Thou needest not thus be sternly
taught,
" To melt at others' woe."

Then still, with heart as blest, as
warm,

Rejoice thou in thy lot on earth :
Ah ! why should virtue dread the
storm,
If *sunbeams* prove her worth ?

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF THE ALBUM OF THE SAME

WHAT first should consecrate as
thine,

The volume, destined to be fraught
With many a sweet and playful line,
With many a pure and pious
thought ?

It should be, what a loftier strain
Perchance less meetly would im-
part ;

What never yet was poured in vain,—
The blessing of a grateful heart—

For kindness, which hath soothed the
hour

Of anxious grief, of weary pain,
And oft, with its beguiling power,
Taught languid Hope to smile
again.

Long shall that fervent blessing rest
On thee and thine, and heaven-
wards borne,

Call down such peace to soothe *thy*
breast,
As *thou* wouldst bear to all that
mourn.

TO THE SAME

ON THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER

SAY not 'tis fruitless, nature's holy
tear,
Shed by affection o'er a parent's
bier !

By earthly sorrow strengthened for
the skies,

Till the sad heart, whose pangs exalt
its love,

With its lost treasure, seeks a home—
above.

But grief will claim her hour,—and
He, Whose eye

Looks pitying down on nature's
agony,

He, in Whose love the righteous calmly
sleep,

Who bids us hope, forbids us not to
weep !

He, too, hath wept—and sacred be
the woes

Once borne by Him, their inmost
source Who knows,

Searches each wound, and bids His
Spirit bring

Celestial healing on its dovelike
wing !

And who but He shall soothe, when
one dread stroke,

Ties, that were fibres of the soul, hath
broke ?

Oh ! well may those, yet lingering
here, deplore

The vanished light, that cheers their
path no more !

The Almighty hand, which many a
blessing dealt,

Sends its keen arrows not to be un-
felt !

By fire and storm Heaven tries the
Christian's worth,

And joy departs, to wean us from the
earth,

Where still too long, with beings
born to die,

Time hath dominion o'er Eternity.

Yet not the less, o'er all the heart hath
lost,

Shall Faith rejoice when Nature
grieves the most ;

Then comes her triumph ! through
the shadowy gloom,

Her star in glory rises from the tomb,
Mounts to the dayspring, leaves the
cloud below,

And gilds the tears that cease not yet
to flow !

Yes, all is o'er ! fear, doubt, suspense
are fled,

Let brighter thoughts be with the
virtuous dead !
The final ordeal of the soul is past,
And the pale brow is sealed to Heaven
at last !

And thou, loved spirit ! for the skies
mature,
Steadfast in faith, in meek devotion
pure ;
Thou that didst make the home thy
presence blest,
Bright with the sunshine of thy gentle
breast,
Where peace a holy dwelling-place
had found,
Whence beamed her smile benign-
antly around ; [bereft
Thou, that to bosoms widowed and
Dear, precious records of thy worth
hast left,
The treasured gem of sorrowing
hearts to be,
Till Heaven recall surviving love to
thee !

O cherished and revered ! fond
memory well
On thee, with sacred, sad delight,
may dwell !
So pure, so blest thy life, that death
alone
Could make more perfect happiness
thine own ;
More blest than dew on Hermon's
brow that falls,
Each drop to life some latent virtue
calls ;
Awakes some purer hope, ordained
to rise,
He came—thy cup of joy, serenely
bright,
Full to the last, still flowed in cloud-
less light ; [high
He came—an angel, bearing from on
The all it wanted—Immortality !

A DIRGE

WEEP for the early lost !—
How many flowers were mingled in
the crown

Thus, with the lovely, to the grave
gone down,
E'en when life promised most,
How many hopes have withered—
they that bow
To Heaven's dread will, feel all its
mysteries now.

Did the young mother's eye,
Behold her child, and close upon the
day,
Ere from its glance the awakening
spirit's ray
In sunshine could reply ?—
Then look for clouds to dim the
fairest morn !
Oh ! strong is faith, if woe like this
be borne.

For there is hushed on earth
A voice of gladness—there is veiled a
face,
Whose parting leaves a dark and
silent place,
By the once-joyous hearth.
A smile hath passed, which filled
its home with light,
A soul, whose beauty made that
smile so bright !

But there *is* power with faith !
Power, e'en though nature o'er the
untimely grave
Must weep, when God resumes the
gem He gave ;
For sorrow comes of Death,
And with a yearning heart we linger
on,
When they, whose glance unlocked
its founts, are gone !

But glory from the dust,
And praise to Him, the merciful, for
those
On whose bright memory love may
still repose,
With an immortal trust !
Praise for the dead, who leave us,
when they part,
Such hope as she hath left—" the
pure in heart."

THE MAREMMA

NILLO DELLA PIETRA had espoused a lady of noble family at Sienna, named Madonna Pia. Her beauty was the admiration of Tuscany, and excited in the heart of her husband a jealousy which, exasperated by false reports and groundless suspicions, at length drove him to the desperate resolution of Othello. It is difficult to decide whether the lady was quite innocent, but so Dante represents her. Her husband brought her into the Maremma, which, then as now, was a district destructive of health. He never told his unfortunate wife the reason of her banishment to so dangerous a country. He did not deign to utter complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in cold silence, without answering her questions, or listening to her remonstrances. He patiently waited till the pestilential air should destroy the health of this young lady. In a few months she died. Some chronicles, indeed, tell us that Nello used the dagger to hasten her death. It is certain that he survived her, plunged in sadness and perpetual silence. Dante had, in this incident, all the materials of an ample and very poetical narrative. But he bestows on it only four verses. He meets in Purgatory three spirits: one was a captain who fell fighting on the same side with him in the battle of Campaldino; the second, a gentleman assassinated by the treachery of the House of Este; the third was a woman unknown to the poet, and who, after the others had spoken, turned towards him with these words:—

“Recorditi di me; che son la Pia,
Sienna mi fe, disfecemi Maremma,
Salsi colui che inanellata pria
Disponando m' avea con la sua gemma.”

Purgatorio, canto 5.

—*Edinburgh Review, No. LVIII.]*

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

THERE are bright scenes beneath
Italian skies,
Where glowing suns their purest
light diffuse,
Uncultured flowers in wild profusion
rise,

And nature lavishes her warmest
hues;
But trust thou not her smile, her
balmy breath,
Away! her charms are but the
pomp of Death!

He, in the vine-clad bowers, unseen is
dwelling,
Where the cool shade its freshness
round thee throws,
His voice, in every perfumed zephyr
swelling;

With gentlest whisper lures thee to
repose:
And the soft sounds that through the
foliage sigh,
But woo thee still to slumber and to
die.

Mysterious danger lurks, a siren,
there,
Nor robed in terrors, or announced
in gloom,
But stealing o'er thee in the scented
air,

And veiled in flowers, that smile to
deck thy tomb;
How may we deem, amidst their deep
array,
That heaven and earth but flatter to
betray?

Sunshine, and bloom, and verdure!
Can it be,
That these but charm us with des-
tructive wiles?
Where shall we turn, O Nature, if in
thee

Danger is masked in beauty—death
in smiles?
Oh! still the Circe of that fatal shore,
Where she, the sun's bright daughter,
dwelt of yore!

There, year by year, that secret
peril spreads,
Disguised in loveliness, its baleful
reign,
And viewless blights o'er many a
landscape sheds,
Gay with the riches of the south, in
vain,
O'er fairy bowers and palaces of
state,
Passing unseen, to leave them deso-
late.

And pillared halls, whose airy colon-
nades
Were formed to echo music's choral
tone,
Are silent now, amidst deserted
shades,
Peopled by sculpture's graceful forms
alone ;
And fountains dash unheard, by lone
alcoves,
Neglected templ and forsaken
groves.

And there, where marble nymphs, in
beauty gleaming,
'Midst the deep shades of plane and
cypress rise,
By wave or grot might Fancy linger,
dreaming
Of old Arcadia's woodland deities,—
Wild visions!—there no sylvan
powers convene,—
Death reigns the genius of the
Elysian scene.

Ye, too, illustrious hills of Rome !
that bear
Traces of mightier beings on your
brow,
O'er you that subtle spirit of the air
Extends the desert of his empire
now ;
Broods o'er the wrecks of altar, fane,
and dome,
And makes the Cæsar's ruined halls
his home.

Youth, valour, beauty, oft have felt
his power,
His crowned and chosen victims :
o'er their lot
Hath fond affection wept each
blighted flower
In turn was loved and mourned,
and is forgot.
But one who perished, left a tale of
woe,
Meet for as deep a sigh as pity can
bestow.

A voice of music, from Sienna's walls,
Is floating joyous on the summer air,
And there are banquets in her stately
halls,
And graceful revels of the gay and
fair,

And brilliant wreaths the altar have
arrayed,
Where meet her noblest youth and
loveliest maid.

To that young bride each grace hath
Nature given,
Which glows on Art's divinest
dream,—her eye
Hath a pure sunbeam of her native
heaven—
Her cheek a tinge of morning's
richest dye ;
Fair as that daughter of the south,
whose form
Still breathes and charms, in Vinci's
colours warm.

But is she blest ?—for sometimes o'er
her smile
A soft sweet shade of pensiveness is
cast ;
And in her liquid glance their seems
awhile
To dwell some thought whose soul is
with the past ;
Yet soon it flies—a cloud that leaves
no trace,
On the sky's azure, of its dwelling-
place.

Perchance, at times, within her heart
may rise
Remembrance of some early love or
woe,
Faded, yet scarce forgotten—in her
eyes
Wakening the half-formed tear that
may not flow ;
Yet radiant seems her lot as aught
on earth,
Where still some pining thought
comes darkly o'er our mirth.

The world before her smiles—its
changeeful gaze
She hath not proved as yet ; her
path seems gay
With flowers and sunshine, and the
voice of praise
Is still the joyous herald of her way ;
And beauty's light around her
dwells, to throw
O'er every scene its own resplendent
glow.

Such is the young Bianca—graced
with all
That nature, fortune, youth, at once
can give ;
Pure in her loveliness—her looks
recall
Such dreams, as ne'er life's early
bloom survive ;
And, when she speaks, each thrilling
tone is fraught
With sweetness, born of high and
heavenly thought.

And he to whom are breathed her
vows of faith
Is brave and noble—child of high
descent,
He hath stood fearless in the ranks
of death,
'Mid slaughtered heaps, the warrior's
monument :
And proudly marshalled his Carro-
cio's way,
Amidst the wildest wreck of war's
array.

And his the chivalrous, commanding
mien,
Where high-born grandeur blends
with courtly grace ;
Yet may a lightning glance at times
be seen,
Of fiery passions, darting o'er his
face,
And fierce the spirit kindling in his
eye—
But e'en while yet we gaze, its quick,
wild flashes die.

And calmly can Pietra smile, conceal-
ing,
As if forgotten, vengeance, hate,
remorse ;
And veil the workings of each darker
feeling,
Deep in his soul concentrating its
force :
But yet, he loves—O ! who hath
loved, nor known
Affection's power exalt the bosom
all its own ?

The days roll on—and still Bianca's
lot
Seems as a path of Eden—thou
mightst deem

That grief, the mighty chastener,
had forgot
To wake her soul from life's enchanted
dream ;
And, if her brow a moment's sadness
wear,
It sheds but grace more intellectual
there.

A few short years, and all is changed
—her fate
Seems with some deep mysterious
cloud o'ercast.
Have jealous doubts transformed, to
wrath and hate,
The love whose glow expression's
power surpassed ?
Lo ! on Pietra's brow a sullen gloom
Is gathering day by day, prophetic
of her doom.

O ! can he meet that eye, of light
serene,
Whence the pure spirit looks in
radiance forth,
And view that bright intelligence of
mien
Formed to express but thoughts of
loftiest worth,
Yet deem that vice within that heart
can reign ?
—How shall he e'er confide in aught
on earth again ?

In silence oft, with strange vindictive
gaze,
Transient, yet filled with meaning,
stern and wild,
Her features, calm in beauty, he
surveys,
Then turns away, and fixes on her
child
So dark a glance, as thrills a mother's
mind
With some vague fear, scarce owned,
and undefined.

There stands a lonely dwelling, by the
wave
Of the blue deep which bathes Italia's
shore,
Far from all sounds, but rippling
seas that lave
Grey rocks with foliage richly shad-
owed o'er,
And sighing winds, that murmur
through the wood,

Fringing the beach of that Hesperian flood. Fair is that house of solitude—and fair The green Maremma, far around it spread, A sun-bright waste of beauty—yet an air Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed, No human footstep tracks the lone domain, The desert of luxuriance glows in vain. And silent are the marble halls that rise 'Mid founts, and cypress walks, and olive groves : All sleeps in sunshine, 'neath cerulean skies, And still around the sea-breeze lightly roves ; Yet every trace of man reveals alone, That there life once hath flourished—and is gone. There, till around them slowly, softly stealing, The summer air, deceit in every sigh, Came fraught with death, its power no sign revealing, Thy sires, Pietra, dwelt, in days gone by ; And strains of mirth and melody have flowed Where stands, all voiceless now, the still abode. And thither doth her lord, remorseless, bear Bianca with her child—his altered eye And brow a stern and fearful calmness wear, While his dark spirit seals their doom—to die ; And the deep bodings of his victim's heart, Tell her, from fruitless hope at once to part. It is the summer's glorious prime—and blending Its blue transparence with the skies, the deep,	Each tint of heaven upon its breast descending, Scarce murmurs as it heaves, in glassy sleep, And on its wave reflects, more softly bright, That lovely shore of solitude and light. Fragrance in each warm southern gale is breathing, Decked with young flowers the rich Maremma glows, Neglected vines the trees are wildly wreathing, And the fresh myrtle in exuberance blows, [bloom And far around, a deep and sunny Mantles the scene, as garlands robe the tomb. Yes ! 'tis <i>thy</i> tomb, Bianca ! fairest flower ! The voice that calls thee speaks in every gale, Which o'er thee breathing with insidious power, Bids the young roses of thy cheek turn pale ; And, fatal in its softness, day by day, Steals from that eye some trembling spark away. But sink not yet ; for there are darker woes, Daughter of beauty ! in thy spring-morn fading, Sufferings more keen for thee reserved than those Of lingering death, which thus thine eye are shading ! Nerve, then, thy heart to meet that bitter lot ; 'Tis agony—but soon to be forgot ! What deeper pangs maternal hearts can wring, Than hourly to behold the spoiler's breath Shedding, as mildews on the bloom of spring, O'er Infancy's fair cheek the blight of death ? To gaze and shrink, as gathering shades o'er cast The pale smooth brow, yet watch it to the last !
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Such pangs were thine, young mother !
 —Thou didst bend
 O'er thy fair boy, and raise his droop-
 ing head ;
 And faint and hopeless, far from
 every friend,
 Keep thy sad midnight vigils near his
 bed,
 And watch his patient, supplicating
 eye,
 Fixed upon thee—on thee !—who
 couldst no aid supply !

There was no voice to cheer thy lonely
 woe
 Through those dark hours—to thee
 the wind's low sigh,
 And the taint murmur of the ocean's
 flow,
 Came like some spirit whispering—
 “ He must die ! ”
 And thou didst vainly clasp him to
 the breast
 His young and sunny smile so oft with
 hope had blest.

'Tis past—that fearful trial—he is
 gone ;
 But thou, sad mourner ! hast not
 long to weep ;
 The hour of nature's chartered peace
 comes on,
 And thou shalt share thine infant's
 holy sleep.
 A few short sufferings yet—and death
 shall be
 As a bright messenger from heaven
 to thee.

But ask not—hope not—one relenting
 thought
 From him who doomed thee thus to
 waste away,
 Whose heart, with sullen, speechless
 vengeance fraught,
 Broods in dark triumph o'er thy slow
 decay ;
 And coldly, sternly, silently can
 trace
 The gradual withering of each youth-
 ful grace.

And yet the day of vain remorse shall
 come,
 When thou, bright victim ! on his
 dreams shalt rise
 As an accusing angel—and thy tomb,

A martyr's shrine, be hallowed in his
 eyes !
 Then shall thine innocence his bosom
 wring,
 More than thy fancied guilt with
 jealous pangs could sting.

Lift thy meek eyes to heaven—for all
 on earth,
 Young sufferer ! fades before thee—
 Thou art lone—
 Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly
 on thy birth,
 Thine hour of death is all Affliction's
 own !
 It is our task to suffer—and our fate
 To learn that mighty lesson, soon or
 late.

The season's glory fades—the vintage-
 lay
 Through joyous Italy resounds no
 more ;
 But mortal loveliness hath passed
 away,
 Fairer than aught in summer's
 glowing store.
 Beauty and youth are gone—behold
 them such
 As death hath made them with his
 blighting touch !

The summer's breath came o'er them
 —and they died !
 Softly it came to give luxuriance
 birth,
 Called forth young nature in her festal
 pride,
 But bore to them their summons
 from the earth !
 Again shall blow that mild, delicious
 breeze,
 And wake to life and light all flowers
 —but these.

No sculptured urn, nor verse thy
 virtues telling,
 O lost and loveliest one ! adorns thy
 grave ;
 But o'er that humble cypress-shaded
 dwelling
 The dewdrops glisten, and the wild-
 flowers wave—
 Emblems more meet, in transient
 light and bloom,
 For thee, who thus didst pass in
 brightness to the tomb !

A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

A FRAGMENT

THE moonbeam, quivering o'er the
wave,
Sleeps in pale gold on wood and
hill,
The wild wind slumbers in its cave,
And heaven is cloudless—earth is
still!

The pile, that crowns yon savage
height

With battlements of Gothic might,
Rises in softer pomp arrayed,
Its massy towers half lost in shade,
Half touched with mellowing light!

The rays of night, the tints of time,
Soft-mingling on its dark-grey
stone,

O'er its rude strength and mien sub-
lime,

A placid smile have thrown;
And far beyond, where wild and high,
Bounding the pale blue summer sky,
A mountain vista meets the eye,
Its dark, luxuriant woods assume
A pencilled glade, a softer gloom;
Its jutting cliffs have caught the
light,

Its torrents glitter through the night,
While every cave and deep recess,
Frowns in more shadowy awfulness.

Scarce moving on the glassy deep,
Yon gallant vessel seems to sleep,

But darting from its side,
How swiftly does its boat design
A slender, silvery, waving line
Of radiance o'er the tide!

No sound is on the summer seas,
But the low dashing of the oar,
And faintly sighs the midnight breeze
Through woods that fringe the
rocky shore.

That boat has reached the silent bay,
The dashing oar has ceased to play,
The breeze has murmured and has
died

In forest shades, on ocean's tide.
No step, no tone, no breath of sound
Disturbs the loneliness profound;
And midnight spreads o'er earth and
main

A calm so holy and so deep,

That voice of mortal were profane,
To break on nature's sleep!
It is the hour for thought to soar,
High o'er the cloud of earthly woes;
For rapt devotion to adore,
For passion to repose;
And virtue to forget her tears,
In visions of sublimer spheres!
For oh! those transient gleams of
heaven,

To calmer, purer spirits given,
Children of hallowed peace, are known
In solitude and shade alone!
Like flowers that shun the blaze of
noon,

To blow beneath the midnight moon,
The garish world they will not bless,
But only live in loneliness!

Hark! did some note of plaintive
swell

Melt on the stillness of the air?
Or was it fancy's powerful spell
That woke such sweetness there?
For wild and distant it arose,
Like sounds that bless the bard's
repose,

When in lone wood or mossy cave
He dreams beside some fountain-
wave,

And fairy worlds delight the eyes
Wearied with life's realities.
—Was it illusion?—yet again
Rises and falls the enchanted strain
Mellow, and sweet, and faint,
As if some spirit's touch had given
The soul of sound to harp of heaven
To soothe a dying saint!
Is it the mermaid's distant shell,
Warbling beneath the moonlit
wave?

—Such witching tones might lure
full well

The seaman to his grave!
Sure from no mortal touch ye rise,
Wild, soft, aerial melodies!

—Is it the song of woodland fay
From sparry grot, or haunted
bower?

Hark! floating on, the magic lay
Draws near yon ivied tower!
Now nearer still, the listening ear

May catch sweet harp notes, faint,
yet clear ;
And accents low, as if in fear,
Thus murmur, half suppressed :—
“ Awake ! the moon is bright on
high,
The sea is calm, the bark is nigh,
The world is hushed to rest ! ”
Then sinks the voice—the strain is
o'er,
Its last low cadence dies along the
shore.

Fair Bertha hears the expected song,
Swift from her tower she glides along ;
No echo to her tread awakes,
Her fairy step no slumber breaks,
And, in that hour of silence deep,
While all around the dews of sleep
O'erpower each sense, each eyelid
steep,
Quick throbs her heart with hope
and fear,
Her dark eye glistens with a tear.
Half-wavering now, the varying
cheek
And sudden pause her doubts be-
speak,
The lip now flushed, now pale as
death,
The trembling frame, the fluttering
breath !
Oh ! in that moment, o'er her soul,
What struggling passions claim con-
trol !

Fear, duty, love, in conflict high,
By turns have won the ascendancy ;
And as, all tremulously bright,
Streams o'er her face the beam of
night,
What thousand mixed emotions play
O'er that fair face, and melt away :
Like forms whose quick succession
gleams
O'er fancy's rainbow-tinted dreams ;
Like the swift glancing lights that
rise
'Midst the wild cloud of stormy
skies,

And traverse ocean o'er ;
So in that full, impassioned eye
The changeful meanings rise and
die,

Just seen—and then no more !
But oh ! too short that pause—
again

Thrills to her heart that witching
strain :—
“ Awake ! the midnight moon is
bright ;
Awake ! the moments wing their
flight ;
Haste ! or they speed in vain ! ”

O call of love ! thy potent spell
O'er that weak heart prevails too
well ;
The “ still small voice ” is heard no
more

That pleaded duty's cause before,
And fear is hushed, and doubt is
gone,
And pride forgot, and reason flown !
Her cheek, whose colour came and
fled,

Resumes its warmest, brightest red,
Her step its quick elastic tread,
Her eye its beaming smile !
Through lonely court and silent hall
Flits her light shadow o'er the wall,
And still that low, harmonious call
Melts on her ear the while !
Though love's quick ear alone could
tell

The words its accents faintly swell :—
“ Awake, while yet the lingering
night

And stars and seas befriend our
flight,

O ! haste, while all is well !

The halls, the courts, the gates, are
past,
She gains the moonlit beach at last.
Who waits to guide her trembling
feet ?

Who flies the fugitive to greet ?
He, to her youthful heart endeared
By all it e'er had hoped and feared,
Twined with each wish, with every
thought,

Each day-dream fancy e'er had
wrought,
Whose tints portray, with flattering
skill,

What brighter worlds alone fulfil !
—Alas ! that aught so fair should fly,
Thy blighting wand, Reality !

A chieftain's mien her Osbert bore,
A pilgrim's lowly robes he wore,
Disguise that vainly strove to hide

Bearing and glance of martial pride ;
 For he in many a battle scene,
 On many a rampart-breach had
 been ;
 Had sternly smiled at danger nigh,
 Had seen the valiant bleed and die,
 And proudly reared on hostile tower,
 'Midst falchion-clash, and arrowy
 shower,
 Britannia's banner high !
 And though some ancient feud had
 taught
 His Bertha's sire to loathe his
 name,
 More noble warrior never fought
 For glory's prize, or England's
 fame.
 And well his dark, commanding eye,
 And form and step of stately grace,
 Accorded with achievements high.
 Soul of emprise and chivalry,
 Bright name, and generous race !
 His cheek, embrowned by many a
 sun,
 Tells a proud tale of glory won,
 Of vigil, march, and combat rude,
 Valour, and toil, and fortitude !
 E'en while youth's earliest blushes
 threw
 Warm o'er that cheek their vivid hue,
 His gallant soul, his stripling form,
 Had braved the battle's rudest storm ;
 When England's conquering archers
 stood,
 And dyed thy plain, Poitiers, with
 blood,
 When shivered axe, and cloven
 shield,
 And shattered helmet, strewed the
 field,
 And France around her king in vain
 Had marshalled valour's noblest
 train ;
 In that dread strife, his lightning eye
 Had flashed with transport keen and
 high,
 And 'midst the battle's wildest tide,
 Throbbled his young heart with hope
 and pride.
 Alike that fearless heart could brave,
 Death on the war-field or the wave ;
 Alike in tournament or fight,
 That ardent spirit found delight !
 Yet oft, 'midst hostile scenes afar,
 Bright o'er his soul a vision came,
 Rising, like some benignant star,
 On stormy seas, or plains of war,
 To soothe, with hopes more dear
 than fame
 The heart that throbbed to Bertha's
 name !
 And 'midst the wildest rage of fight,
 And in the deepest calm of night,
 To her his thoughts would wing their
 flight,
 With fond devotion warm ;
 Oft would those glowing thoughts
 portray
 Some home, from tumults far away,
 Graced with that angel form !
 And now his spirit fondly deems
 Fulfilled its loveliest, dearest dreams !
 Who, with pale cheek, and locks of
 snow,
 In minstrel garb, attends the chief ?
 The moonbeam on his thoughtful
 brow
 Reveals a shade of grief.
 Sorrow and time have touched his
 face,
 With mournful yet majestic grace,
 Soft as the melancholy smile
 Of sunset on some ruined pile !
 —It is the bard whose song had
 power
 To lure the maiden from her tower ;
 The bard whose wild, inspiring lays,
 E'en in gay childhood's earliest days,
 First woke, in Osbert's kindling
 breast,
 The flame that will not be repress,
 The pulse that throbs for praise !
 Those lays had banished from his
 eye,
 The bright, soft tears of infancy ;
 Had soothed the boy to calm repose,
 Had hushed his bosom's earliest
 woes ;
 And when the light of thought
 awoke, [broke
 When first young reason's dayspring
 More powerful still, they bade arise
 His spirit's burning energies !
 Then the bright dream of glory
 warmed,
 Then the loud pealing war-song
 charmed,
 The legends of each martial line,
 The battle tales of Palestine :
 And oft, since then, *his* deeds had
 proved,

Themes of the lofty lays he loved ! Lest morn's first beam behold them
 Now, at triumphant love's command, there.
 Since Osbert leaves his native land, --Wake, viewless wanderer ! breeze
 Forsaking glory's high career of night,
 For her, than glory far more dear ; From river-wave, or mountain height,
 Since hope's gay dream, and meteor Or dew-bright couch of moss and
 ray, flowers,
 To distant regions points the way, By haunted spring, in forest bowers ;
 That there Affection's hands may dress Or dost thou lurk in pearly cell,
 A fairy bower for happiness ; In amber grot, where mermaids dwell,
 That fond, devoted bard, though now And caverned gems their lustre throw
 Time's wintry garland wreaths his O'er the red sea-flowers' vivid glow ?
 brow, Where treasures, not for mortal gaze,
 Though quenched the sunbeam of In solitary splendour blaze ;
 his eye, And sounds, ne'er heard by mortal
 And fled his spirit's buoyancy, ear, [sphere ?
 And strength and enterprise are Swell through the deep's unfathomed
 past, What grove of that mysterious world
 Still follows constant to the last ! Holds thy light wing in slumber
 Though his sole wish was but to die furl'd ?
 'Midst the calm scenes of days gone Awake ! o'er glittering seas to rove,
 by ; Awake ! to guide the bark of love !
 And all that hallows and endears Swift fly the midnight hours, and soon
 The memory of departed years— Shall fade the bright propitious
 Sorrow, and joy, and time, have moon ;
 twined Soon shall the waning stars grow
 To those loved scenes, his pensive pale,
 mind ; E'en now—but lo ! the rustling sail
 Ah ! what can tear the links apart, Swells to the new-sprung ocean gale !
 That bind his chieftain to his heart ? The bark glides on—their fears are
 What smile but *his* with joy can light o'er,
 The eye obscured by age's night ? Recedes the bold romantic shore,
 Last of a loved and honoured line, Its features mingling fast ;
 Last tie to earth in life's decline, Gaze, Bertha, gaze, thy lingering eye
 Till death its lingering spark shall May still each lovely scene descry
 dim, Of years for ever past !
 That faithful eye must gaze on him ! There wave the woods, beneath
 whose shade,
 Silent and swift, with footstep light, With bounding step, thy childhood
 Haste on those fugitives of night, played ;
 They reach the boat—the rapid oar 'Midst ferny glades, and mossy
 Soon wafts them from the wooded lawns,
 shore, Free as their native birds and fawns ;
 The bark is gained—a gallant few, Listening the sylvan sounds, that
 Vassals of Osbert, form its crew ; float
 The pennant, in the moonlight beam, On each low breeze, 'midst dells
 With soft suffusion glows ; remote ;
 From the white sail a silvery gleam The ringdove's deep, melodious moan,
 Falls on the wave's repose ; The rustling deer in thickets lone ;
 Long shadows undulating play, The wild-bee's hum, the aspen's sigh
 From mast and streamer, o'er the The wood-stream's plaintive har-
 bay ; mony.
 But still, so hushed the summer air, Dear scenes of many a sportive hour,
 They tremble, 'midst that scene so There thy own mountains darkly
 fair, tower !

'Midst their grey rocks no glen so
rude,
But thou hast loved its solitude !
No path so wild but thou hast known,
And traced its rugged course alone !
The earliest wreath that bound thy
hair,
Was twined of glowing heath-flowers
there.

There, in the dayspring of thy years,
Undimmed by passions or by tears,
Oft, while thy bright, enraptured
eye

Wandered o'er ocean, earth, or sky,
While the wild breeze that round thee
blew,

Tinged thy warm cheek with richer
hue ;

Pure as the skies that o'er thy head
Their clear and cloudless azure spread ;
Pure as that gale, whose light wing
drew

Its freshness from the mountain dew ;
Glowed thy young heart with feelings
high,

A heaven of hallowed ecstasy !
Such days were thine ! ere love had
drawn

A cloud o'er that celestial dawn !
As the clear dews in morning's beam,
With soft reflected colouring stream,
Catch every tint of eastern gem,
To form the rose's diadem ;
But vanish when the noontide hour
Glowed fiercely on the shrinking
flower ;

Thus in thy soul each calm delight,
Like morn's first dewdrops, pure and
bright,

Fled swift from passion's blighting
fire,

Or lingered only to expire !

Spring, on thy native hills again,
Shall bid neglected wildflowers rise,
And call forth, in each grassy glen,
Her brightest emerald dyes !
There shall the lonely mountain-
rose,

Wreath of the cliffs, again disclose ;
'Midst rocky dells, each well-known
stream,

Shall sparkle in the summer beam ;
The birch, o'er precipice and cave,
Its feathery foliage still shall wave ;
The ash 'midst rugged clefts unveil

Its coral clusters to the gale,
And autumn shed a warmer bloom
O'er the rich heath and glowing
broom.

But thy light footstep there no more,
Each path, each dingle shall explore ;
In vain may smile each green recess,
—Who now shall pierce its loneliness ?
The stream through shadowy glens
may stray,
—Who now shall trace its glistening
way ?

In solitude, in silence deep,
Shrined 'midst her rocks, shall
echo sleep,

No lute's wild swell again shall rise,
To wake her mystic melodies.

All soft may blow the mountain air,
—It will not wave thy graceful hair !
The mountain rose may bloom and
die,

—It will not meet thy smiling eye !
But like those scenes of vanished
days,

Shall others ne'er delight ;
Far lovelier lands shall meet thy gaze,
Yet seem not half so bright !

O'er the dim woodland's fading hue,
Still gleams yon Gothic pile on
high ;

Gaze on, while yet 'tis thine to view
That home of infancy !

Heed not the night-dew's chilling
power,

Heed not the sea-wind's coldest hour,
But pause, and linger on the deck,
Till of those towers no trace, no speck,

Is gleaming o'er the main ;

For when the mist of morn shall rise,
Blending the sea, the shore, the skies,
That home, once vanished from
thine eyes,

Shall bless them ne'er again !
There the dark tales and songs of
yore,

First with strange transport filled
thy soul,

E'en while their fearful, mystic lore,
From thy warm cheek the life-
bloom stole ;

There, while thy father's raptured
ear,

Dwelt fondly on a strain so dear,
And in his eye the trembling tear,
Revealed his spirit's trance ;

How oft, those echoing halls along,

Thy thrilling voice has swelled the
song,

Tradition wild of other days,
Or troubadour's heroic lays,
Or legend of romance!

Oh! many an hour has there
been thine,

That memory's pencil oft shall
dress

In softer shades, and tints that shine
In mellowed loveliness!

While thy sick heart, and fruitless
tears,

Shall mourn, with fond and deep
regret,

The sunshine of thine early years,
Scarce deemed so radiant—till it
set!

The cloudless peace, unprized till
gone,

The bliss, till vanished, hardly
known!

On rock and turret, wood and hill,

The fading moonbeams linger still;

Still, Bertha, gaze on yon grey tower,

At evening's last and sweetest hour,

While varying still, the western skies

Flushed the clear seas with rainbow

dyes,

Whose warm suffusions glowed and

passed,

Each richer, lovelier, than the last.

How oft, while gazing on the deep,

That seemed a heaven of peace to

sleep,

As if its wave, so still, so fair,

More frowning mien might never

wear,

The twilight calm of mental rest,

Would steal in silence o'er thy breast,

And wake that dear and balmy sigh,

That softly breathes the spirit's

harmony!

—Ah! ne'er again shall hours to thee

be given, [Heaven!

Of joy on earth—so near allied to

Why starts the tear to Bertha's eye?

Is not her long-loved Osbert nigh?

Is there a grief his voice, his smile,

His words, are fruitless to beguile?

—Oh! bitter to the youthful heart,

That scarce a pang, a care has

known,

The hour when first from scenes we

part,

Where life's bright spring has
flown!

Forsaking, o'er the world to roam,

That little shrine of peace—our home!

E'en if delighted fancy throw

O'er that cold world, her brightest

glow,

Painting its untried paths with

flowers,

That will not live in earthly bowers

(Too frail, too exquisite, to bear

One breath of life's ungenial air);

E'en if such dreams of hope arise,

As Heaven alone can realize;

Cold were the breast that would not

heave

One sigh, the home of youth to leave;

Stern were the heart that would not

swell

To breathe life's saddest word—fare-

well!

Though earth has many a deeper woe,

Though tears, more bitter far, must

flow,

That hour, whate'er our future lot,

That first fond grief, is ne'er forgot!

Such was the pang of Bertha's heart,

The thought, that bade the tear-drop

start;

And Osbert by her side

Heard the deep sigh, whose bursting

swell

Nature's fond struggle told too well;

And days of future bliss portrayed,

And love's own eloquence essayed,

To soothe his plighted bride!

Of bright Arcadian scenes he tells,

In that sweet land to which they

fly:

The vine-clad rocks, the fragrant

dells

Of blooming Italy.

For he had roved a pilgrim there,

And gazed on many a spot so fair,

It seemed like some enchanted grove,

Where only peace, and joy, and love,

Those exiles of the world, might rove,

And breathe its heavenly air;

And, all unmixed with ruder tone,

Their "wood-notes wild" be heard

alone!

Far from the frown of stern control,

That vainly would subdue the soul,

There shall their long affianced hands,

Be joined in consecrated bands,
 And in some rich, romantic vale,
 Circled with heights of Alpine
 snow,
 Where citron woods enrich the gale,
 And scented shrubs their balm exhale,
 And flowering myrtles blow ;
 And 'midst the mulberry boughs on
 high,
 Weaves the wild vine her tapestry :
 On some bright streamlet's emerald
 side,
 Where cedars wave, in graceful pride,
 Bosomed in groves, their home
 shall rise,
 A sheltered bower of Paradise !

Thus would the lover soothe to rest
 With tales of hope her anxious breast ;
 Nor vain that dear enchanting lore,
 Her soul's bright visions to restore,
 And bid gay phantoms of delight
 Float, in soft colouring, o'er her
 sight.

—Oh ! youth, sweet May-morn, fled
 so soon,

Far brighter than life's loveliest noon,
 How oft thy spirit's buoyant power
 Will triumph, e'en in sorrow's hour
 Prevailing o'er regret !

As rears its head the elastic flower
 Though the dark tempest's recent
 shower

Hang on its petals yet !

Ah ! not so soon can hope's gay
 smile

The aged bard to joy beguile ;
 Those silent years that steal away
 The cheek's warm rose, the eye's
 bright ray,

Win from the mind a nobler prize,
 E'en all its buoyant energies !

For him the April days are past,
 When grief was but a fleeting
 cloud ;

No transient shade will sorrow cast,
 When age the spirit's might has
 bowed !

And, as he sees the land grow dim,
 That native land, now lost to him,
 Fixed are his eyes, and clasped his
 hands,

And long in speechless grief he stands.

So desolately calm his air,
 He seems an image, wrought to bear

The stamp of deep, though hushed
 despair ;

Motion and life no sign bespeaks
 Save that the night-breeze, o'er his
 cheeks,

Just waves his silvery hair !
 Nought else could teach the eye to
 know

He was no sculptured form of woe !

Long gazing o'er the darkening flood,
 Pale in that silent grief he stood ;

Till the cold moon was waning fast,
 And many a lovely star had died,
 And the grey heavens deep shadows
 cast

Far o'er the slumbering tide ;
 And robed in one dark solemn hue,
 Arose the distant shore to view.

Then, starting from his trance of
 woe,

Tears, long suppressed, in freedom
 flow,

While thus his wild and plaintive
 strain,

Blends with the murmur of the main.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL

Thou setting moon ! when next
 thy rays

Are trembling on the shadowy
 deep,

The land, now fading from my
 gaze,

These eyes in vain shall weep ;
 And wander o'er the lonely sea,

And fix their tearful glance on thee,
 On thee ! whose light so softly

gleams,

Through the green oaks that fringe
 my native streams.

But, 'midst those ancient groves,
 no more

Shall I thy quivering lustre hail,
 Its plaintive strain my heart must
 pour,

To swell a foreign gale ;
 The rocks, the woods, whose echoes
 woke,

When its full tones their stillness
 broke,

Deserted now, shall hear alone,
 The brook's wild voice, the wind's
 mysterious moan.

And oh! ye fair, forsaken halls, Seem a wild dirge for years of grandeur past.

Left by your lord to slow decay,
Soon shall the trophies on your walls

Be mouldering fast away!
There shall no choral songs resound,
There shall no festal board be crowned;

But ivy wreath the silent gate,
And all be hushed, and cold, and desolate.

No banner from the stately tower,
Shall spread its blazoned folds on high,
There the wild brier and summer flower

Unmarked, shall wave and die.
Home of the mighty! thou art lone,

The noonday of thy pride is gone,
And, 'midst thy solitude profound,
A step shall echo like unearthly sound!

From 'thy cold hearths no festal blaze

Shall fill the hall with ruddy light,

Nor welcome, with convivial rays,
Some pilgrim of the night:
But there shall grass luxuriant spread,

As o'er the dwellings of the dead;
And the deep swell of every blast,

And I—my joy of life is fled,
My spirit's power, my bosom's glow,

The raven locks that graced my head,

Wave in a wreath of snow!

And where the star of youth arose,
I deemed life's lingering ray should close,

And those loved trees my tomb o'ershade,

Beneath whose arching bowers my childhood played.

Vain dream; that tomb in distant earth

Shall rise, forsaken and forgot;
And thou, sweet land, that gavest me birth,

A grave must yield me not!
Yet, haply he for whom I leave
Thy shores, in life's dark winter-eve,

When cold the hand, and closed the lays,

And mute the voice he loved to praise,

O'er the hushed harp one tear may shed,

And one frail garland o'er the minstrel's bed!

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

'Twas night in Babylon: yet many a beam,

Of lamps far glittering from her domes on high,

Shone, brightly mingling in Euphrates' stream

With the clear stars of that Chaldean sky,

Whose azure knows no cloud: each whispered sigh

Of the soft night-breeze through her terrace bowers,

Bore deepening tones of joy and melody,

O'er an illumined wilderness of flowers;

And the glad city's voice went up from all her towers.

But prouder mirth was in the kingly hall,

Where, 'midst adoring slaves, a gorgeous band,

High at the stately midnight festival,
Belshazzar sat enthroned. There luxury's hand

Had showered around all treasures that expand

Beneath the burning East; all gems that pour

The sunbeams back; all sweets of many a land,

Whose gales waft incense from their
spicy shore ;
—But mortal pride looked on, and
still demanded more.

With richer zest the banquet may
be fraught,
A loftier theme may swell the exult-
ing strain !

The lord of nations spoke,—and
forth were brought
The spoils of Salem's devastated
fane.

Thrice holy vessels !—pure from
earthly stain,
And set apart, and sanctified to Him,
Who deigned within the oracle to
reign,

Revealed, yet shadowed ; making
noonday dim,
To that most glorious cloud between
the cherubim.

They came, and louder pealed the
voice of song,
And pride flashed brighter from
the kindling eye,
And He Who sleeps not heard the
elated throng,

In mirth that plays with thunder-
bolts, defy

The Rock of Zion !—Fill the nectar
high,

High in the cups of consecrated gold !
And crown the bowl with garlands,
ere they die,

And bid the censers of the temple
hold

Offerings to Babel's gods, the mighty
ones of old !

Peace !—is it but a phantom of the
brain,

Thus shadowed forth, the senses
to appal,

Yon fearful vision ?—Who shall gaze
To search its cause ?—Along the
illumined wall,

Startling, yet riveting the eyes of all,
Darkly it moves,—a hand, a human
hand,

O'er the bright lamps of that re-
splendent hall,

In silence tracing, as a mystic wand,
Words all unknown, the tongue of
some far distant land !

There are pale cheeks around the
regal board,
And quivering limbs, and whispers
deep and low,

And fitful starts !—the wine, in
triumph poured,

Untasted foams, the song hath
ceased to flow,

The waving censer drops to earth—
and lo !

The king of men, the ruler, girt with
mirth,

Trembles before a shadow !—Say not
so !

—The child of dust, with guilt's fore-
boding sight,

Shrinks from the dread Unknown,
the avenging Infinite !

“ But haste ye !—bring Chaldea's
gifted seers,

The men of prescience !—haply to
their eyes,

Which track the future through the
rolling spheres,

Yon mystic sign may speak in pro-
phecies.”

They come—the readers of the mid-
night skies,

They that gave voice to visions—but
in vain !

Still wrapt in clouds the awful secret
lies,

It hath no language 'midst the
starry train,

Earth has no gifted tongue Heaven's
mysteries to explain.

Then stood forth one, a child of
other sires,

And other inspiration !—one of those
Who on the willows hung their
captive lyres,

And sat, and wept, where Babel's
river flows.

His eye was bright, and yet the
pale repose

Of his pure features half o'erawed
the mind,

Telling of inward mysteries—joys
and woes

In lone recesses of the soul enshrined ;
Depths of a being sealed and severed
from mankind.

Yes !—what was earth to him, whose
spirit passed

Time's utmost bounds !—on whose
 unshrinking sight
 Ten thousand shapes of burning glory
 cast
 Their full splendence ?—Majesty
 and might
 Were in his dreams ;—for him the
 veil of light
 Shrouding Heaven's inmost sanctuary
 and throne,
 The curtain of the unutterably
 bright
 Was raised !—to him, in fearful
 splendour shown,
 Ancient of Days ! e'en Thou mad'st
 Thy dread presence known.

He spoke : the shadows of the things
 to come
 Passed o'er his soul : " O king, elate
 in pride !
 God hath sent forth the writing of
 thy doom—
 The one, the living God by thee
 defied !
 He, in Whose balance earthly lords are
 tried,
 Hath weighed, and found thee
 wanting. 'Tis decreed
 The conqueror's hands thy kingdom
 shall divide,
 The stranger to thy throne of power
 succeed !
 Thy days are full—they come,—the
 Persian and the Mede ! "

There fell a moment's thrilling silence
 round—
 A breathless pause !—the hush of
 hearts that beat,
 And limbs that quiver :—Is there not
 a sound,
 A gathering cry, a tread of hurrying
 feet ?
 —'Twas but some echo in the crowded
 street,

Of far heard revelry ; the shout, the
 song,
 The measured dance to music wildly
 sweet,
 That speeds the stars their joyous
 course along—
 Away ; nor let a dream disturb the
 festal throng !

Peace yet again ! Hark ! steps in
 tumult flying,
 Steeds rushing on, as o'er a battle-
 field !
 The shouts of hosts exulting or defy-
 ing,
 The press of multitudes that strive
 or yield !
 And the loud startling clash of spear
 and shield,
 Sudden as earthquake's burst ; and,
 blent with these,
 The last wild shriek of those whose
 doom is sealed
 In their full mirth ;—all deepening
 on the breeze,
 As the long stormy roll of far-advanc-
 ing seas !

And nearer yet the trumpet's blast
 is swelling,
 Loud, shrill, and savage, drowning
 every cry :
 And, lo ! the spoiler in the regal
 dwelling,
 Death—bursting on the halls of
 revelry !
 Ere on their brows one fragile rose-
 leaf die,
 The sword hath raged through joy's
 devoted train ;
 Ere one bright star be faded from the
 sky,
 Red flames, like banners, wave from
 dome and fane ;
 Empire is lost and won—Belshazzar
 with the slain.

THE LAST CONSTANTINE

Thou strivest nobly,
 When hearts of sterner stuff perhaps had sunk;
 And o'er thy fall, if it be so decreed,
 Good men will mourn, and brave men will shed tears.

Fame I look not for,
 But to sustain, in Heaven's all-seeing eye,
 Before my fellow-men, in mine own sight,
 With graceful virtue and becoming pride,
 The dignity and honour of a man,
 Thus stationed as I am, and I will do all
 That man may do.

JOANNA BAILLIE: *Constantine Palæologus.*

I
 THE fires grew pale on Rome's
 deserted shrines,
 In the dim grot the Pythia's voice
 had died;
 —Shout, for the city of the Con-
 stantines,
 The rising city of the billow-side,
 The City of the Cross!—great
 ocean's bride,
 Crowned with her birth she sprung!
 Long ages past,
 And still she looked in glory o'er
 the tide,
 Which at her feet barbaric riches
 cast,
 Poured by the burning East, all
 joyously and fast.

II
 Long ages past!—they left her
 porphyry halls
 Still trod by kingly footsteps.
 Gems and gold
 Brodered her mantle, and her
 castled walls
 Frowned in their strength; yet
 there were signs which told
 The days were nill. The pure high
 faith of old
 Was changed; and on her silken
 couch of sleep
 She lay, and murmured if a rose-
 leaf's fold
 Disturbed her dreams; and called
 her slaves to keep
 Their watch, that no rude sound
 might reach her o'er the deep.

III
 But there are sounds that from the
 regal dwelling

Free hearts and fearless only
 may exclude;
 'Tis not alone the wind, at mid-
 night swelling,
 Breaks on the soft repose by luxury
 wooed!
 There are unbidden footsteps,
 which intrude
 Where the lamps glitter, and the
 wine-cup flows,
 And darker hues have stained the
 marble, strewed
 With the fresh myrtle, and the
 short-lived rose,
 And Parian walls have rung to the
 dread march of foes.

IV
 A voice of multitudes is on the
 breeze,
 Remote, yet solemn as the night-
 storm's roar
 Through Ida's giant-pines! Across
 the seas
 A murmur comes, like that the
 deep winds bore
 From Tempe's haunted river to
 the shore
 Of the reed-crowned Eurotas;
 when, of old,
 Dark Asia sent her battle-myrriads
 o'er
 The indignant wave, which would
 not be controlled,
 But past the Persian's chain in
 boundless freedom rolled.

V
 And it is thus again!—Swift oars
 are dashing
 The parted waters, and a light is
 cast

On their white foam-wreaths,
 from the sudden flashing
 Of Tartar spears, whose ranks
 are thickening fast.
 There swells a savage trumpet on
 the blast,
 A music of the deserts, wild and
 deep,
 Wakening strange echoes, as the
 shores are passed
 Where low 'midst Ilion's dust
 her conquerors sleep,
 O'ershadowing with high names each
 rude sepulchral heap.

VI

War from the West!—the snows
 on Thracian hills
 Are loosed by Spring's warm
 breath; yet o'er the lands
 Which Hæmus girds, the chainless
 mountain rills
 Pour down less swiftly than the
 Moslem bands.
 War from the East!—'midst Araby's
 lone sands,
 More lonely now the few bright
 founts may be,
 While Ismael's bow is bent in
 warrior-hands
 Against the Golden City of the sea :
 —Oh! for a soul to fire thy dust,
 Thermopylæ!

VII

Hear yet again, ye mighty!—
 Where are they,
 Who, with their green Olympic
 garlands crowned,
 Leaped up, in proudly beautiful
 array,
 As to a banquet gathering, at the
 sound
 Of Persia's clarion?—Far and
 joyous round,
 From the pine forests, and the
 mountain snows,
 And the low sylvan valleys, to the
 bound
 Of the bright waves, at freedom's
 voice they rose!
 —Hath it no thrilling tone to break
 the tomb's repose?

VIII

They slumber with their swords!—
 The olive shades

H.P.

In vain are whispering their
 immortal tale!
 In vain the spirit of the past
 pervades
 The soft winds, breathing through
 each Grecian vale.
 —Yet must *Thou* wake, though all
 unarmed and pale,
 Devoted City!—Lo! the Mos-
 lem's spear,
 Red from its vintage, at thy gates;
 his sail
 Upon thy waves, his trumpet in
 thine ear!
 —Awake! and summon those, who
 yet, perchance, may hear!

IX

Be hushed, thou faint and feeble
 voice of weeping:
 Lift ye the banner of the Cross on
 high,
 And call on chiefs, whose noble
 sires are sleeping
 In their proud graves of sainted
 chivalry,
 Beneath the palms and cedars,
 where they sigh
 To Syrian gales!—The sons of each
 brave line,
 From their baronial halls shall
 hear your cry,
 And seize the arms which flashed
 round Salem's shrine,
 And wield for you the swords once
 waved for Palestine!

X

All still, all voiceless!—and the
 billow's roar
 Alone replies!—Alike *their* soul is
 gone
 Who shared the funeral feast on
 Ceta's shore,
 And *theirs* that o'er the field of
 Ascalon
 Swelled the Crusaders' hymn!—
 Then gird thou on
 Thine armour, Eastern Queen!
 and meet the hour
 Which waits thee ere the day's
 fierce work is done
 With a strong heart; so may thy
 helmet tower
 Unshivered through the storm, for
 generous hope is power!

P

XI

But linger not,—array thy men of
might!
The shores, the seas, are peopled
with thy foes.
Arms through thy cypress groves
are gleaming bright,
And the dark huntsmen of the wild,
repose
Beneath the shadowy marble porticoes
Of thy proud villas. Nearer and
more near,
Around thy walls the sons of battle
close;
Each hour, each moment, hath its
sound of fear,
Which the deep grave alone is
chartered not to hear!

XII

Away! bring wine, bring odours,
to the shade
Where the tall pine and poplar
blend on high!
Bring roses, exquisite, but soon to
fade!
Snatch every brief delight,—since
we must die!—
Yet is the hour, degenerate Greeks!
gone by
For feast in vine-wreathed bower,
or pillared hall;
Dim gleams the torch beneath yon
fiery sky,
And deep and hollow is the tam-
bour's call,
And from the startled hand the un-
tasted cup will fall.

XIII

The night—the glorious oriental
night,
Hath lost the silence of her purple
heaven,
With its clear stars! The red
artillery's light,
Athwart her worlds of tranquil
splendour driven,
To the still firmament's expanse
hath given
Its own fierce glare, wherein each
cliff and tower
Starts wildly forth; and now the
air is riven
With thunder-bursts, and now dull
smoke-clouds lower,

Veiling the gentle moon, in her most
hallowed hour.

XIV

Sounds from the waters, sounds
upon the earth,
Sounds in the air, of battle! Yet
with these
A voice is mingling, whose deep
tones give birth
To Faith and Courage! From
luxurious ease
A gallant few have started! O'er
the seas,
From the Seven Towers, their
banner waves its sign,
And Hope is whispering in the
joyous breeze,
Which plays amidst its folds.
That voice was *thine*:
Thy soul was on that band, devoted
Constantine.

XV

Was Rome thy parent? Didst
thou catch from *her*
The fire that lives in thine un-
daunted eye?
—That city of the throne and sepul-
chre
Hath given proud lessons how to
reign and die!
Heir of the Cæsars! did that line-
age high,
Which, as a triumph to the grave,
hath passed,
With its long march of sceptred
imagery,
The heroic mantle o'er thy spirit
cast?
—Thou! of an eagle race the noblest
and the last!

XVI

Vain dreams! upon that spirit
hath descended
Light from the living Fountain,
whence each thought
Springs pure and holy! In that
eye is blended
A spark, with Earth's triumphal
memories fraught,
And, far within, a deeper meaning,
caught
From worlds unseen. A hope, a
lofty trust,

Whose resting place on buoyant
wing is sought
(Though through its veil, seen
darkly from the dust),
In realms where Time no more hath
power upon the just.

XVIII

Those were proud days, when on
the battle plain
And in the sun's bright face, and
'midst the array
Of awe-struck hosts, and circled
by the slain,
The Roman cast his glittering
mail away,
And while a silence, as of mid-
night, lay
O'er breathless thousands at his
voice who started,
Called on the unseen, terrific
powers that sway
The heights, the depths, the
shades ; then, fearless-hearted,
Girt on his robe of death, and for
the grave departed !

XVIII

But then, around him as the
javelins rushed,
From earth to heaven swelled up
the loud acclaim ;
And, ere his heart's last free
libation gushed,
With a bright smile the warrior
caught his name
Far-floating on the winds ! And
Victory came,
And made the hour of that im-
mortal deed
A life, in fiery feeling ! Valour's
aim
Had sought no loftier guerdon.
Thus to bleed,
Was to be Rome's high star !—He
died—and had his meed.

XIX

But praise—and dearer, holier
praise, be theirs,
Who, in the stillness and the soli-
tude
Of hearts pressed earthwards by a
weight of cares,
Uncheered by Fame's proud hope,
the ethereal food

Of restless energies, and only
viewed
By Him Whose eye, from His eter-
nal throne,
Is on the soul's dark places ;
have subdued
And vowed themselves with
strength till then unknown,
To some high martyr-task, in secret
and alone.

XX

Theirs be the bright and sacred
names, enshrined
Far in the bosom ! for their
deeds belong,
Not to the gorgeous faith which
charmed mankind
With its rich pomp of festival and
song,
Garland, and shrine, and incense-
bearing throng ;
But to that Spirit, hallowing, as it
tries
Man's hidden soul in whispers, yet
more strong
Than storm or earthquake's voice ;
for *thence* arise
All that mysterious world's unseen
sublimities.

XXI

Well might *thy* name, brave Con-
stantine ! awake
Such thought, such feeling !—But
the scene again
Bursts on my vision, as the day-
beams break
Through the red sulphurous mists :
the camp, the plain,
The terraced palaces, the dome-
capt fane,
With its bright cross fixed high in
crowning grace ;
Spears on the ramparts, galleys
on the main,
And, circling all with arms, that
turbaned race,
The sun, the desert, stamped in each
dark haughty face.

XXII

Shout, ye seven hills ! Lo ! Chris-
tian pennons streaming
Red o'er the waters ! Hail, de-
liverers, hail !

Along your billowy wake the
 radiance gleaming,
 Is Hope's own smile! They crowd
 the swelling sail,
 On, with the foam, the sunbeam
 and the gale,
 Borne, as a victor's car! The
 batteries pour
 Their clouds and thunders; but
 the rolling veil
 Of smoke floats up the exulting
 winds before!
 —And oh! the glorious burst of that
 bright sea and shore!

XXIII

The rocks, waves, ramparts, Europe's,
 Asia's coast,
 All thronged! one theatre for
 kingly war! [host,
 A monarch girt with his barbaric
 Points o'er the beach his flashing
 scimitar!
 Dark tribes are tossing javelins
 from afar,
 Hands waving banners o'er each
 battlement,
 Decks, with their serried guns,
 arrayed to bar
 The promised aid: but hark! a
 shout is sent
 Up from the noble barks!—the
 Moslem line is rent!

XXIV

On, on through rushing flame, and
 arrowy shower,
 The welcome prowls have cleft their
 rapid way:
 And, with the shadows of the
 vesper hour,
 Furled their white sails, and an-
 chored in the bay.
 Then were the streets with song and
 torch-fire gay,
 Then the Greek wines flowed
 mantling in the light
 Of festal halls—and there was joy!
 —the ray
 Of dying eyes, a moment wildly
 bright,
 The sunset of the soul, ere lost to
 mortal sight!

XXV

For vain that feeble succour!
 Day by day

The imperial towers are crumbling,
 and the sweep
 Of the vast engines, in their cease-
 less play,
 Comes powerful, as when Heaven
 unbinds the deep!
 —Man's heart is mightier than the
 castled steep,
 Yet will it sink when earthly hope
 is fled;
 Man's thoughts work darkly in such
 hours, and sleep
 Flies far: and in *their* mien, the
 walls who tread,
 Things by the brave untold, may
 fearfully be read!

XXVI

It was a sad and solemn task, to
 hold
 Their midnight watch on that
 beleaguered wall!
 As the sea wave beneath the
 bastions rolled,
 A sound of fate was in its rise and
 fall;
 The heavy clouds were as an em-
 pire's pall,
 The giant shadows of each tower
 and fane
 Lay like the grave's; a low mys-
 terious call
 Breathed in the wind, and, from
 the tented plain,
 A voice of omens rose with each wild
 martial strain.

XXVII

For they might catch the Arab
 charger's neighing,
 The Thracian drums, the Tartar's
 drowsy song;
 Might almost hear the soldan's
 banner swaying,
 The watchword muttered in some
 eastern tongue.
 Then flashed the gun's terrific light
 along
 The marble streets, all stillness—
 not repose,
 And boding thoughts came o'er
 them, dark and strong;
 For heaven, earth, air, speak
 auguries to those
 Who see their numbered hours fast
 pressing to the close.

XXVIII

But strength is from the mightiest !
 There is one
 Still in the breach, and on the ram-
 part seen,
 Whose cheek shows paler with
 each morning sun,
 And tells in silence, how the night
 hath been,
 In kingly halls, a vigil : yet serene
 The ray set deep within his thought-
 ful eye :
 And there is that in his collected
 mien,
 To which the hearts of noble men
 reply,
 With fires, partaking not this frame's
 mortality !

XXIX

Yes ! call it not of lofty minds the
 fate,
 To pass o'er earth in brightness,
 but alone ;
 High power was made their birth-
 right, to create
 A thousand thoughts responsive
 to their own !
 A thousand echoes of their spirit's
 tone
 Start into life, where'er their path
 may be,
 Still following fast ; as when the
 wind hath blown
 O'er Indian groves, a wanderer
 wild and free,
 Kindling and bearing flames afar
 from tree to tree !

XXX

And it is thus with thee ! thy lot
 is cast
 On evil days, thou Cæsar ! yet the
 few
 That set their generous bosom to
 the blast
 Which rocks thy throne—the fear-
 less and the true,
 Bear hearts wherein thy glance
 can still renew
 The free devotion of the years gone
 by,
 When from bright dreams the
 ascendant Roman drew
 Enduring strength ! States vanish
 —ages fly—

But leave one task unchanged—to
 suffer and to die !

XXXI

These are our nature's heritage.
 But thou,
 The crowned with empire ! thou
 wert called to share
 A cup more bitter. On thy
 fevered brow
 The semblance of that buoyant
 hope to wear,
 Which long had passed away ;
 alone to bear
 The rush and pressure of dark
 thoughts, that came
 As a strong billow in their weight
 of care ;
 And, with all this, to smile ! for
 earth-born frame
 These are stern conflicts, yet they
 pass, unknown to fame !

XXXII

Her glance is on the triumph, on
 the field,
 On the red scaffold ; and where'er,
 in sight
 Of human eyes, the human soul
 is steeled
 To deeds that seem as of immortal
 might,
 Yet are proud nature's ! But her
 meteor-light
 Can pierce no depths, no clouds ;
 it falls not where
 In silence, and in secret, and in
 night,
 The noble heart doth wrestle with
 despair,
 And rise more strong than death
 from its unwitnessed prayer.

XXXIII

Men have been firm in battle :
 they have stood
 With a prevailing hope on ravaged
 plains,
 And won the birthright of their
 hearths with blood,
 And died rejoicing, 'midst their
 ancient fanes,
 That so their children, undefiled
 with chains,
 Might worship there in peace.
 But they that stand

When not a beacon o'er the wave
remains,
Linked but to perish with a ruined
land,
Where Freedom dies with them—call
these a martyr-band !

XXXIV

But the world heeds them not.
Or if, perchance,
Upon their strife it bend a careless
eye,
It is but as the Roman's stoic
glance
Fell on that stage where man's last
agony
Was made *his* sport, who, know-
ing *one* must die,
Recked not *which* champion ; but
prepared the strain,
And bound the bloody wreath of
victory,
To greet the conqueror, while, with
calm disdain,
The vanquished proudly met the
doom he met in vain.

XXXV

The hour of Fate comes on ! and it
is fraught
With *this* of Liberty, that now the
need
Is past to veil the brow of anxious
thought,
And clothe the heart, which still
beneath must bleed,
With Hope's fair-seeming drapery.
We are freed
From tasks like these by misery ;
one alone
Is left the brave, and rest shall be
thy meed,
Prince, watcher, wearied one !
when thou hast shown
How brief the cloudy space which
parts the grave and throne.

XXXVI

The signs are full. They are not
in the sky,
Nor in the many voices of the air,
Nor the swift clouds. No fiery
hosts on high
Toss their wild spears : no meteor-
banners glare,
No comet fiercely shakes its blazing
hair ;

And yet the signs are full : too
truly seen
In the thinned ramparts, in the
pale despair -
Which lends one language to a
people's mien,
And in the ruined heaps where walls
and towers have been !

XXXVII

It is a night of beauty : such a
night [shade,
As, from the sparry grot or laurel-
Or wave in marbled cavern rippling
bright,
Might woo the nymphs of Grecian
fount and glade
To sport beneath its moonbeams,
which pervade
Their forest-haunts ; a night, to
rove alone
Where the young leaves by vernal
winds are swayed,
And the reeds whisper, with a
dreamy tone
Of melody, that seems to breathe
from worlds unknown ;

XXXVIII

A night, to call from green Ely-
sium's bowers
The shades of elder bards ; a
night, to hold
Unseen communion with the in-
spiring powers
That made deep groves their
dwelling-place of old ;
A night, for mourners, o'er the
hallowed mould,
To strew sweet flowers ; for re-
vellers to fill
And wreath the cup ; for sorrows
to be told
Which love hath cherished long—
vain thoughts ! be still !
It is a night of fate, stamped with
Almighty Will !

XXXIX

It *should* come sweeping in the
storm, and rending
The ancient summits in its dread
career !
And with vast billows wrathfully
contending,
And with dark clouds o'ershadow-
ing every sphere !

But He, Whose footstep shakes the
earth with fear,
Passing to lay the sovereign cities
low,
Alike in His omnipotence is near,
When the soft winds o'er spring's
green pathway blow,
And when His thunders cleave the
monarch mountain's brow.

XL

The heavens in still magnificence
look down
On the hushed Bosphorus, whose
ocean stream
Sleeps, with its paler stars: the
snowy crown
Of far Olympus, in the moonlight-
gleam
Towers radiantly, as when the
Pagan's dream
Thronged it with gods, and bent the
adoring knee;
—But that is past—and now the
One Supreme
Fills not alone *those* haunts; but
earth, air, sea,
And Time, which presses on, to finish
His decree.

XLI

Olympus, Ida, Delphi! ye, the
thrones
And temples of a visionary might,
Brooding in clouds above your
forest zones,
And mantling thence the realms be-
neath with night;
Ye have looked down on battles!
Fear, and Flight,
And armed Revenge, all hurrying
past below!
But there is yet a more appalling
sight
For earth prepared, than e'er, with
tranquil brow,
Ye gazed on from your world of soli-
tude and snow!

XLII

Last night a sound was in the
Moslem camp,
And Asia's hills re-echoed to a cry
Of savage mirth!—Wild horn and
war-steeds' tramp
Blest with the shout of barbarous
revelry,

The clash of desert-spears! Last
night the sky
A hue of menace and of wrath put
on,
Caught from red watch-fires, blazing
far and high,
And countless, as the flames, in
ages gone,
Streaming to heaven's bright queen
from shadowy Lebanon!

XLIII

But all is stillness now. May this
be sleep
Which wraps those eastern thou-
sands? Yes, perchance
Along yon moonlit shore and
dark-blue deep,
Bright are their visions with the
Houris' glance,
And they behold the sparkling foun-
tains dance
Beneath the bowers of paradise,
that shed
Rich odours o'er the Faithful; but
the lance,
The bow, the spear, now round the
slumberers spread,
Ere fate fulfil such dreams, must rest
beside the dead.

XLIV

May this be sleep, this hush?—
A sleepless eye
Doth hold its vigil 'midst that
dusky race!
One that would scan the abyss of
destiny, [trace
E'en now is gazing on the skies, to
In those bright worlds, the burning
isles of space,
Fate's mystic pathway: they the
while, serene,
Walk in their beauty; but Mo-
ammed's face
Kindles beneath their aspect, and
his mien,
All fired with stormy joy, by that
soft light is seen.

XLV

Oh! wild presumption of a con-
queror's dream,
To gaze on those pure altar-fires,
enshrined
In depths of blue infinitude, and
deem

They shine to guide the spoiler of
mankind
O'er fields of blood ! But with the
restless mind
It hath been ever thus, and they
that weep
For worlds to conquer, o'er the
bounds assigned
To human search, in daring pride
would sweep,
As o'er the trampled dust wherein
they soon must sleep.

XLVI

But ye ! that beamed on Fate's
tremendous night,
When the storm burst o'er golden
Babylon,
And ye, that sparkled with your
wonted light
O'er burning Salem, by the Roman
won ;
And ye, that calmly viewed the
slaughter done
In Rome's own streets, when
Alaric's trumpet-blast
Rung through the Capitol ; bright
spheres ! roll on !
Still bright, though empires fall ;
and bid man cast
His humbled eyes to earth, and
commune with the past.

XLVII

For it hath mighty lessons ! from
the tomb,
And from the ruins of the tomb,
and where,
'Midst the wrecked cities in the
desert's gloom,
All tameless creatures make their
savage lair,
Thence comes its voice, that shakes
the midnight air
And calls up clouds to dim the
laughing day,
And thrills the soul ;—yet bids us
not despair,
But make one rock our shelter and
our stay,
Beneath whose shade all else is pass-
ing to decay !

XLVIII

The hours move on. I see a
wavering gleam

O'er the hushed waters tremulously
fall,
Poured from the Cæsar's palace :
now the beam
Of many lamps is brightening in
the hall,
And from its long arcades and
pillars tall
Soft graceful shadows undulating
lie
On the wave's heaving bosom, and
recall
A thought of Venice, with her
moonlight sky,
And festal seas and domes, and fairy
pageantry.

XLIX

But from that dwelling floats no
mirthful sound !
The swell of flute and Grecian lyre
no more,
Wafting an atmosphere of music
round,
Tells the hushed seaman, gliding
past the shore,
How monarchs revel there !—Its
feasts are o'er—
Why gleam the lights along its
colonnade ?
—I see a train of guests in silence
pour
Through its long avenues of ter-
raced shade,
Whose stately founts and bowers for
joy alone were made !

L

In silence, and in arms !—With
helm—with sword—
These are no marriage garments !
Yet e'en now
Thy nuptial feast should grace the
regal board,
Thy Georgian bride should wreath
her lovely brow
With an imperial diadem !—but
thou,
O fated prince ! art called, and
these with thee,
To darker scenes ; and thou hast
learned to bow
Thine Eastern sceptre to the dread
decree,
And count it joy enough to perish—
being free !

LI

On through long vestibules, with
solemn tread
As men, that in some time of fear
and woe,
Bear darkly to their rest the noble
dead,
O'er whom by day their sorrows
may not flow,
The warriors pass : their measured
steps are slow,
And hollow echoes fill the marble
halls,
Whose long-drawn vistas open as
they go
In desolate pomp ; and from the
pictured walls,
Sad seems the light itself which on
their armour falls !

LII

And they have reached a gorgeous
chamber, bright
With all we dream of splendour ;
yet a gloom
Seems gathered o'er it to the boding
sight,
A shadow that anticipates the
tomb !
Still from its fretted roof the lamps
illumine
A purple canopy, a golden throne ;
But it is empty !—hath the stroke
of doom
Fallen there already ? Where is he,
the one,
Born that high seat to fill, supremely
and alone ?

LIII

Oh ! there are times whose pres-
sure doth efface
Earth's vain distinctions !—when
the storm beats loud,
When the strong towers are totter-
ing to their base,
And the streets rock,—who mingle
in the crowd ?
—Peasant and chief, the lowly
and the proud,
Are in that throng ! Yes, life hath
many an hour
Which makes us kindred, by one
chastening bowed,
And feeling but, as from the storm
we cower,

What shrinking weakness feels before
unbounded power !

LIV

Yet then that Power, whose dwell-
ing is on high,
Its loftiest marvels doth reveal, and
speak,
In the deep human heart more
gloriously,
Than in the bursting thunder !—
Thence the weak,
They that seemed formed, as
flower-stems, but to break
With the first wind, have risen to
deeds, whose name
Still calls up thoughts that mantle
to the cheek,
And thrill the pulse !—Ay, strength
no pangs could tame
Hath looked from woman's eye upon
the sword and flame !

LV

And this of such hours !—That
throne is void,
And its lord comes uncrowned.
Behold him stand,
With a calm brow, where woes
have not destroyed
The Greek's heroic beauty, 'midst
his band,
The gathered virtue of a sinking
land,
Alas ! how scanty !—Now is cast
aside
All form of princely state ; each
noble hand
Is pressed by turns in his : for
earthly pride
There is no room in hearts where
earthly hope hath died !

LVI

A moment's hush—and then he
speaks—he speaks !
But not of hope ! *that* dream hath
long gone by :
His words are full of memory—as
he seeks,
By the strong names of Rome and
Liberty,
Which yet are living powers that
fire the eye,
And rouse the heart of manhood ;
and by all

The sad yet grand remembrances
that lie
Deep with earth's buried heroes ;
to recall
The soul of other years, if but to
grace their fall !

LVII

His words are full of faith !—And
thoughts, more high
Than Rome e'er knew, now fill his
glance with light ;
Thoughts which gave nobler lessons
how to die
Than e'er were drawn from Nature's
haughty might !
And to that eye, with all the spirit
bright,
Have theirs replied in tears, which
may not shame
The bravest in such moments !—
'Tis a sight
To make all earthly splendours
cold and tame,
—That generous burst of soul, with
its electric flame !

LVIII

They weep—those champions of
the Cross—they weep,
Yet vow themselves to death ! Ay,
'midst that train
Are martyrs, privileged in tears to
steep
Their lofty sacrifice ! The pang
is vain,
And yet its gush of sorrow shall not
stain
A warrior's sword. Those men are
strangers here—
The homes they never may behold
again,
Lie far away, with all things blest
and dear,
On laughing shores, to which their
barks no more shall steer !

LIX

Know'st thou the land where bloom
the orange bowers
Where, through dark foliage, gleam
the citron's dyes ?
—It is their own. They see their
fathers' towers,
'Midst its Hesperian groves in
sunlight rise :

They meet in soul, the bright
Italian eyes,
Which long and vainly shall explore
the main
For their white sails' return : the
melodies
Of that sweet land are floating o'er
their brain—
Oh ! what a crowded world one mo-
ment may contain !

LX

Such moments come to thousands !
—few may die
Amidst their native shades. The
young, the brave,
The beautiful, whose gladdening
voice and eye
Made summer in a parent's heart,
and gave
Light to their peopled homes ; o'er
land and wave
Are scattered fast and far, as rose
leaves fall
From the deserted stem. They
find a grave
Far from the shadow of the an-
cestral hall,
A lonely bed is theirs, whose smiles
were hope to all !

LXI

But life flows on, and bears us with
its tide,
Nor may we, lingering, by the
slumberers dwell,
Though they were those once
blooming at our side
In youth's gay home ! Away !
what sound's deep swell
Comes on the wind ?—It is an
empire's knell,
Slow, sad, majestic, pealing through
the night !
For the last time speaks forth the
solemn bell,
Which calls the Christians to their
holiest rite,
With a funereal voice of solitary might.

LXII

Again, and yet again !—A startling
power
In sounds like these lives ever ; for
they bear,
Full on remembrance, each event-
ful hour,

Checkering life's crowded path.
 They fill the air
 When conquerors pass, and fearful
 cities wear
 A mien like joy's ; and when young
 brides are led
 From their paternal homes ; and
 when the glare
 Of burning streets on midnight's
 cloud waves red,
 And when the silent house receive its
 guest—the dead.

LXIII

But to those tones what thrilling
 soul was given,
 On that last night of empire !—
 As a spell
 Whereby the life-blood to its source
 is driven,
 On the chilled heart of multitudes
 they fell.
 Each cadence seemed a prophecy,
 to tell
 Of sceptres passing from their line
 away,
 An angel-watcher's long and sad
 farewell,
 The requiem of a faith's departing
 sway,
 A throne's, a nation's dirge, a wail for
 earth's decay.

LXIV

Again, and yet again !—from yon
 high dome,
 Still the slow peal comes awfully ;
 and they
 Who never more, to rest in mortal
 home,
 Shall throw the breastplate off at
 fall of day,
 The imperial band, in close and
 armed array,
 As men that from the sword must
 part no more,
 Take through the midnight streets
 their silent way,
 Within their ancient temple to
 adore,
 Ere yet its thousand years of Christian
 pomp are o'er.

LXV

It is the hour of sleep : yet few the
 eyes

O'er which forgetfulness her balm
 hath shed
 In the beleaguered city. Stillness
 lies
 With moonlight, o'er the hills and
 waters spread,
 But not the less, with signs and
 sounds of dread,
 The time speeds on. No voice is
 raised to greet
 The last brave Constantine : and
 yet the tread
 Of many steps is in the echoing
 street,
 And pressure of pale crowds, scarce
 conscious why they meet.

LXVI

Their homes are luxury's yet : why
 pour they thence
 With a dim terror in each restless
 eye ?
 Hath the dread car which bears the
 pestilence,
 In darkness, with its heavy wheels
 rolled by,
 And rocked their palaces, as if on
 high
 The whirlwind passed ?—From
 couch and joyous board
 Hath the fierce phantom beckoned
 them to die ?
 —No !—what are these ?—for
 them a cup is poured
 More dark with wrath ;—*Man* comes
 —the spoiler and the sword.

LXVII

Still, as the monarch and his chief-
 tains pass
 Through those pale throngs, the
 streaming torch-light throws
 On some wild form, amidst the
 living mass,
 Hues, deeply red like lava's, which
 disclose
 What countless shapes are worn by
 mortal woes !
 Lips bloodless, quivering limbs,
 hands clasped in prayer,
 Starts, tremblings, hurrying, tears ;
 all outward shows
 Betokening inward agonies, were
 there :
 —Greeks ! Romans ! all but such as
 image brave despair !

LXVIII

But high above that scene, in
 bright repose,
 And beauty borrowing from the
 torches' gleams,
 A mien of life, yet where no life-
 blood flows,
 But all instinct with loftier being
 seems,
 Pale, grand, colossal; lo! the
 embodied dreams
 Of yore!—Gods, heroes, bards,
 in marble wrought,
 Look down, as powers, upon the
 wild extremes
 Of mortal passion!—Yet 'twas
 man that caught,
 And in each glorious form enshrined
 immortal thought!

LXIX

Stood ye not thus amidst the streets
 of Rome?
 That Rome which witnessed, in her
 sceptred days,
 So much of noble death?—When
 shrine and dome,
 'Midst clouds of incense, rung with
 choral lays,
 As the long triumph passed, with
 all its blaze
 Of regal spoil, were ye not proudly
 borne,
 O sovereign forms? concentrating
 all the rays
 Of the soul's lightnings?—did ye
 not adorn
 The pomp which earth stood still to
 gaze on, and to mourn?

LXX

Hath it been thus?—or did ye
 grace the halls,
 Once peopled by the mighty?
 Haply there,
 In your still grandeur, from the
 pillared walls
 Serene ye smiled on banquets of
 despair,
 Where hopeless courage wrought
 itself to dare
 The stroke of its deliverance,
 'midst the glow
 Of living wreaths, the sighs of
 perfumed air,
 The sound of lyres, the flower-
 crowned goblet's flow.

—Behold again!—high hearts make
 nobler offerings now!

LXXI

The stately fane is reached—and at
 its gate
 The warriors pause; on life's
 tumultuous tide
 A stillness falls, while he whom
 regal state
 Hath marked from all, to be more
 sternly tried
 By suffering, speaks:—each ruder
 voice hath died,
 While his implores forgiveness!—
 “If there be
 One 'midst your throngs, my
 people! whom, in pride
 Or passion, I have wronged; such
 pardon, free
 As mortals hope from Heaven, accord
 that man to me!”

LXXII

But all is silence; and a gush of
 tears
 Alone replies!—He hath not been
 of those
 Who, feared by many, pine in
 secret fears
 Of all; the environed but by slaves
 and foes,
 To whom day brings not safety,
 night repose,
 For they have *heard the voice cry*,
 “*Sleep no more!*”
 Of them he hath not been, nor such
 as close [is o'er,
 Their hearts to misery, till the time
 When it speaks low and kneels the
 oppressor's throne before.

LXXIII

He hath been loved—but who may
 trust the love
 Of a degenerate race?—in other
 mould
 Are cast the free and lofty hearts,
 that prove
 Their faith through fiery trials.
 Yet behold,
 And call him not forsaken;—
 thoughts untold
 Have lent his aspect calmness, and
 his tread
 Moves firmly to the shrine. What
 poms unfold

Within its precincts!—Isles and seas have shed
Their gorgeous treasures there, around the imperial dead.

LXXIV

'Tis a proud vision—that most regal pile
Of ancient days! The lamps are streaming bright
From its rich altar, down each pillared aisle
Whose vista fades in dimness; but the sight
Is lost in splendours, as the wavering light
Develops, on those walls, the thousand dyes,
Of the veined marbles, which array their height,
And from yon dome, the lode-star of all eyes,
Pour such an iris-glow as emulates the skies.

LXXV

But gaze thou not on these; though heaven's own hues,
In their soft clouds and radiant tracery vie;
Though tints, of sun-born glory, may suffuse
Arch, column, rich mosaic: pass thou by
The stately tombs, where eastern Cæsars lie,
Beneath their trophies; pause not here; for know,
A deeper source of all sublimity
Lives in man's bosom, than the world can show,
In nature or in art—above, around, below.

LXXVI

Turn thou to mark (though tears may dim thy gaze)
The steel-clad group before yon altar-stone;
Heed not though gems and gold around it blaze,
Those heads unhelmed, those kneeling forms alone,
Thus bowed, look glorious here. The light is thrown
Full from the shrine on one, a nation's lord,

A sufferer!—but his task shall soon be done—
E'en now, as Faith's mysterious cup is poured,
See to that noble brow, peace, not of earth, restored!

LXXVII

The rite is o'er. The band of brethren part,
Once—and *but* once—to meet on earth again! [heart,
Each, in the strength of a collected To dare what man may dare—and know 'tis vain!
The rite is o'er: and thou, majestic fane!—
The glory is departed from thy brow!—
Be clothed with dust!—the Christian's farewell strain
Hath died within thy walls; thy Cross must bow;
Thy kingly tombs be spoiled; thy golden shrines laid low!

LXXVIII

The streets grow still and lonely—and the star,
The last bright lingerer in the path of morn,
Gleams faint; and in the very lap of war,
As if young Hope with twilight's ray were born,
Awhile the city sleeps:—her throngs, o'erworn
With fears and watchings, to their homes retire;
Nor is the balmy air of dayspring torn
With battle-sounds; the winds in sighs expire,
And quiet broods in mists that veil the sunbeam's fire.

LXXIX

The city sleeps!—ay! on the combat's eve,
And by the scaffold's brink, and 'midst the swell
Of angry seas, hath Nature won reprieve
Thus from her cares. The brave have slumbered well,
And e'en the fearful, in their dungeon-cell,

Chained between life and death !—
 Such rest be thine,
 For conflicts wait thee still ! Yet
 who can tell
 In that brief hour, how much of
 heaven may shine
 Full on thy spirit's dream !—Sleep,
 weary Constantine !

LXXX

Doth the blast rise ?—the clouded
 east is red,
 As if a storm were gathering ; and
 I hear
 What seems like heavy rain-drops,
 or the tread,
 The soft and smothered step, of
 those that fear
 Surprise from ambushed foes.
 Hark ! yet more near
 It comes, a many-toned and
 mingled sound ;
 A rustling, as of winds, where
 boughs are sear,
 A rolling, as of wheels that shake
 the ground
 From far ; a heavy rush, like seas
 that burst their bound !

LXXXI

Wake, wake ! They come from sea
 and shore, ascending
 In hosts your ramparts ! Arm ye
 for the day !
 Who now may sleep amidst the
 thunders rending,
 Through tower and wall, a path for
 their array ?
 Hark ! how the trumpet cheers
 them to the prey,
 With its wild voice, to which the
 seas reply,
 And the earth rocks beneath their
 engines' sway, [cry,
 And the far hills repeat their battle-
 Till that fierce tumult seems to shake
 the vaulted sky !

LXXXII

They fail not now, the generous
 band, that long
 Have ranged their swords around
 a falling throne ;
 Still in those fearless men the walls
 are strong,
 Hearts, such as rescue empires, are
 their own !

—Shall those high energies be
 vainly shown !
 No ! from their towers the invading
 tide is driven
 Back, like the Red Sea waves, when
 God had blown
 With His strong winds !—the dark-
 browed ranks are riven—
 Shout, warriors of the Cross !—for
 victory is of Heaven !

LXXXIII

Stand firm !—Again the crescent
 host is rushing,
 And the waves foam, as on the
 galley's sweep,
 With all their fires and darts,
 though blood is gushing
 Fast o'er their sides, as rivers to
 the deep.
 Stand firm !—there yet is hope, the
 ascent is steep,
 And from on high no shaft de-
 scends in vain ;
 —But those that fall swell up the
 mangled heap,
 In the red moat, the dying and the
 slain,
 And o'er that fearful bridge the
 assailants mount again !

LXXXIV

Oh ! the dread mingling, in that
 awful hour,
 Of all terrific sounds !—the savage
 tone
 Of the wild horn, the cannon's peal,
 the shower
 Of hissing darts, the crash of walls
 o'erthrown,
 The deep dull tambour's beat—
 man's voice alone
 Is there unheard ! Ye may not
 catch the cry
 Of trampled thousands—prayer,
 and shriek, and moan,
 All drowned, as that fierce hurri-
 cane sweeps by,
 But swell the unheeded sum earth
 pays for victory !

LXXXV

War-clouds have wrapt the city !
 —through their dun,
 O'erloaded canopy, at times ablaze,
 As of an angry storm-presaging
 sun,

From the Greek fire shoots up ;
 and lightning rays
 Flash, from the shock of sabres,
 through the haze,
 And glancing arrows cleave the
 dusky air !
 —Ay ! *this* is in the compass of
 our gaze,—
 But fearful things, unknown, un-
 told, are there,
 Workings of wrath and death, and
 anguish, and despair !

LXXXVI

Woe, shame and woe !—A chief, a
 warrior flies,
 A Red-Cross champion, bleeding,
 wild, and pale !
 —O God ! that nature's passing
 agonies,
 Thus, o'er the spark which dies
 not, should prevail !
 Yes ! rend the arrow from thy
 shattered mail,
 And stanch the blood-drops,
 Genoa's fallen son !
 Fly swifter yet ! the javelins pour
 as hail !
 —But there are tortures which
 thou canst not shun,
 The spirit is *their* prey—thy pangs are
 but begun !

LXXXVII

Oh, happy in their homes, the
 noble dead !
 The seal is set on their majestic
 fame ;
 Earth has drunk deep the generous
 blood they shed,
 Fate has no power to dim their
 stainless name !
 They may not, in one bitter mo-
 ment, shame
 Long glorious years ; from many
 a lofty stem
 Fall graceful flowers, and eagle
 hearts grow tame,
 And stars drop, fading, from the
 diadem ;
 But the bright *past* is theirs—there
 is no change for *them* !

LXXXVIII

Where art thou, Constantine ?—
 where death is reaping

His sevenfold harvest !—where the
 stormy light,
 Fast as the artillery's thunderbolts
 are sweeping,
 Throws meteor-bursts o'er battle's
 noonday-night !
 Where the towers rock and crumble
 from their height,
 As to the earthquake, and the
 engines ply,
 Like red Vesuvio ; and where
 human might
 Confronts all this, and still brave
 hearts beat high,
 While scimitars ring loud on shivering
 panoply.

LXXXIX

Where art thou, Constantine ?—
 where Christian blood
 Hath bathed the walls in torrents,
 and in vain !
 Where faith and valour perish in
 the flood,
 Whose billows, rising o'er their
 bosoms, gain
 Dark strength each moment :
 where the gallant slain
 Around the banner of the Cross lie
 strewed,
 Thick as the vine-leaves on the
 autumnal plain ;
 Where all, save one high spirit, is
 subdued,
 And through the breach press on the
 o'erwhelming multitude.

XC

Now is he battling 'midst a host
 alone,
 As the last cedar stems awhile the
 sway
 Of mountain-storms, whose fury
 hath o'erthrown
 Its forest-brethren in their green
 array !
 And he hath cast his purple robe
 away,
 With its imperial bearings ; that his
 sword
 An iron ransom from the chain may
 pay,
 And win, what haply fate may yet
 accord,
 A soldier's death—the all now left
 an empire's lord !

XCI

Search for him now where bloodiest
lie the files

Which once were men, the faithful
and the brave!

Search for him now where loftiest
rise the piles

Of shattered helms and shields,
which could not save;

And crests and banners, never more
to wave

In the free winds of heaven! He
is of those

O'er whom the host may rush, the
tempest rave,

And the steeds trample, and the
spearmen close,

Yet wake them not!—so deep their
long and last repose!

XCII

Woe to the vanquished!—thus it
hath been still

Since Time's first march!—Hark,
hark, a people's cry!

Ay, now the conquerors in the
streets fulfil

Their task of wrath! In vain the
victims fly; [agony]

Hark! now each piercing tone of
Blends in the city's shriek! The
lot is cast.

Slaves, 'twas your *choice* thus,
rather thus, to die,

Than where the warrior's blood
flows warm and fast,

And roused and mighty hearts beat
proudly to the last!

XCIII

Oh! well doth freedom battle!
Men have made,

E'en 'midst their blazing roofs, a
noble stand,

And on the floors, where once their
children played,

And by the hearths, round which
their household band

At evening met; ay, struggling
hand to hand,

Within the very chambers of their
sleep,

There have they taught the spoilers
of the land,

In chainless hearts what fiery
strength-lies deep,

To guard free homes!—but ye!—
kneel, tremblers! kneel and
weep!

XCIV

'Tis eve—the storm hath died, the
valiant rest

Low on their shields; the day's
fierce work is done,

And bloodstained seas, and burning
towers attest

Its fearful deeds. An empire's
race is run!

Sad, 'midst his glory, looks the
parting sun

Upon the captive city. Hark! a
swell

(Meet to proclaim barbaric war-
fields won)

Of fierce triumphal sounds, that
wildly tell

The Soldan comes within the Cæsars'
halls to dwell!

XCV

Yes! with the peal of cymbal and
of gong,

He comes,—the Moslem treads
those ancient halls!

But all is stillness there, as death
had long

Been lord alone within those gor-
geous walls,

And half that silence of the grave
appals

The conqueror's heart. Ay, thus
with triumph's hour,

Still comes the boding whisper,
which recalls

A thought of those impervious
clouds that lower

O'er grandeur's path, a sense of some
far mightier Power!

XCVI

"The owl upon Afrasiab's towers
hath sung

Her watch-song, and around the
imperial throne,

The spider weaves his web!" Still
darkly hung

That verse of omen, as a prophet's
tone,

O'er his flushed spirit. Years on
years have flown

To prove its truth: kings pile
their domes in air

That the coiled snake may bask
on sculptured stone,
And nations clear the forest, to
prepare
For the wild fox and wolf more stately
dwellings there !

XCVII

But thou ! that on thy ramparts
proudly dying
As a crowned leader in such hours
should die,
Upon thy pyre of shivered spears
art lying,
With the heavens o'er thee for a
canopy,
And banners for thy shroud ! No
tear, no sigh,
Shall mingle with thy dirge ; for
thou art now
Beyond vicissitude ! Lo ! reared
on high,
The Crescent blazes, while the Cross
must bow :
But where no change can reach, there,
Constantine, art thou !

XCVIII

" After life's fitful fever thou
sleepest well ! "
We may not mourn thee ! Scep-
tered chiefs, from whom
The earth received her destiny, and
fell
Before them trembling—to a
sterner doom
Have oft been called. For them
the dungeon's gloom,
With its cold starless midnight,
hath been made
More fearful darkness, where, as in
a tomb,
Without a tomb's repose, the chain
hath weighed
Their very soul to dust, with each
high power decayed.

XCIX

Or in the eye of thousands they
have stood,
To meet the stroke of death ; but
not like thee !
From bonds and scaffolds hath
appealed *their* blood,
But thou didst fall unfettered,
armed, and free,

H.P.

And kingly to the last !—And if it
be,
That, from the viewless world,
whose marvels none
Return to tell, a spirit's eye can
see
The things of earth ; still mayst
thou hail the sun,
Which o'er thy land shall dawn, when
freedom's fight is won.

C

And the hour comes, in storm ! A
light is glancing
Far through the forest-god's Arca-
dian shades !
—'Tis not the moonbeam, tremu-
lously dancing,
Where lone Alpheus bathes his
haunted glades ;
A murmur, gathering power, the
air pervades
Round dark Cithæron and by
Delphi's steep ;
—'Tis not the song and lyre of
Grecian maids,
Nor pastoral reed that lulls the
vales to sleep,
Nor yet the rustling pines, nor yet the
sounding deep !

CI

Arms glitter on the mountains,
which, of old,
Awoke to freedom's first heroic
strain,
And by the streams, once crimson,
as they rolled
The Persian helm and standard to
the main ;
And the blue waves of Salamis
again
Thrill to the trumpet ; and the
tombs reply,
With their ten thousand echoes,
from each plain,
Far as Plataea's, where the mighty
lie,
Who crowned so proudly there the
bowl of liberty !

CII

Bright land, with glory mantled
o'er by song !
Land of the vision-peopled hills,
and streams,

Q

And fountains, whose deserted
banks along, [teems ;
Still the soft air with inspiration
Land of the graves, whose dwellers
shall be themes
To verse for ever ; and of ruined
shrines,
That scarce look desolate beneath
such beams,
As bathe in gold thine ancient
rocks and pines !
—When shall thy sons repose in
peace beneath their vines ?

CIII

Thou wert not made for bonds, nor
shame, nor fear !
—Do the hoar oaks and dark-green
laurels wave
O'er Mantinea's earth ?—doth
Pindus rear
His snows, the sunbeam, and the
storm to brave ?
And is there yet on Marathon a
grave ? [line
And doth Eurotas lead his silvery
By Sparta's ruins ?—And shall
man, a slave,
Bowed to the dust, amid such
scenes repine ?
—If e'er a soil was marked for
freedom's step, 'tis thine !

CIV

Wash from that soil the stains
with battle-showers !

—Beneath Sophia's dome the
Moslem prays,
The Crescent gleams amidst the
olive bowers,
In the Comneni's halls the Tartar
sways :
But not for long !—the spirit of
those days,
When the three hundred made their
funeral pile
Of Asia's dead, is kindling, like the
rays
Of thy rejoicing sun, when first his
smile
Warms the Parnassian rock, and gilds
the Delian isle.

CV

If then 'tis given thee to arise in
might,
Trampling the scourge, and dashing
down the chain,
Pure be thy triumphs, as thy name
is bright !
The cross of victory should not
know a stain !
So may that faith once more su-
preinely reign,
Through which we lift our spirits
from the dust !
And deem not, e'en when virtue
dies in vain,
She dies forsaken ; but repose our
trust
On Him Whose ways are dark, un-
searchable—but just.

GREEK SONGS

I.—THE STORM OF DELPHI¹

FAR through the Delphian shades
An Eastern trumpet rung !
And the startled eagle rushed on
high !
With a sounding flight through the
fiery sky ;
And banners, o'er the shadowy
glades,
To the sweeping winds were
flung.

Banners, with deep-red gold
All waving as aflame,
And a fitful glance from the bright
spear-head
On the dim wood paths of the moun-
tain shed,
And a peal of Asia's war notes told
That in arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems
On his quiver and his crest ;
With starry gems, at whose heart the
day
Of the cloudless orient burning lay,

¹ See the account cited from Herodotus, in
Mitford's *Greece*,

And they cast a gleam on the laurel
stems,
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
And a heavy moan went by !
A moan, yet not like the wind's low
swell,
When its voice grows wild amidst cave
and dell,
But a mortal murmur of dismay,
Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell o'er their way !
'Twas not the shadow cast
By the dark pine boughs, as they
crossed the blue
Of the Grecian heavens with their
solemn hue ;—
The air was filled with a mightier
sway—
But on the spearmen passed !

And hollow to their tread,
Came the echoes of the ground,
And banners drooped, as with dews
o'erborne,
And the wailing blast of the battle
horn
Had an altered cadence, dull and
dead,
Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,
When the steep defiles were
passed !
And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
To shine through heaven with his
radiant snows,
And in golden light the Delphian
fane
Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,
'Midst the laurels gleaming lone,
For the sun-god yet, with a lovely
smile,
O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,
Though the stormy shade on cliff
and wood
Grew deep round its mountain-
throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !
But the marble-walls replied,
With a clash of steel and a sullen roar
Like heavy wheels on the ocean shore,

And a savage trumpet's note
pealed out,
Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god,
Then a viewless hand was laid ;
There were helm and spear, with a
clanging din,
And corslet brought from the shine
within,
From the inmost shrine of the dread
abode,
And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
Through the dim and loaded air !
On the wild bird's wing, and the
myrtle spray,
And the very founts, in their silvery
way,
With a weight of sleep came down
the spell,
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !
'Twas not by song or lyre ;
For the Delphian maids had left their
bowers,
And the hearths were lone in the city's
towers,
But there burst a sound through
the misty noon—
That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !
It rolled from crag and cloud !
For a moment of the mountain blast,
With a thousand stormy voices
passed
And the purple gloom of the sky
was riven,
When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
Flashed forth, like javelins
thrown ;
Like sun-darts winged from the silver
bow,
They smote the spear and the tur-
baned brow,
And the bright gems flew from the
crests like spray,
And the banners were struck
down !

And the massy oak boughs crashed
To the fire-bolts from on high,

And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward
bore,

And lit the streams, as they foamed
and dashed,

With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men

On the pale and scattered host ;

Like the joyous burst of a flashing
wave,

They rushed from the dim Corycian
cave,

And the sighing blast o'er wood
and glen

Rolled on, with the spears they
tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,

There were shouts of warrior
glee,

There were savage sounds of the
tempest's mirth,

That shook the realm of their eagle
birth ;

But the mount of song, when they
died away,

Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,

Io Pæan ! from the fane ;

Io Pæan ! for the war array,
On the crowned Parnassus riven that
day !

Thou shalt rise *as free*, thou mount
of song !

With thy bounding streams
again.

II.—THE BOWL OF LIBERTY

BEFORE the fiery sun,

The sun that looks on Greece with
cloudless eye,

In the free air, and on the war-field
won,

Our fathers crowned the Bowl of
Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,

The tombs of heroes ! with the
solemn skies,

And the wide plain around, where
patriot blood

Had steeped the soil in hues of sac-
rifice.

They called the glorious dead,
In the strong faith which brings the
viewless nigh,

And poured rich odours o'er their
battle-bed,

And bade them to their rite of Liberty.

They called them from the
shades,

The golden-fruited shades, where
minstrels tell

How softer light the immortal clime
pervades,

And music floats o'er meads of
asphodel.

Then fast the bright red-wine

Flowed to *their* names who taught
the world to die

And made the land's green turf a
living shrine,

Meet for the wreath and Bowl of
Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth

Took from her vines again the blood
she gave,

And richer flowers to deck the tomb
drew birth

From the free soil thus hallowed to
the brave.

We have the battle-fields,

The tombs, the names, the blue
majestic sky,

We have the founts the purple vin-
tage yields ;

—When shall *we* crown the Bowl of
Liberty ?

III.—THE VOICE OF SCIO

A VOICE from Scio's isle—

A voice of song, a voice of old
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while—

The souls of nations woke !

Where lies the land, whose hills among
That voice of victory hath not wrung,
As if a trumpet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore,

Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
Swept from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore.

Still, by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned!
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there: so rest the
brave
Who thus their bard have found!

A voice from Scio's isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile!

Let not its tones expire!
Such power to waken earth and
heaven,
And might and vengeance ne'er was
given
To mortal song or lyre!

Know ye not whence it comes?
—From ruined hearths, from burning
fanés,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes!

'Tis with us through the night!
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
Hear it, ye heavens! when swords
flash high,
O'er the mid-waves of fight!

IV.—THE SPARTANS' MARCH

"The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle," says Thucydides, "because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."—
CAMPBELL *on the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and
flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's
towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess poured?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the
stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious
beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep blue sky;
While to soft strains moved forth a
band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's
blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel groves, as on they
passed,
Rung with no battle shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan
lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path
around,
Sent forth Æolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death!

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne!

V.—THE URN AND SWORD

THEY sought for treasures in the
tomb,
Where gentler hands were wont to
spread [bloom
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward
heap,
Where once those hands the bright
wine poured
—What found they in the home of
sleep?—
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword!

An urn, which held the dust of one
Who died when hearths and shrines
were free ;

A sword, whose work was proudly
done
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures !—undis-
mayed,
Still for the suffering land we trust,
Wherein the past its fame hath laid,
With freedom's sword, and valour's
dust.

VI.—THE MYRTLE BOUGH

STILL green, along our sunny shore,
The flowering myrtle waves,
As when its fragrant boughs of yore
Were offered on the graves—

The graves, wherein our mighty men
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the
hearth

Was sacred through the land ;
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,
And free the minstrel's hand ;
And guests, with shining myrtle
crowned, [round.
Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup

Still green, as when on holy ground
The tyrant's blood was poured :
Forget ye not what garlands bound
The young deliverer's sword !

Though earth may shroud Harmodius
now,

We still have sword and myrtle
bough !

ELYSIUM

[In the Elysium of the ancients, we find none but heroes and persons who had either been fortunate or distinguished on earth ; the children, and apparently the slaves and lower classes, that is to say, Poverty, Misfortune, and Innocence, were banished to the Infernal Regions.—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Génie du Christianisme*.]

FAIR wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious
flowers

And summer winds and low-toned
silvery streams,

Dim with the shadows of thy laurel
bowers,

Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such
as clings

To earthly love, and joy in loveliest
things !

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters
cast,

From purple skies ne'er deepening
into night,

Yet soft, as if each moment were their
last

Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains !—but *thy*
golden day

Was not as those that warn us of
decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went
by,

From fountain-voices in their secret
glades,

And low reed-whispers, making sweet
reply

To summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the
wind's light breath,

Which ne'er had touched them with
a hue of death !

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the
strain

Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made
harmony

Solemn and sweet ; yet troubling
not the brain

With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still
draw birth

From the bewildering music of the
earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving
asphodel?

Called from the dim procession of the
dead,

Who, 'midst the shadowy amaranth-
bowers might dwell,

And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and
inhale

The spirit wandering in the immortal
gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nations'
feasts, went round!

They of the lyre, whose forgotten
lays

Forth on the winds had sent their
mighty sound,

And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—
and become

In man's deep heart as voices of his
home!

They of the daring thought!
Daring and powerful, yet to dust
allied—

Whose flight through stars, and seas,
and depths, had sought
The soul's far birthplace—but with-
out a guide!

Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high myster-
ious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive woods, by
Grecian streams.

But the most *loved* are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her
clarion voice,

In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang
their way,

The vale, with its deep fountains, is
their choice,

And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they
die,

As a stream shrinks from summer's
burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
'Midst her green valleys, earth re-
tained no trace,

Save a flower springing from their
burial-sod,

A shade of sadness on some kindred
face,

A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home;—thou hadst no
wreaths for *these*,

Thou sunny land! with all thy
deathless trees!

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts
were spread,

And songs on every wind! From
thy bright shore

No lovelier vision floated round his
head—

Thou wert for nobler dead!
He heard the bounding steps which
round him fell,

And sighed to bid the festal sun
farewell!

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose
breast

Kept the mute woes and burning
thoughts of years,

As embers in a burial-urn compressed;
He might not be thy guest!

No gentle breathings from thy distant
sky

Came o'er *his* path, and whispered
"Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too
dear,

The child at rest before the mother
lay,

E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium!
what wert *thou*

To her, who wept o'er that young
slumberer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom
gone,

With life's fresh flowers just opening
in its hand,

And all the lovely thoughts and
dreams unknown

Which, in its clear eye, shone
Like spring's first wakening! but
that light was past—

Where went the dewdrop swept before
the blast?

Not where *thy* soft winds played,
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy
 sleep! [Visions, fade!
 Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of
 From thee no voice came o'er the
 gloomy deep,

And bade man cease to weep!
 Fade with the amaranth plain, the
 myrtle grove,
 Which could not yield one hope to
 sorrowing love!

THE FUNERAL GENIUS;

AN ANCIENT STATUE

[Debout, couronné de fleurs, les bras élevés et posés sur sa tête, et le dos appuyé contre un pin, ce génie semble exprimer par son attitude le repos des morts. Les bas-reliefs des tombeaux offrent souvent des figures semblables.—VISCONTI, *Description des Antiques du Musée Royal*]

Thou shouldst be looked on when the
 starlight falls
 Through the blue stillness of the
 summer air,
 Not by the torch-fire wavering on the
 walls—
 It hath too fitful and too wild a glare!
 And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the
 lovely, seems
 To ask light steps, that will not
 break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so
 the dead
 Were crowned of old, with pale spring
 flowers like these;
 Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet
 softly shed,
 As from the wing of some faint
 southern breeze:
 And the pine boughs o'ershadow thee
 with gloom
 Which of the grove seems breathing
 —not the tomb.

They feared not death, whose calm
 and gracious thought
 Of the last hour, hath settled thus in
 thee!
 They who thy wreath of pallid roses
 wrought, [tree,
 And laid thy head against the forest
 As that of one, by music's dreamy
 close,
 On the wood violets lulled to deep
 repose.

They feared not death!—yet who
 shall say his touch
 Thus lightly falls on gentle things
 and fair?

Doth he bestow, or will he leave so
 much
 Of tender beauty as thy features
 wear?
 Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose
 young eyes
 So still a night, a night of summer,
 lies!

Had they seen aught like thee?—
 Did some fair boy
 Thus, with his graceful hair, before
 them rest?
 His graceful hair, no more to wave
 in joy,
 But drooping, as with heavy dews
 oppressed:
 And his eye veiled so softly by its
 fringe,
 And his lip faded to the white-rose
 tinge?

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread
 hour
 Made known its lessons from a brow
 like thine!
 If all their knowledge of the spoiler's
 power
 Came by a look so tranquilly divine!
 —Let him, who *thus* hath seen the
 lovely part,
 Hold well that image to his thought-
 ful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there
 less of woe,
 Or love, or terror, in the days of old,
 That men poured out their gladdening
 spirit's flow,
 Like sunshine, on the desolate and
 cold,

And gave thy semblance to the
shadowy king,
Who for deep souls had then a deeper
sting ?

In the dark bosom of the earth they
laid !

Far more than we—for loftier faith
is ours !

Their gems were lost in ashes—yet
they made

The grave a place of beauty and of
flowers,

With fragrant wreaths, and summer
boughs arrayed,

And lovely sculpture gleaming
through the shade.

Is it for *us* a darker gloom to shed
O'er its dim precincts ?—do we not
entrust

But for a time, its chambers with our
dead,

And strew immortal seed upon the
dust ?

—Why should *we* dwell on that which
lies beneath,

When living light hath touched the
brow of death.

THE TOMBS OF PLATÆA

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

AND there they sleep !—the men
who stood

In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Persian
blood,

And taught the earth how freedom
might be won.

They sleep !—the Olympic wreaths
are dead,

The Athenian lyres are hushed and
gone ;

The Dorian voice of song is fled—
Slumber, ye mighty ! slumber deeply
on.

They sleep, and seems not all
around

As hallowed unto glory's tomb !

Silence is on the battle ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breath-
less gloom.

And stars are watching on their
height,

But dimly seen through mist and
cloud,

And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain, as with a
glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night-queen ! here
thy beams

Are not as those the shepherd
loves,

Nor look they down on shining
streams,

By 'Naiads haunted in their laurel
groves :

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet
sleep,

In shadowy quiet, 'midst its vines
No temple gleaming from the steep,

'Midst the grey olives, or the moun-
tain pines ;

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's,

brood,
Where man's departed steps are
traced

But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus !—What slave shall
tread

O'er freedom's ancient battle-
plains !

Let deserts wrap the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping
o'er her chains :

Here, where the Persian clarion
rung,

And where the Spartan sword
flashed high,

And where the pæan strains were
sung,

From year to year swelled on by
liberty !

Here should no voice, no sound, be
heard,

Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,

Or the shrill trumpet, pealing up
through heaven !

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave !

No vines festoon your lonely tree !

No harvest o'er your war-field wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim—the
land is free!

THE VIEW FROM CASTRI

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAMS

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie:
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breathed from the cavern's misty chambers nigh:
There have been voices, through the sunny sky
And the pine woods, their choral hymn-notes sending;
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
With incense clouds around the temple blending;
And throngs with laurel boughs, before the altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles
Brought to the day-god's now-forsaken throne;
Thunders have pealed along the rock defiles,
When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
That foes were on their way!—the deep wind's moan
Hath chilled the invader's heart with secret fear,
And from the Sybil-grottoes, wild and lone,
Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk!—but thou unchanged art there!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! their bright course teems

With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!

Away, vain phantasies!—doth less of power
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
Though in deep stillness now, the ruin's flower
Wave o'er the pillars mouldering on thy breast!
—Lift through the free blue heavens thine arrowy crest!
Let the great rocks their solitude regain!
No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
With their full chords:—but silent be the strain!
Thou hast a mightier voice to speak the Eternal's reign!

THE FESTAL HOUR

WHEN are the lessons given
That shake the startled earth?
When wakes the foe
While the friend sleeps? When
falls the traitor's blow?
When are proud sceptres riven,
High hopes o'erthrown?—It is when
lands rejoice,
When cities blaze and lift the exulting voice,
And wave their banners to the kindling heaven!

Fear ye the festal hour!
When mirth o'erflows, then tremble!
—'Twas a night
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance,
and light,
When through the regal bower
The trumpet pealed, ere yet the song
was done,
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crowned :
 Young voices, through the blue
 Athenian sky,
 And Dorian reeds, made summer
 melody,
 And censers waved around ;
 And lyres were strung and bright
 libations poured !
 When, through the streets, flashed
 out the avenging sword,
 Fearless and free, the sword with
 myrtles bound !

Through Rome a triumph passed.
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams
 went by
 That long array of glorious pageantry,
 With shout and trumpet-blast.
 An empire's gems their starry splen-
 dour shed
 O'er the proud march ; a king in
 chains was led ;
 A stately victor, crowned and robed,
 came last.

And many a Dryad's bower
 Had lent the laurels which, in waving
 play,
 Stirred the warm air, and glistened
 round his way,
 As a quick-flashing shower.
 —O'er his own porch, meantime, the
 cypress hung,
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish
 rung—
 Woe for the dead !—the father's
 broken flower !

A sound of lyre and song,
 In the still night, went floating o'er
 the Nile,
 Whose waves, by many an old my-
 sterious pile,
 Swept with that voice along ;
 And lamps were shining o'er the red
 wine's foam
 Where a chief revelled in a monarch's
 dome,
 And fresh rose-garlands decked a
 glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade
 The joyous chords ring out !—but
 strains arose
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !
 Sounds, by no mortal made,

Shook Alexandria through her streets
 that night,
 And passed—and with another sun-
 set's light,
 The kingly Roman on his bier was
 laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay
 The fair Campanian city, with its
 towers
 And temples gleaming through dark
 olive-bowers
 Clear in the golden day ;
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,
 And 'crowds had filled its halls of
 revelry,
 And all the sunny air was music's
 way.

A cloud came o'er the face
 Of Italy's rich heaven !—its crystal
 blue
 Was changed, and deepened to a
 wrathful hue
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,
 As with the wings of death !—in all
 his power
 Vesuvius woke, and hurled the burn-
 ing shower,
 And who could tell the buried city's
 place ?

Such things have been of yore,
 In the gay regions where the citrons
 blow,
 And purple summers all their sleepy
 glow
 On the grape clusters pour ;
 And where the palms to spicy
 winds are waving,
 Along clear seas of melting sapphire,
 laving,
 As with a flow of light, their southern
 shore.

Turn we to other climes !—
 Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was
 spread,
 'Midst the rock altars of the warrior
 dead :

And ancient battle rhymes
 Were chanted to the harp ; and yel-
 low mead
 Went flowing round, and tales of
 martial deed,
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time ;

But, ere the giant fane
 Cast its broad shadows on the robe of
 even,
 Hushed were the bards, and in the
 face of heaven,
 O'er that old burial-plain
 Flashed the keen Saxon dagger!—
 Blood was streaming
 Where late the mead-cup to the sun
 was gleaming,
 And Britain's hearths were heaped
 that night in vain—

For they returned no more!
 They that went forth at morn, with
 reckless heart,
 In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear
 their part;
 And, on the rushy floor,
 And the bright spears and bucklers of
 the walls,
 The high wood fires were blazing in
 their halls;
 But not for them—they slept—their
 feast was o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!
 Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'er-
 flows!
 Tame down the swelling heart!—
 the bridal rose,
 And the rich myrtle's flower
 Have veiled the sword!—Red wines
 have sparkled fast
 From venomed goblets, and soft
 breezes passed,
 With fatal perfume, through the re-
 vel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!
 But pour not all your spirit in the
 song,
 Which through the sky's deep azure
 floats along,
 Like summer's quickening
 breath!
 The ground is hollow in the path of
 mirth: [earth,
 Oh! far too daring seems the joy of
 So darkly pressed and girdled in by
 death!

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

[IN the year 1315, Switzerland was invaded by Duke Leopold of Austria, with a formidable army. It is well attested that this prince repeatedly declared "he would trample the audacious rustics under his feet"; and that he had procured a large stock of cordage, for the purpose of binding their chiefs, and putting them to death.

The 15th October, 1315, dawned. The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing host; and this being the first army ever known to have attempted the frontiers of the cantons, the Swiss viewed its long line with various emotions. Montfort de Tettwang led the cavalry into the narrow pass, and soon filled the whole space between the mountain (Mount Sattel) and the lake. The fifty men on the eminence (above Morgarten) raised a sudden shout, and rolled down heaps of rocks and stones among the crowded ranks. The Confederates on the mountain, perceiving the impression made by this attack, rushed down in close array, and fell upon the flank of the disordered column. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy, and dealt their blows and thrusts with long pikes. The narrowness of the defile admitted of no evolutions, and a slight frost having injured the road, the horses were impeded in all their motions; many leaped into the lake; all were startled; and at last the whole column gave way, and fell suddenly back on the infantry; and these last, as the nature of the country did not allow them to open their files, were run over by the fugitives, and many of them trampled to death. A general rout ensued, and Duke Leopold was, with much difficulty, rescued by a peasant, who led him to Winterthur, where the historian of the times saw him arrive in the evening, pale, sullen and dismayed.—PLANTA'S *History of the Helvetic Confederacy*.]

THE wine-month shone in its golden
 prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound, through the
 Switzer's clime,
 Than the vintage music, rung:—
 A sound, through vaulted caves,
 A sound, through echoing glen,

Like the hollow swell of a rushing
 wave; [men.
 —'Twas the tread of steel-girt
 And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of
 war

With a thousand of their own,
 And through the forest-glooms
 Flashed helmets to the day,
 And the winds were tossing knight-
 ly plumes,
 Like the larch boughs in their
 play.

In Hasli's ¹ wilds there was gleaming
 steel,
 As the host of the Austrian passed,
 And the Schreckhorn's ² rocks, with
 a savage peal,
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
 Up 'midst the Righi ³ snows,
 The stormy march was heard,
 With the charger's tramp, whence
 fire-sparks rose,
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,
 With blazoned streamers, and lances
 tall,
 Moved onwards in princely state.
 They came with heavy chains,
 For the race despised so long—
 But amidst his Alp domains,
 The herdsman's arm is strong !

The sun was reddening the clouds of
 morn
 When they entered the rock-defile,
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
 Their bugles rung the while.
 But on the misty height,
 Where the mountain people
 stood,
 There was stillness, as of night,
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead
 night,
 And a pause—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the
 gathering might
 Of the hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they looked not to the misty
 height
 Where the mountain people
 stood.

The pass was filled with their serried
 power,
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,
 And their steps had sounds like a
 thunder shower
 In the rustling forest shade.
 There were prince and crested
 knight,
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
 When a shout arose from the misty
 height
 Where the mountain people
 stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding
 down,
 Their startled foes among,
 With a joyous whirl from the summit
 thrown—
 —Oh ! the herdsman's arm is
 strong !
 They came like lauwine hurled
 From Alp to Alp in play,
 When the echoes shout through the
 snowy world,
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir woods crashed on the moun-
 tain side,
 And the Switzers rushed from high,
 With a sudden charge, on the flower
 and pride
 Of the Austrian chivalry :
 Like hunters of the deer,
 They stormed the narrow dell,
 And first in the shock, with Uri's
 spear,
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded
 strait,
 And a cry of wild dismay,
 And many a warrior met his fate
 From a peasant's hand that day !
 And the empire's banner then
 From its place of waving free,
 Went down before the shepherd
 men,
 The men of the Forest Sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they
 brake
 The cuirass and the shield,
 And the war-horse dashed to the
 reddening lake
 From the reapers of the field !
 The field—but not of sheaves—

¹ Hasli, a wild district in the canton of Berne.

² Schreckhorn, the *peak of terror*, a mountain
 in the canton of Berne.

³ Righi, a mountain in the canton of Schwyz.

Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-
 wood leaves,
 In the Autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc
 viewed,

When the Austrian turned to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling mul-
 titude,

Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelmed was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds
 afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the
 freeman tills,

Went back from the battle-toil,
 To their cabin homes 'midst the deep
 green hills,

All burdened with royal spoil.

There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When children sprung to greet their
 sires

From the wild Morgarten fight.

ON A FLOWER FROM THE FIELD OF GRÜTLI

WHENCE art thou, flower? From
 holy ground,

Where freedom's foot hath been!
 Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
 Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
 Was not where spears have crossed,
 And shivered helms have strewn the
 earth,

'Midst banners won and lost.

But where the sunny hues and show-
 ers

Unto thy cup were given,
 There met high hearts at midnight
 hours,

Pure hands were raised to heaven;

And vows were pledged that man
 should roam

Through every Alpine dell

Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
 The shaft of William Tell.

And prayer, the full deep flow of
 prayer,
 Hallowed the pastoral sod;
 And souls grew strong for battle there,
 Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
 That calm devoted band,
 And rose, and made their spirits felt
 Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born
 flower!

Even in thy pale decay
 There dwells a breath, a tone, a
 power,
 Which all high thoughts obey.

ON A LEAF FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

AND was thy home, pale withered
 thing,

Beneath the rich blue southern sky?
 Wert thou a nursling of the spring,
 The winds and suns of glorious Italy?

Those suns in golden light e'en now,
 Look o'er the poet's lovely grave;
 Those winds are breathing soft, but
 thou

Answering their whisper, there no
 more shalt wave.

The flowers o'er Posilippo's brow
 May cluster in their purple bloom,
 But on the o'ershadowing ilex
 bough,

Thy breezy place is void by Virgil's
 tomb.

Thy place is void; oh! none on
 earth,

This crowded earth, may so re-
 main,
 Save that which souls of loftiest
 birth

Leave when they part, their brighter
 home to gain.

Another leaf, ere now, hath sprung
 On the green stem which once was
 thine;

When shall another strain be sung
 Like his whose dust hath made that
 spot a shrine?

THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON

YES, it is ours!—the field is won,
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his
bloody shield.

Let me not hear your trumpets ring,
Swell not the battle-horn!
Thoughts far too sad those notes
will bring,
When to the grave my glorious
flower is borne!

Speak not of victory!—in the name
There is too much of woe!
Hushed be the empty voice of
Fame—
Call me back *his* whose graceful head
is low.

Speak not of victory!—from my
halls,
The sunny hour is gone!
The ancient banner on my walls,
Must sink ere long; I had but him—
but one!

Within the dwelling of my sires
The hearths will soon be cold,
With me must die the beacon-fires
That streamed at midnight from the
mountain-hold.

And let them fade, since this must
be,
My lovely and my brave!
Was thy bright blood poured
forth for me?
And is there but for stately youth a
grave?

Speak to me once again, my boy!
Wilt thou not hear my call?
Thou wert so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamt of *this*—that thou
couldst fall!

Thy mother watches from the steep
For thy returning plume;
How shall I tell her that thy sleep
Is of the silent house, the untimely
tomb?

Thou didst not seem as one to die,
With all thy young renown!
—Ye saw his falchion's flash on
high,

In the mid-fight, when spears and
crests went down!

Slow be your march! the field is
won!
A dark and evil field!
Lift from the ground my noble son,
And bear him homewards on his
bloody shield.

A FRAGMENT

REST on your battle-fields, ye brave!
Let the pines murmur o'er your
grave,
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
We call you back no more!

Oh! there was mourning when ye fell,
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place
fall fast
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the Ocean Isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind
sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the Pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday
reigns,
And the palm trees yield no
shade;—

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead,

The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks at night
 Is heard the tiger's roar ;—

But let the sound roll on
 It hath no tone of dread
 For those that from their toils are
 gone,—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
 The Western wilds among,
 And free, in green Columbia's woods,
 The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !
 Let the arrow's flight be sped !
 Why should *they* reckon whose task is
 done ?—
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine boughs through
 the sky
 Like rose leaves on the breeze ;—

But let the storm rage on !
 Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
 For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields
 close,
 And the northern night-clouds
 lower ;—

But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold-blue deserts spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is
 done—
 Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
 Free, free the white sails spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind
 sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

THE MEETING OF THE BARDS

WRITTEN FOR AN EISTEDDVOÐ, OR
 MEETING OF WELSH BARDS, HELD IN
 LONDON, MAY 22, 1822

[The *Gorseddau*, or meetings of the British bards, were anciently ordained to be held in the open air, on some conspicuous situation, whilst the sun was above the horizon ; or, according to the expression employed on these occasions, " in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light." The places set apart for this purpose were marked out by a circle of stones, called the Circle of Federation. The presiding bard stood on a large stone (Maen Gorsedd, or the Stone of Assembly) in the centre. The sheathing of a sword upon this stone was the ceremony which announced the opening of a *Gorsedd*, or meeting. The bards always stood in their uni-coloured robes, with their heads and feet uncovered, within the Circle of Federation.—See OWEN'S *Translation of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen.*]

WHERE met our bards of old ?—the
 glorious throng,
 They of the mountain and the battle
 song ?
 They met—oh ! not in kingly hall or
 bower,
 But where wild nature girt herself
 with power :
 They met where streams flashed
 bright from rocky caves ;
 They met where woods made moan
 o'er warriors' graves,
 And where the torrent's rainbow
 spray was cast,
 And where dark lakes were heaving
 to the blast,
 And 'midst the eternal cliffs ; whose
 strength defied
 The crested Roman, in his hour of
 pride ;—
 And where the Carnedd, on its lonely
 hill,
 Bore silent record of the mighty
 still ;
 And where the Druid's ancient
 cromlech frowned
 And the oaks breathed mysterious
 murmurs round.

There thronged the inspired of
 yore !—on plain or height,
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of
 light !*
 And, baring unto heaven each noble
 head,
 Stood in the Circle, where none else
 might tread.

Well might their lays be lofty!—
 soaring thought
 From Nature's presence tenfold
 grandeur caught :
 Well might bold freedom's soul per-
 vade the strains
 Which startled eagles from their lone
 domains,
 And, like a breeze in chainless tri-
 umph, went
 Up through the blue resounding
 firmament.
 Whence came the echoes to those
 numbers high ?
 'Twas from the battle-fields of days
 gone by,
 And from the tombs of heroes, laid
 to rest
 With their good swords, upon the
 mountain's breast ;
 And from the watch towers on the
 heights of snow,
 Severed by cloud and storm from all
 below ;
 And the turf-mounds, once girt by
 ruddy spears,
 And the rock-altars of departed
 years.
 —Thence, deeply mingling with the
 torrent's roar,
 The winds a thousand wild responses
 bore ;
 And the green land, whose every
 vale and glen
 Doth shrine the memory of heroic
 men,
 On all her hills awakening to rejoice,
 Sent forth proud answers to her
 children's voice.

For us, not ours the festival to
 hold,
 Midst the stone circles, hallowed thus
 of old ;
 Not where great Nature's majesty
 and might
 First broke all-glorious on our infant
 sight ;
 Not near the tombs, where sleep our
 free and brave,
 Not by the mountain-llyn, the ocean
 wave,
 In these late days we meet—dark
 Mona's shore,
 Eryri's cliffs resound with harps no
 more !

H.P.

But as the stream (though time or
 art may turn
 The current, bursting from its
 caverned urn,
 From Alpine glens, or ancient forest
 bowers,
 To bathe soft vales of pasture and of
 flowers),
 Alike in rushing strength or sunny
 sleep,
 Holds on its course, to mingle with
 the deep ;
 Thus, though our paths be changed,
 still warm and free,
 Land of the bard ! our spirit flies to
 thee !
 To thee our thoughts, our hopes, our
 hearts belong,
 Our dreams are haunted by thy voice
 of song !
 Nor yield our souls one patriot feeling
 less
 To the green memory of thy loveliness,
 Than theirs, whose harp-notes pealed
 from every height,
*In the sun's face, beneath the eye of
 light !*

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I COME, I come ! ye have called me
 long—
 I come o'er the mountains with light
 and song !
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waken-
 ing earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's
 birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy
 grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.
 I have breathed on the South, and
 the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the
 forest-bowers,
 And the ancient graves and the fallen
 fanes
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian
 plains ;—
 But it is not for me, in my hour of
 bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !
 I have looked on the hills of the stormy
 North,

R

And the larch has hung all his tassels
forth,

The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the
pastures free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer
green,

And the moss looks bright where my
foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths
a glowing sigh,

And called out each voice of the
deep blue sky ;

From the night-bird's lay through
the starry time, [clime,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian
To the swan's wild note by the
Iceland lakes,

When the dark fir branch into
verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have
loosed the chain,

They are sweeping on to the silvery
main,

They are flashing down from the
mountain brows,

They are flinging spray o'er the
forest boughs,

They are bursting fresh from their
sparry caves,

And the earth resounds with the joy
of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of glad-
ness ! come !

Where the violets lie may be now
your home.

Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet
me fly !

With the lyre, and the wreath, and
the joyous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine—I may
not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn
men,

The waters are sparkling in grove and
glen !

Away from the chamber and sullen
hearth,

The young leaves are dancing in
breezy mirth !

Their light stems thrill to the wild-
wood strains,

And youth is abroad in my green
domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met
me last !

There is something bright from your
features passed !

There is that come over your brow
and eye

Which speaks of a world where the
flowers must die !

—Ye smile ! but your smile hath a
dimness yet :

Oh ! what have you looked on since
last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and
I see not here

All whom I saw in the vanished
year !

There were graceful heads, with their
ringlets bright,

Which tossed in the breeze with a
play of light ;

There were eyes in whose glistening
laughter lay

No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the
cowslip's head,

As if for a banquet all earth were
spread ;

There were voices that rang through
the sapphire sky,

And had not a sound of mortality !

Are they gone ? is their mirth from
the mountains passed ?—

Ye have looked on death since ye
met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes
o'er you now—

Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny
brow !

Ye have given the lovely to earth's
embrace—

She hath taken the fairest of beauty's
race,

With their laughing eyes and their
festal crown :

They are gone from amongst you in
silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the
young and fair,

Ye have lost the gleam of their
shining hair !

But I know of a land where there
 falls no blight— [eyes of light !
 I shall find them there, with their
 Where Death 'midst the blooms of
 the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds
 borne—

Ye may press the grape, ye may bind
 the corn !
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine
 no more ;
 I go where the loved who have left
 you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's—
 fare ye well, farewell !

MISCELLANEOUS

LINES

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE ON THE
 SEASHORE

O WANDERER ! would thy heart
 forget
 Each earthly passion and regret,
 And would thy wearied spirit rise
 To commune with its native skies ;
 Pause for a while, and deem it
 sweet
 To linger in this calm retreat ;
 And give thy cares, thy griefs, a
 short suspense,
 Amidst wild scenes of lone magnifi-
 cence.

Unmixed with aught of meaner
 tone,
 Here Nature's voice is heard alone ;
 When the loud storm, in wrathful
 hour,
 Is rushing on its wing of power,
 And spirits of the deep awake,
 And surges foam, and billows
 break,
 And rocks and ocean caves around,
 Reverberate each awful sound ;
 That mighty voice, with all its dread
 control,
 To loftiest thought shall wake thy
 thrilling soul.

But when no more the sea-winds
 rave,
 When peace is brooding on the
 wave,
 And from earth, air, and ocean
 rise
 No sounds but plaintive melodies ;

Soothed by their softly mingling
 swell, [well,
 As daylight bids the world fare-
 The rustling wood, the dying breeze,
 The faint, low rippling of the seas,
 A tender calm shall steal upon thy
 breast.
 A gleam reflected from the realms of
 rest.

Is thine a heart the world hath
 stung,
 Friends have deceived, neglect
 hath wrung ?
 Hast thou some grief that none
 may know,
 Some lonely, secret, silent woe ?
 Or have thy fond affections fled
 From earth, to slumber with the
 dead ?—
 Oh ! pause awhile—the world dis-
 own,
 And dwell with Nature's self alone !
 And though no more she bids arise
 Thy soul's departed energies,
 And though thy joy of life is o'er,
 Beyond her magic to restore ;
 Yet shall her spells o'er every passion
 steal,
 And soothe the wounded heart they
 cannot heal.

DIRGE OF A CHILD

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed one !
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
 Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had
power
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's
breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee
hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one
blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou, that brighter home to
bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth re-
mained,
Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been
stained
With passion or with grief!
Now not a sullyng breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;
No sculptured image there shall
mourn;
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews,
must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with Nature's brightest
wreath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring
there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose;
And bear, from thine own world of
rest,
Some balm for human woes!
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven?

INVOCATION

HUSHED is the world in night and
sleep,

Earth, Sea, and Air, are still as
death;
Too rude to break a calm so deep,
Were music's faintest breath.
Descend, bright Visions! from aerial
bowers,
Descend to gild your own soft, silent
hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
The weary day have mortals past;
Now, dreams of bliss! be yours to
reign,
And all your spells around them
cast;
Steal from their hearts the pang,
their eyes the tear,
And lift the veil that hides a brighter
sphere.

Oh! bear your softest balm to
those,
Who fondly, vainly, mourn the
dead,
To them that world of peace dis-
close,
Where the bright soul is fled:
Where Love, immortal in his native
clime,
Shall fear no pang from fate, no
blight from time.

Or to his loved, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear
To feel once more his heart expand,
In his own genial mountain air;
Hear the wild echoes' well-known
strains repeat,
And bless each note, as Heaven's
own music sweet.

But oh! with Fancy's brightest
ray,
Blest dreams! the bard's repose
illumine;
Bid forms of heaven around him
play,
And bowers of Eden bloom!
And waft his spirit to its native
skies
Who finds no charm in life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs
creep,
Nor star nor moonbeam's trembling
light

Falls on the placid brow of sleep.
 Descend, bright Visions! from your
 airy bower;
 Dark, silent, solemn, is your favourite
 hour.

TO THE MEMORY OF
 GENERAL SIR EDWARD
 PAKENHAM

Brave spirit! mourned with fond
 regret,
 Lost in life's pride, in valour's noon,
 Oh! who could deem *thy* star should
 set
 So darkly and so soon!

Fatal, though bright, the fire of mind
 Which marked and closed thy brief
 career;
 And the fair wreath, by Hope
 entwined
 Lies withered on thy bier.

The soldier's death hath been thy
 doom,
 The soldier's tear thy meed shall be;
 Yet, son of war! a prouder tomb
 Might Fate have reared for thee.

Thou shouldst have died, O high-
 souled chief!
 In those bright days of glory fled,
 When triumph so prevailed o'er
 grief,
 We scarce could mourn the
 dead.

Noontide of fame! each tear-drop
 then
 Was worthy of a warrior's grave:
 When shall affection weep again
 So proudly o'er the brave?

There, on the battle-fields of Spain,
 'Midst Roncesvalles' mountain-scene,
 Or on Vittoria's blood-red plain,
 Meet had thy deathbed been.

We mourn not that a hero's life
 Thus in its ardent prime should
 close;
 Hadst thou but fallen in nobler strife,
 But died 'midst conquered foes!
 Yet hast thou still (though victory's
 flame

In that last moment cheered thee
 not)
 Left Glory's isle another name,
 That ne'er may be forgot:

And many a tale of triumph won,
 Shall breathe that name in Memory's
 ear,
 And long may England mourn a son
Without reproach or fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF
 SIR HENRY ELLIS

WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF
 WATERLOO

Happy are they who die in youth, when their
 renown is around them.—OSSIAN.

WEEPST thou for him, whose doom
 was sealed

On England's proudest battle-field?
 For him, the lion-heart, who died
 In victory's full resistless tide?

Oh, mourn him not!
 By deeds like his that field was won,
 And Fate could yield to Valour's son
 No brighter lot.

He heard his band's exulting cry,
 He saw the vanguished eagles fly;
 And envied be his death of fame,
 It shed a sunbeam o'er his name
 That nought shall dim:
 No cloud obscured his glory's day,
 It saw no twilight of decay—
 Weep not for him!

And breathe no dirge's plaintive
 moan,
 A hero claims far loftier tone!
 Oh! proudly should the war-song
 swell,
 Recording how the mighty fell
 In that dread hour,
 When England, 'midst the battle-
 storm—
 The avenging angel—reared her
 form
 In tenfold power.

Yet, gallant heart! to swell thy
 praise,
 Vain were the minstrel's noblest lays;
 Since he, the soldier's guiding star,
 The Victor chief, the lord of war,
 Has owned thy fame:

And oh ! like *his* approving word,
What trophied marble could record
A warrior's name ?

GUERRILLA SONG

FOUNDED ON THE STORY RELATED
OF THE SPANISH PATRIOT MINA

Oh ! forget not the hour, when
through forest and vale,
We returned with our chief to his
dear native halls ;
Through the woody sierra there
sighed not a gale,
And the moonbeam was bright on
his battlement walls ;
And nature lay sleeping in calmness
and light,
Round the home of the valiant that
rose on our sight.

We entered that home—all was
loneliness round,
The stillness, the darkness, the peace
of the grave ;
Not a voice, not a step, bade its
echoes resound,
Ah ! such was the welcome that
waited the brave !
For the spoilers had passed, like the
poison-wind's breath,
And the loved of his bosom lay silent
in death.

Oh ! forget not that hour—let its
image be near,
In the light of our mirth, in the
dreams of our rest,
Let its tale awake feelings too deep
for a tear,
And rouse into vengeance each arm
and each breast,
Till cloudless the dayspring of liberty
shine
O'er the plains of the olive and hills
of the vine.

THE AGED INDIAN

WARRIORS ! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown ;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone ;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave !
My kindred chiefs in days of yore,
Ye fill an unremembered grave,
Your fame, your deeds, are known
no more,
The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from
earth,
To join the brethren of his prime ;
Then will the memory of your birth
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days !
Fades the last glimmering of your
praise.

His eyes, that hailed your spirits'
flame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness veiled
your fame,
Sons of the desert and the rock !
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead !
Fearless of heart and firm of hand !
O ! let me join their spirits fled,
O ! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly
dart.

These feet no more can chase the
deer,
The glory of this arm is flown ;—
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone ?
Warriors ! why still the stroke deny,
Think ye Ontara fears to die ?

He feared not in his flower of days,
When strong to stem the torrent's
force,
When through the desert's pathless
maze,
His way was as an eagle's course !
When war was sunshine to his sight,
And the wild hurricane, delight !

Shall then the warrior tremble *now* ?
Now when his envied strength is o'er—
Hung on the pine his idle bow,
His pirogue useless on the shore ?
When age hath dimmed his failing
eye,
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die ?

Sons of the brave! delay no more,
The spirits of my kindred call;
'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
Oh! bid the aged cedar fall!
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time.

EVENING AMONGST THE ALPS

Soft skies of Italy! how richly drest,
Smile these wild scenes in your
purpureal glow!
What glorious hues, reflected from
the west,
Float o'er the dwellings of eternal
snow!

Yon torrent, foaming down the
granite steep,
Sparkles all brilliance in the setting
beam;
Dark glens beneath in shadowy
beauty sleep,
Where pipes the goatherd by his
mountain stream.

Now from yon peak departs the
vivid ray,
That still at eve its lofty temple
knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints
away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep
repose:
While through the pine wood gleams
the vesper star
And roves the Alpine gale o'er soli-
tudes afar.

DIRGE OF THE HIGHLAND
CHIEF IN "WAVERLEY"

Son of the mighty and the free!
High-minded leader of the brave!
Was it for lofty chief like thee,
To fill a nameless grave?
Oh! if amidst the valiant slain,
The warrior's bier had been thy lot,
E'en though on red Culloden's plain,
We then had mourned thee not.

But darkly closed thy dawn of fame,
That dawn whose sunbeam rose so
fair;
Vengeance alone may breathe thy
name,
The watchword of Despair!

Yet oh! if gallant spirit's power
Hath e'er ennobled death like thine,
Then glory marked *thy* parting hour,
Last of a mighty line!

O'er thy own towers the sunshine falls,
But cannot chase their silent gloom;
Those beams that gild thy native
walls

Are sleeping on thy tomb!
Spring on thy mountains laughs the
while,

Thy green woods wave in vernal air,
But the loved scenes may vainly
smile:

Not e'en thy dust is there.

On thy blue hills no bugle sound
Is mingling with the torrent's roar,
Unmarked, the wild deer sport
around:

Thou leadst the chase no more!
Thy gates are closed, thy halls are
still,

Those halls where pealed the choral
strain:

They hear the wind's deep murmur-
ing thrill,
And all is hushed again.

No banner from the lonely tower
Shall wave its blazoned folds on
high;

There the tall grass, and summer
flower,

Unmarked shall spring and die.
No more thy bard, for other ear,
Shall wake the harp once loved by
thine— [hear,

Hushed be the strain *thou* canst not
Last of a mighty line!

THE CRUSADERS' WAR-SONG

CHIEFTAINS, lead on! our hearts
beat high,

Lead on to Salem's towers!
Who would not deem it bliss to die,
Slain in a cause like ours?

The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
Die not entombed but shrined, O
Palestine!

Souls of the slain in holy war!
Look from your sainted rest.
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
To mingle with the blest;

Tell us how short the death-pang's
power,
How bright the joys of your immortal
bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel
train !

Pour forth your loftiest lays ;
Each heart shall echo to the strain
Breathed in the warrior's praise.
Bid every string triumphant swell
The inspiring sounds that heroes love
so well.

Salem ! amidst the fiercest hour,
The wildest rage of fight,
Thy name shall lend our falchions
power,

And nerve our hearts with might.
Envied be those for thee that fall,
Who find their graves beneath thy
sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured
tomb

Should chronicle their fame,
Or pyramid record their doom,
Or deathless verse their name ;
It is enough that dust of thine
Should shroud their forms, O blessed
Palestine !

Chieftains, lead on ! our hearts beat
high

For combat's glorious hour ;
Soon shall the Red Cross banner fly
On Salem's loftiest tower !
We burn to mingle in the strife,
Where *but* to die ensures eternal life.

THE DEATH OF CLANRONALD

It was in the battle of Sheriffmoor that young Clanronald fell, leading on the Highlanders of the right wing. His death dispirited the assailants, who began to waver. But Glengarry, chief of a rival branch of the Clan Colla, started from the ranks, and, waving his bonnet round his head, cried out, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning !" The Highlanders received a new impulse from his words, and, charging with redoubled fury, bore down all before them.—See the *Quarterly Review's* article of "Culloden Papers."

Oh ! ne'er be Clanronald the valiant
forgot !

Still fearless and first in the combat
he fell ;

But we paused not one tear-drop to
shed o'er the spot,
We spared not one moment to mur-
mur "Farewell."

We heard but the battle word given
by the chief,
"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow
for grief !"

And wildly, Clanronald ! we echoed
the vow,

With the tear on our cheek, and the
sword in our hand ;

Young son of the brave ! we may
weep for thee now,

For well has thy death been avenged
by thy band,

When they joined, in wild chorus,
the cry of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, to-morrow for
grief !"

Thy dirge in that hour was the bugle's
wild call,

The clash of the claymore, the shout
of the brave ;

But now thy own bard may lament
for thy fall,

And the soft voice of melody sigh o'er
thy grave—

While Albyn remembers the words
of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, to-morrow for
grief !"

Thou art fallen, O fearless one !
flower of thy race :

Descendant of heroes ! thy glory is
set :

But thy kindred, the sons of the
battle and chase,

Have proved that thy spirit is bright
in them yet !

Nor vainly have echoed the words
of the chief,

"To-day for revenge, and to-morrow
for grief !"

TO THE EYE

THRONE of expression ! whence the
spirit's ray

Pours forth so oft the light of mental
day,

Where fancy's fire, affection's melting
beam,

Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn
supreme,
And many a feeling words can ne'er
impart
Finds its own language to pervade
the heart;
Thy power, bright orb, what bosom
hath not felt,
To thrill, to rouse, to fascinate, to
melt!
And by some spell of undefined con-
trol,
With magnet-influence touch the
secret soul!

Light of the features! in the morn of
youth
Thy glance is nature, and thy lan-
guage truth:
And ere the world, with all-corrupt-
ing sway,
Hath taught e'en *thee* to flatter and
betray,
The ingenuous heart forbids thee to
reveal,
Or speak one thought that interest
would conceal;
While yet thou seemest the cloudless
mirror, given
But to reflect the purity of heaven;
O! then how lovely, there unveiled,
to trace
The unsullied brightness of each
mental grace!

When Genius lends thee all his living
light
Where the full beams of intellect
unite;
When love illumines thee with his
varying ray,
Where trembling Hope and tearful
Rapture play;
Or Pity's melting cloud thy beam
subdues,
Tempering its lustre with a veil of
dews;
Still does thy power, whose all-com-
manding spell
Can pierce the mazes of the soul so
well,
Bid some new feeling to existence
start,
From its deep slumbers in the inmost
heart.

And oh! when thought, in ecstasy
sublime,
That soars triumphant o'er the
bounds of time,
Fires thy keen glance with inspira-
ton's blaze,
The light of heaven, the hope of
nobler days
(As glorious dreams, for utterance
far too high,
Flash through the mist of dim mor-
tality),
Who does not own, that through
thy lightning-beams
A flame unquenchable, unearthly,
streams?—
That pure, though captive effluence
of the sky,
The vestal ray, the spark that can-
not die!

THE HERO'S DEATH

LIFE's parting beams were in his eye,
Life's closing accents on his tongue,
When round him, pealing to the sky,
The shout of victory rung!

Then, ere his gallant spirit fled,
A smile so bright illumed his face—
Oh! never, of the light it shed,
Shall memory lose a trace!

His was a death, whose rapture high
Transcended all that life could
yield;
His warmest prayer was so to die,
On the red battle-field!

And they may feel, who loved him
most,
A pride so holy and so pure:
Fate hath no power o'er those who
boast
A treasure thus secure!

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure
caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mys-
terious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-
coloured shells
Bright things which gleam un-
recked of, and in vain.

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy
sea !

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !
What wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through
their stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the
burning gold,

Won from ten thousand royal
argosies.—

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild
and wrathful main !

Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more !
Thy waves have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone
by !

Sand hath filled up the palaces of
old,

Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of
revelry.—

Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scorn-
ful play :

Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the
depths have more !

High hearts and brave are gathered
to thy breast !

They hear not now the booming
waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break
their rest.—

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou
stormy grave !

Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely !—
those for whom

The place was kept at board and
hearth so long,

The prayer went up through mid-
night's breathless gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst
festal song !

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers
o'erthrown—

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone
down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er man-
hood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's
flowery crown :

Yet must thou hear a voice—
Restore the dead !

Earth shall reclaim her precious
things from thee !—

Restore the dead, thou sea !

BRING FLOWERS

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the
festal board,

To wreath the cup ere the wine is
poured !

Bring flowers ! they are springing in
wood and vale :

Their breath floats out on the southern
gale,

And the touch of the sunbeam hath
waked the rose,

To deck the hall where the bright
wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the con-
queror's path !

He hath shaken thrones with his
stormy wrath :

He comes with the spoils of nations
back,

The vines lie crushed in his chariot's
track,

The turf looks red where he won the
day.

Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's
way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely
cell !

They have tales of the joyous woods
to tell—

Of the free blue streams, and the
glowing sky,

And the bright world shut from his
languid eye ;

They will bear him a thought of the
sunny hours,

And the dream of his youth. Bring
him flowers, wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the
bride to wear !

They were born to blush in her
shining hair.

She is leaving the home of her child-
hood's mirth,

She hath bid farewell to her father's
hearth,

Her place is now by another's side.
Bring flowers for the locks of the
fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the
 bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early
 dead !

For this through its leaves hath the
 white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet
 nursed !

Though they smile in vain for what
 once was ours,
 They are love's last gift. Bring ye
 flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we
 kneel in prayer—
 They are nature's offering, their
 place is *there* !

They speak of hope to the fainting
 heart,

With a voice of promise they come
 and part,

They sleep in dust through the wintry
 hours,

They break forth in glory. Bring
 flowers, bright flowers !

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

Alas ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan cheeks and sunburnt hair
 She had not known her child.
Marmion.

REST, pilgrim, rest ! Thou'rt from
 the Syrian land,

Thou'rt from the wild and won-
 drous East, I know

By the long-withered palm-branch
 in thy hand,

And by the darkness of thy sun-
 burnt brow.

Alas ! the bright, the beautiful, who
 part

So full of hope, for that far coun-
 try's bourne !

Alas ! the weary and the changed in
 heart,

And dimmed in aspect, who like
 thee return !

Thou'rt faint—stay, rest thee from
 thy toils at last :

Through the high chestnuts lightly
 plays the breeze,

The stars gleam out, the *Ave* hour is
 past,

The sailor's hymn hath died along
 the seas.

Thou'rt faint and worn—hear'st
 thou the fountain welling
 By the grey pillars of yon ruined
 shrine ?

Seest thou the dewy grapes before
 thee swelling ?

—He that hath left me trained
 that loaded vine !

He was a child when thus the bower
 he wove ;

(Oh ! hath a day fled since his
 childhood's time ?)

That I might sit and hear the sound I
 love,

Beneath its shade—the convent's
 vesper-chime.

And sit *thou* there !—for he was gentle
 ever,

With his glad voice he would have
 welcomed thee,

And brought fresh fruits to cool thy
 parched lips' fever.

There in his place thou'rt resting—
 where is he ?

If I could hear that laughing voice
 again,

But once again ! How oft it
 wanders by,

In the still hours, like some remem-
 bered strain,

Troubling the heart with its wild
 melody !—

Thou hast seen much, tired pilgrim !
 hast thou seen

In that far land, the chosen land
 of yore,

A youth—my Guido—with the fiery
 mien

And the dark eye of this Italian
 shore ?

The dark, clear, lightning eye ! On
 heaven and earth

It smiled—as if man were not
 dust it smiled !

The very air seemed kindling with his
 mirth,

And I—my heart grew young
 before my child !

My blessed child !—I had but him—
 yet he

Filled all my home even with o'er-
 flowing joy,

Sweet laughter, and wild song, and
 footstep free.

Where is he now?—my pride, my
flower, my boy!

His sunny childhood melted from
my sight,

Like a spring dew drop. Then his
forehead wore

A prouder look—his eye a keener
light:

I knew these woods might be his
world no more! [they go]

He loved me—but he left me! Thus
Whom we have reared, watched,
blessed, too much adored.

He heard the trumpet of the Red
Cross blow,

And bounded from me with his
father's sword!

Thou weep'st—I tremble!—thou
hast seen the slain

Pressing a bloody turf—the young
and fair,

With their pale beauty strewing o'er
the plain

Where hosts have met: speak!
answer!—was *he* there?

Oh! hath his smile departed? Could
the grave

Shut o'er those bursts of bright
and tameless glee?

No! I shall yet behold his dark locks
wave!—

That look gives hope—I knew it
could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer? Some
fond mother's glance

O'er thee, too, brooded in thine
early years—

Think'st thou of her, whose gentle
eye, perchance,

Bathed all thy faded hair with
parting tears?

Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—
what art thou?

Why dost thou hide thy face, yet
weeping on?

Look up! Oh! is it—that wan
cheek and brow!—

Is it—alas! yet joy!—my son, my
son!

THE REVELLERS

RING, joyous chords!—ring out
again!

A swifter and a wilder strain

They are here—the fair face and the
careless heart,

And stars shall wane ere the mirthful
part.—

But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;

I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
In a pause of the thrilling melody!

And it is not well that woe should
breathe

On the bright spring flowers of the
festal wreath!—

Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—But who art
thou

With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale
young brow,

And the world of dreamy gloom that
lies

In the misty depths of thy soft dark
eyes?

Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast
loved too well!

Thou art mourning now o'er a broken
spell;

Thou hast poured thy heart's rich
treasures forth,

And art unrepaid for their priceless
worth!

Mourn on!—yet come thou not *here*
the while,

It is but a pain to see thee smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for
thee—

Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—Ring out
again!—

But what dost thou with the revel's
train?

A silvery voice through the soft air
floats,

But thou hast no part in the gladden-
ing notes;

There are bright young faces that
pass thee by,

But they fix no glance of thy wander-
ing eye!

Away! there's a void in thy yearning
breast,

Thou weary man! wilt thou *here*
find rest!

Away! for thy thoughts from the
scene have fled,

And the love of *thy* spirit is with the
dead :

Thou art but more lone 'midst the
sounds of mirth—

Back to thy silent hearth !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring forth
again !

A swifter still, and a wilder strain !—

But *thou*, though a reckless mien be
thine,

And thy cup 'be crowned with the
foaming wine,

By the fitful bursts of thy laughter
loud,

By thine eye's quick flash through its
troubled cloud,

I know thee ! it is but the wakeful
fear

Of a haunted bosom that brings thee
here !

I know thee !—thou fearest the solemn
night,

With her piercing stars and her deep
wind's might !

There's a tone in her voice which thou
fain wouldst shun,

For it asks what the secret soul hath
done !

And thou—there's a dark weight on
thine—away !—

Back to thy home, and pray !

Ring, joyous chords !—ring out
again !

A swifter still, and a wilder strain !

And bring fresh wreaths !—we will
banish all

Save the free in heart from our festive
hall.

On ! through the maze of the fleet
dance, on !—

But where are the young and the
lovely gone ?

Where are the brows with the Red
Cross crowned,

And the floating forms with the
bright zone bound ?

And the waving locks and the flying
feet.

That still should be where the mirth-
ful meet ?—

They are gone—they are fled—they
are parted all :

Alas ! the forsaken hall !

THE CONQUEROR'S SLEEP

SLEEP 'midst thy banners furled !
Yes ! thou art there, upon thy buck-
ler lying,

With the soft wind unfelt around thee
sighing,

Thou chief of hosts, whose trumpet
shakes the world !

Sleep, while the babe sleeps on its
mother's breast.

Oh ! strong is night—for thou too art
at rest !

Stillness hath smoothed thy brow,
And now might love keep timid vigils
by thee,

Now might the foe with stealthy
foot draw nigh thee,

Alike unconscious and defenceless
thou !

Tread lightly, watchers ! Now the
field is won,

Break not the rest of nature's weary
son !

Perchance some lovely dream
Back from the stormy fight thy soul
is bearing,

To the green places of thy boyish
daring,

And all the windings of thy native
stream.

Why, this were joy ! Upon the
tented plain,

Dream on, thou Conqueror !—be a
child again !

But thou wilt wake at morn,
With thy strong passions to the
conflict leaping,

And thy dark troubled thoughts all
earth o'ersweeping ;

So wilt thou rise, O thou of woman
born !

And put thy terrors on, till none may
dare

Look upon thee—the tired one,
slumbering there !

Why, so the peasant sleeps
Beneath his vine !—and man must
kneel before thee,

And for his birthright vainly still
implore thee !

Shalt thou be stayed because thy
brother weeps ?—

Wake! and forget that 'midst a
dreaming world,
Thou hast lain thus, with all thy
banners furled!

Forget that thou, even thou,
Hast feebly shivered when the wind
passed o'er thee,
And sunk to rest upon the earth which
bore thee,
And felt the night-dew chill thy
fevered brow!
Wake with the trumpet, with the
spear press on!—
Yet shall the dust take home its
mortal son.

OUR LADY'S WELL

FOUNT of the woods! thou art hid
no more
From heaven's clear eye, as in time
of yore.
For the roof hath sunk from thy
mossy walls,
And the sun's free glance on thy
slumber falls;
And the dim tree-shadows across thee
pass,
As the boughs are swayed o'er thy
silvery glass;
And the reddening leaves to thy
breast are blown,
When the autumn wind hath a stormy
tone;
And thy bubbles rise to the flashing
rain—
Bright Fount! thou art nature's
own again!

Fount of the vale! thou art sought
no more
By the pilgrim's foot, as in time
of yore,
When he came from afar, his beads
to tell,
And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's
Well.
There is heard no *Ave* through thy
bowers,
Thou art gleaming lone 'midst thy
water-flowers!
But the herd may drink from thy
gushing wave,
And there may the reaper his fore-
head lave,

And the woodman seeks thee not in
vain—
Bright Fount! thou art nature's own
again!

Fount of the Virgin's ruined shrine!
A voice that speaks of the past is
thine!
It mingles the tone of a thoughtful
sigh
With the notes that ring through the
laughing sky;
'Midst the mirthful song of the summer
bird,
And the sound of the breeze, it will
yet be heard!—
Why is it that thus we may gaze on
thee,
To the brilliant sunshine sparkling
free?
'Tis that all on earth is of *Time's*
domain—
He hath made thee nature's own
again!

Fount of the chapel with ages grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst
decay;
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross
lies low,
And the changeful hours breathe o'er
thee now.
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath
wrought;
If peace to the mourner hath here
been given,
Or prayer, from a chastened heart,
to heaven—
Be the spot still hallowed while Time
shall reign,
Who hath made thee nature's own
again!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER

THOU'RT bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But o'er the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered
earth,
How thou hast passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer ! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland
boughs,
The rangers of the sky ;

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free ;
And brightly, 'midst the garden
flowers,
To the happy murmuring bee :

But how to human bosoms
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-
wings,
To pierce the unborn years ?

Sweet Summer ! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whisper-
ing leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams ;—

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound ;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings, wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy
hills,
And the homes of earth again !

And unto me, glad Summer !
How hast thou flown to me ?
My chainless footstep naught hath
kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed :

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh ! thou gentle Summer !
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar !

Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free ;

Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be !

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS

—Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart.
WORDSWORTH.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright
And the blue gleam of shining rills,
Is loveliest to the sight !
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's
roar,
The songs our fathers loved !—

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and
spear
Thrill on the bannered wall :
The songs that through our valleys
green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plummy sheaves ;
The woodman, by the starlight pale,
Cheered homeward through the
leaves :
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our
shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be ! a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove ;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty
men,
That bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the
hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer.
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,

Call back the hearts which once it
stirred,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where, like the stag, they roved.
Sing to your sons those melodies
The songs your fathers loved!

THE WORLD IN THE OPEN AIR

COME, while in freshness and dew it
lies,
To the world that is under the free
blue skies!
Leave ye man's home, and forget his
care—
There breathes no sigh on the day-
spring's air.

Come to the woods, in whose mossy
dells
A light all made for the poet dwells—
A light, coloured softly by tender
leaves,
Whence the primrose a mellower glow
receives.

The stockdove is there in the beechen
tree,
And the lulling tone of the honey-bee;
And the voice of cool waters 'midst
feathery fern,
Shedding sweet sounds from some
hidden urn.

There is life, there is youth, there is
tameless mirth,
Where the streams, with the lilies
they wear, have birth;
There is peace where the alders are
whispering low:
Come from man's dwellings with all
their woe!

Yes! we will come—we will leave
behind
The homes and the sorrows of human
kind.
It is well to rove where the river leads
Its bright blue vein along sunny
meads:

It is well through the rich wild woods
to go,
And to pierce the haunts of the fawn
and doe;
And to hear the gushing of gentle
springs,
When the heart has been fretted by
worldly stings;

And to watch the colours that flit
and pass,
With insect wings, through the wavy
grass;
And the silvery gleams o'er the ash
tree's bark,
Borne in with a breeze through the
foliage dark.

Joyous and far shall our wanderings
be,
As the flight of birds o'er the glitter-
ing sea:
To the woods, to the dingles where
violets blow,
We will bear no memory of earthly
woe.

But if by the forest brook we meet
A line like the pathway of former feet;
If, 'midst the hills, in some lonely
spot,
We reach the grey ruins of tower
or cot;—

If the cell, where a hermit of old
hath prayed,
Lift up its cross through the solemn
shade;
Or if some nook, where the wild
flowers wave,
Bear token sad of a mortal grave,—
Doubt not but *there* will our steps be
stayed,
There our quick spirits awhile de-
layed;
There will thought fix our impatient
eyes,
And win back our hearts to their
sympathies.

For what though the mountains
and skies be fair,
Steeped in soft hues of the summer
air?
'Tis the soul of man, by its hopes and
dreams,

That lights up all nature with living gleams,

Where it hath suffered and nobly striven,

Where it hath poured forth its vows to heaven ;

Where to repose it hath brightly passed,

O'er this green earth there is glory cast.

And by the soul, 'midst groves and rills,

And flocks that feed on a thousand hills,

Birds of the forest, and flowers of the sod,

We, only we, may be linked to God !

KINDRED HEARTS

OH ! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below !

Few are the hearts whence one same touch

Bids the sweet fountains flow—

Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet :

Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye,
Sees not as thine, which turns

In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns :

It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,

A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight !

The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night,

The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—

These may have language all thine
own,

To *him* a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years ;

The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears !

If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,

And watched through sickness by thy
bed,—

Call *his* a kindred heart !

But for those bonds all perfect made
Wherein bright spirits blend,

Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend—

For that full bliss of thought allied
Never to mortals given,

Oh ! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

IN sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood

Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood—

The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth !

He heard in life's first murmuring
sound,

A low mysterious tone—

A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone.

He listened—and his heart beat high :
That was the song of victory !

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rushed burning through his

frame,—

The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame ;

Though stillness lay, with eve's last
smile,

Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars. Across his
soul

There swept a sudden change :

E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
A shadow dark and strange

Breathed from the thought, so swift
to fall

O'er triumph's hour—and *is this all ?*

No more than this ! What seemed
it now

First by that spring to stand ?

A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain-land !

Whence, far o'er waste and ocean
track,

Their wild, sweet voices, called him
back.

They called him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen
shade

Their waters glanced away ;
They called him, with their sounding
waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between—
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom !

Where was the glow of power and
pride ?

The spirit born to roam ?
His altered heart within him died
With yearnings for his home !
All vainly struggling to repress
The gush of painful tenderness.

He wept ! The stars of Afric's
heaven

Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had
given

The meed of toiling years !—
O Happiness ! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of
thee !

CASABIANCA

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ! "
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he
cried,

" If I may yet be gone ! "
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of
death
In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father ! must I stay ? "
While o'er him fast, through sail and
shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-
sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea !—

With mast, and helm, and pennon
fair,
That well had borne their part ;
But the noblest thing which perished
there
Was that young faithful heart !

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the
hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding
flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich
hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep
the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time
have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first
abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly
told—

Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks
of old

By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,

Which many a bark, with a weary
quest,

Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on
earth,

By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by
flower,

Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingering still for the sunset
hour,

A charm for the shaded eve.

OUR DAILY PATHS

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise;
We may find it where a hedgerow showers its blossoms o'er our way,
Or a cottage window sparkles forth in the last red light of day.

We may find it where a spring shines clear beneath an aged tree,
With the foxglove o'er the water's glass, borne downwards by the bee;
Or where a swift and sunny gleam on the birchen stems is thrown,
As a soft wind playing parts the leaves, in copses green and lone.

We may find it in the winter boughs, as they cross the cold blue sky,
While soft on icy pool and stream their pencilled shadows lie,
When we look upon their tracery, by the fairy frost-work bound,
Whence the fitting redbreast shakes a shower of crystals to the ground

Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—but sorrow, too, is there:
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!
When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many-coloured wings.

With shadows from the past we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

But are we free to do even thus—to wander as we will,
Bearing sad visions through the grove, and o'er the breezy hill?
No! in our daily paths lie cares, that oftentimes bind us fast,
While from their narrow round we see the golden day fleet past.

They hold us from the woodlark's haunts, and violet dingles, back,
And from all the lovely sounds and gleams in the shining river's track;
They bar us from our heritage of springtime, hope, and mirth,
And weigh our burdened spirits down with the cumbering dust of earth.

Yet should this be? Too much, too soon, despondingly we yield!
A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field!

A sweeter by the birds of heaven—which tell us, in their flight,
Of One that through the desert air for ever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace,
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies!

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,

In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;

His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,

And his arms folded in majestic gloom;

And his bow lay unstrung, beneath the mound

Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale cross above its greensward rose,

Telling the cedars and the pines that there

Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,

And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.

Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone

With a rich sadness on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,

And he, too, paused in reverence by that grave,

Asking the tale of its memorial, piled Between the forest and the lake's bright wave;

Till, as a wind might stir a withered oak,

On the deep dream of age his accents broke.

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said—

"I listened for the words, which, years ago,

Passed o'er these waters. Though the voice is fled

Which made them as a singing fountain's flow,

Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,

Sometimes the forest's murmur gives them back.

"Askest thou of him whose house is lone beneath?

I was an eagle in my youthful pride,

When o'er the seas he came, with summer's breath,

To dwell amidst us, on the lake's green side.

Many the times of flowers have been since then—

Many, but bringing nought like *him* again!

"Not with the hunter's bow and spear he came,

O'er the blue hills to chase the flying roe;

Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,

Laying their cedars, like the corn-stalks, low;

But to spread tidings of all holy things,

Gladdening our souls, as with the morning's wings.

"Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,

I and my brethren that from earth have gone,

Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet

Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone?

He told of One the grave's dark bonds Who broke,

And our hearts burned within us as he spoke.

"He told of far and sunny lands, which lie

Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell:

Bright must they be! for *there* are none that die,

And none that weep, and none that say 'Farewell!'

He came to guide us Thither; but away

The Happy called him, and he might not stay.

"We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,

For the fresh waters of that lovely clime;

Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,

And on his gleaming hair no touch of time—

Therefore we hoped: but now the
lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and
finds not him!

"We gathered round him in the
dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his
chosen tree;
From his clear voice, at first, the words
of power
Came low, like moanings of a dis-
tant sea;
But swelled and shook the wilderness
ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew
strong.

"And then once more they trembled
on his tongue,
And his white eyelids fluttered, and
his head
Fell back, and mist upon his forehead
hung——
Knowest thou not how we pass to
join the dead?
It is enough! he sank upon my
breast—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone
to rest!

"We buried him where he was wont
to pray,
By the calm lake, e'en here, at
eventide;
We reared this cross in token where
he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord
had died!
Now hath he surely reached, o'er
mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf
hides no grave.

"But I am sad! I mourn the clear
light taken
Back from my people, o'er whose
place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore
forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save
by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding
from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each
fitful blast."

Then spoke the wanderer forth with
kindling eye:
"Son of the wilderness! despair
thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem
to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o'er thy
nation's lot!
Heaven darkly works—yet, where
the seed hath been
There shall the fruitage, glowing
yet, be seen.

"Hope on, hope ever!—by the
sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter
hid so long;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant
singing,
After cold silent months the woods
among;
And by the rending of the frozen
chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on
the plains.

"Deem not the words of light that
here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no
trace:
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy
hills be broken,
And the full dayspring rise upon
thy race!
And fading mists the better path
disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the
rose."

So by the cross they parted, in the
wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's
after day,
Memories to visit *one*, the forest's
child,
By many a blue stream in its lonely
way;
And upon *one*, 'midst busy throngs
to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of
holiness.

LAST RITES

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell;
By the colours half-mast high,

O'er the sea hung mournfully ;
Know, a prince hath died !

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,
Learn, that from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew trees gleaming
bright ;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep ! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose !

Which is the tenderest rite of all ?—
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn ?

Tells not each of human woe ?
Each of hope and strength brought
low ?

Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings
Ere life's day grow dim !

THE HEBREW MOTHER

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sha-
on's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-
born, thence
Went up to Zion ; for the boy was
vowed
Unto the Temple service. By the
hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the
while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, re-
joiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful was
hers,
To bring before her God. So passed
they on
O'er Judah's hills ; and whereso'er
the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds
at noon,

Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive
boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the
sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that
he might rest ;
Yet from her own meek eyelids
chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down,
to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's
repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And
where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy
shades,
Making its bank green gems along
the wild,
There, too, she lingered, from the
diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy
lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the fane
was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary—and
rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through
the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble,
steeped
In light like floating gold. But when
that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when
the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming
tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest,
and round her arm
Clung even as joy clings—the deep
spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high, and
o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth in
mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song. " Alas ! "
she cried,—

" Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp
is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy plead-
ing eyes ;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have
won me,

And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—

Now shall I hence depart ?

“How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing

So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,

Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,

Beholding thee so fair !

“And, oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,

Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away ?

While through its chambers wander-
ing, weary-hearted,

I languish for thy voice, which past me still

Went like a singing rill ?

“Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,

When from the fount at evening I return,

With the full water-urn ;

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,

As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,

And watch for thy dear sake.

“And thou, will slumber's dewy clouds fall round thee,

Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,

To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,

A cry which none shall hear ?

“What have I said, my child ! Will He not hear thee,

Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?

Shall He not guard thy rest,

And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,

Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

“I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,

A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart !

And, precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !

And thou shalt be His child.

“Therefore, farewell ! I go—my soul may fail me,

As the hart panteth for the water brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks.

But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me ;

Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,

The Rock of Strength—Farewell ! ”

THE WRECK

ALL night the booming minute-gun

Had pealed along the deep,

And mournfully the rising sun

Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.

A barque from India's coral strand,

Before the raging blast,

Had veil'd her topsails to the sand,

And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship !—brave hearts had striven,

And true ones died with her !

We saw her mighty cable riven,

Like floating gossamer.

We saw her proud flag struck that morn—

A star once o'er the seas,—

Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn,

And sadder things than these !

We saw her treasures cast away,

The rocks with pearls were sown ;

And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray

Flashed out o'er fretted stone.

And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,

Like ashes by a breeze ;

And gorgeous robes—but oh ! that shore

Had sadder things than these !

We saw the strong man still and low,

A crushed reed thrown aside ;

Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
 Not without strife he died.
 And near him on the seaweed lay—
 Till then we had not wept—
 But well our gushing hearts might
 say,
 That there a *mother* slept!

For her pale arms a babe had pressed
 With such a wreathing grasp,
 Billows had dashed o'er that fond
 breast,
 Yet not undone the clasp.
 Her very tresses had been flung
 To wrap the fair child's form,
 Where still their wet long streamers
 hung
 All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
 Gleamed up the boy's dead face,
 Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
 In melancholy grace.
 Deep in her bosom lay his head,
 With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
 Nought of her agony!

O human love! whose yearning heart,
 Through all things vainly true,
 So stamps upon thy mortal part
 Its passionate adieu—
 Surely thou hast another lot:
 There is some home for thee,
 Where thou shalt rest, remembering
 not
 The moaning of the sea!

THE TRUMPET

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the
 land,
 Light up the beacon pyre!
 A hundred hills have seen the brand,
 And waved the sign of fire.
 A hundred banners to the breeze
 Their gorgeous folds have cast—
 And, hark! was that the sound of
 seas?
 A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son
 Looks with a boding eye—

They come not back, though all bewon,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and
 bound
 The falchion to his side;
 E'en, for the marriage altar crowned,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and
 fear,
 By *earthly* clarion spread!—
 How will it be when kingdoms hear
 The blast that wakes the dead?

EVENING PRAYER

AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraiding not,
 That His light in thy heart become not dim,
 And His love be unforgot;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.
 BERNARD BARTON.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour. The quiet
 room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft
 lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through
 the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on
 fair young heads,
 With all their clustering locks, un-
 touched by care,
 And bowed, as flowers are bowed in
 night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'tis lovely! Childhood's
 lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow
 of thought!
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those
 fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sun-
 shine wrought?—
 Thou seest what grief must nurture
 for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink
 to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are
 done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew
 oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set
 of sun—

Lift up your hearts! though yet no
sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those
clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts the
untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye
tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows,
from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be
spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, ming-
ling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon
her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through
suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's
deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a
wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them
clay,
And to bewail that worship. There-
fore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found un-
tired,
Watching the stars out by the bed
of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow
inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though
hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer
decay,
And, oh! to love through all things.
Therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm
vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds
and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading
from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls
from blight!
Earth will forsake—Oh! happy to
have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance
unto heaven.

THE HOUR OF DEATH

Il est dans la Nature d'aimer à se livrer à
l'idée même qu'on redoute.

CORINNE.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north
wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,
O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the
joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the
voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the
earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song,
and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'er-
whelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are
thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for
decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art
not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize
their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north
wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,
O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall
cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge
the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look
for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the
violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow
pale!—
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to
die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the
air ;

Thou art around us in our peaceful
home,
And the world calls us forth—and
thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets
friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to
rest—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and
trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the
princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north
wind's breath,

And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own,
O Death !

THE LOST PLEIAD

Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below
BYRON.

AND is there glory from the heavens
departed ?

O void unmarked !—thy sisters of
the sky

Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so
long hath started,

Thou, that no more art seen of
mortal eye !

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal
night ?

She wears her crown of old magni-
ficence,

Though thou art exiled thence—
No desert seems to part those urns of
light,

'Midst the far depths of purple
gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads
burning—

The shepherd greets them on his
mountains free ;

And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is
turning—

Unchanged they rise, they have
not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy
radiant place,
Even as a dew-drop from the
myrtle spray,

Swept by the wind away ?
Wert thou not peopled by some glor-
ious race,
And was there power to smite them
with decay ?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of
sceptres riven ?

Bowed be our hearts to think on
what *we* are.

When from its height afar
A world sinks thus—and yon majes-
tic heaven

Shines not the less for that one
vanished star !

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

The inviolate Island of the sage and free.
BYRON.

Rocks of my country ! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud
Above the surge and spray !

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam ;
Oh ! thus for ever guard the land,
The severed land of home !

I have left rich blue skies behind,
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way ;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper hours,
Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious,—yet again
I bless thee, land of home ?

For thine the Sabbath peace, my
land,
And thine the guarded hearth ;
And thine the dead—the noble
band,
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
 Their steps are on thy plains;
 Their names, by old majestic trees,
 Are whispered round thy fanes.

Their blood hath mingled with the
 tide
 Of thine exulting sea:
 Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
 To live and die for thee!

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS

THE kings of old have shrine and
 tomb

In many a minster's haughty gloom;
 And green, along the ocean side,
 The mounds arise where heroes died;
 But show me, on thy flowery breast,
 Earth! where thy *nameless* martyrs
 rest!

The thousands that, uncheered by
 praise,
 Have made one offering of their
 days;
 For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's
 sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Bowing their noble souls to death,

Where sleep they, Earth? By no
 proud stone
 Their narrow couch of rest is known;
 The still sad glory of their name
 Hallows no fountain unto Fame;
 No—not a tree the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely
 prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
 The ashes of that multitude:
 It may be that each day we tread
 Where thus devoted hearts have
 bled;
 And the young flowers our children
 sow,
 Take root in holy dust below.

Oh! that the many-rustling leaves,
 Which round our homes the summer
 weaves,
 Or that the streams, in whose glad
 voice

Our own familiar paths rejoice,
 Might whisper through the starry sky,
 To tell where those blest slumberers
 lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be
 stilled,
 With knowledge of their presence
 filled,
 And by its breathings taught to
 prize
 The meekness of self-sacrifice?
 —But the old woods and sounding
 waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
 So let it be! Like him, whose clay
 Deep buried by his Maker lay,
 They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Pregar, pregar, pregar,
 Ch' altro ponno i mortali al pianger nati?
 ALFIERI.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently;
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest-work to leave—
 Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone;
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
 Sailor on the darkening sea—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain
 Weeping on his burial-plain;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie,
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL

Von Bäumen, aus Wellen, aus Mauern,
Wie ruft es dir freundlich und lind;
Was hast du zu wandern, zu trauern?
Komm' spielen, du freundliches Kind!
LA MORTE FOUQUÉ.

Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.

And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

But when wilt thou return?—
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own pure air
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,

A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee fond tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

THE AWAKENING

How many thousands are waking
now!

Some to the songs from the forest
bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice
pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-
sea,
To the dash of the waves in their
foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's
tall side,
That holds through the tumult her
path of pride.

And some—oh, well may *their* hearts
rejoice!—
To the gentle sound of a mother's
voice:
Long shall they yearn for that kindly
tone,
When from the board and the hearth
'tis gone.

And some, in the camp, to the bugle's
breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the
echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile
gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night
be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning
bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
When the bright sun mounts in the
laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's
horn,
And some to the din from the city
borne,
And some to the rolling of torrent
floods,

Far 'midst old mountains and solemn
woods.

So are we roused on this chequered
earth :

Each unto light hath a daily birth ;
Though fearful or joyous, though sad
or sweet,

Are the voices which first our up-
springing meet.

But *one* must the sound be, and *one*
the call,

Which from the dust shall awaken us
all :

One !—but to severed and distant
dooms,

How shall the sleepers arise from the
tombs ?

THE BREEZE FROM SHORE

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature,
brings back the freshness of youthful feeling,
revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps un-
quenched the enthusiasm which warmed the
springtime of our being, refines youthful love,
strengthens our interest in human nature, by
vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest
feelings ; and, through the brightness of its
prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the
future life.—CHANNING.]

Joy is upon the lonely seas,

When Indian forests pour

Forth, to the billow and the breeze,

Their odours from the shore ;

Joy, when the soft air's fanning sigh
Bears on the breath of Araby.

Oh ! welcome are the winds that
tell

A wanderer of the deep

Where, far away, the jasmines
dwell,

And where the myrrh-trees weep !

Blest on the sounding surge and foam
Are tidings of the citron's home !

The sailor at the helm they meet,

And hope his bosom stirs,

Upspringing, 'midst the waves, to
greet

The fair earth's messengers,

That woo him, from the moaning
main,

Back to her glorious bowers again.

They woo him, whispering lovely
tales

Of many a flowering glade,

And fount's bright gleam, in
island vales

Of golden-fruited shade :

Across his lone ship's wake they bring
A vision and a glow of spring.

And, O ye masters of the lay !

Come not even thus your songs

That meet us on life's weary way,

Amidst her toiling throngs ?

Yes ! o'er the spirit thus they bear
A current of celestial air.

Their power is from the brighter
clime

That in our birth hath part ;

Their tones are of the world, which
time

Sears not within the heart :

They tell us of the living light
In its green places ever bright.

They call us, with a voice divine,

Back to our early love,—

Our vows of youth at many a shrine,

Whence far and fast we rove.

Welcome high thought and holy
strain

That make us Truth's and Heaven's
again !

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE

My heart shall be poured over thee—and
break.—*Prophecy of Dante.*

THE spirit of my land,

It visits me once more !—though I
must die

Far from the myrtles which thy
breeze hath fanned,

My own bright Italy !

It is, it is thy breath,

Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as
wavering flame

Is shaken by the wind,—in life and
death

Still trembling, yet the same !

Oh ! that love's quenchless power

Might waft my voice to fill thy sum-
mer sky,

And through thy groves its dying
music shower,

Italy ! Italy !

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeam's glow, the citron
flower's perfume,
The south wind's whisper in the
scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine
eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt
along thy shore—
My Italy! farewell!

Alas!—thy hills among
Had I but left a memory of my
name,
Of love and grief one deep, true,
fervent song,
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odour on the breezes
cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen
and gone,
So hath my spirit passed—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs,
beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer
woods
Of the rich breathings and impas-
sioned sighs
Which thrilled their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
Friends! that upon its murmurs oft
have hung,
When from my bosom, joyously and
free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the
starlit sea,
And when woods kindle into spring's
first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of
beauty wear,

And poet-thoughts embodied light
the walls,
Let me be with you there!

Fain would I bind for you,
My memory with all glorious things
to dwell!
Fain bid all lovely sounds my
name renew— [farewell!
Sweet friends! bright land!

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY

O! mein Geist, ich fühle es in mir, strebt
nach etwas Ueberirdischem, das keinem Menschen
gegönnt ist. —TIECK.

THE chord, the harp's full chord is
hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters,
gushed
But yesterday.

The awakening note, the breeze-like
swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sighed "Farewell,
farewell!"
Are gone—all gone!

The love, whose fervent spirit passed
With the rich meadow's flow;
The grief, to which it sank at last—
Where are they now?

They are with the scents by summer's
breath
Borne from a rose now shed:
With the words from lips long sealed
in death—
For ever fled.

The sea-shell of its native deep
A moaning thrill retains;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams,
They woke in floating by
The tender thoughts, the Elysian
gleams—
Could these, too, die?

They died! As on the water's
breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirred it sinks
to rest—
So perished they.

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close,
Passing, and finding not on
earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath
of flowers
Why thus to come and go?
A long, long journey must be ours
Ere this we know!

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH

Was mir fehlt?—Mir fehlt ja alles,
Bin so ganz verlassen hier!

Tyrolese Melody.

THE hearth, the hearth is desolate! the fire is quenched and gone
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;
The place where mirth and music met is hushed through day and night.
Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that there made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,
Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more.
Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's joy or mirth,
Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely hearth!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung.
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone:
The hearth, the hearth is desolate! the bright fire quenched and gone!

But *are* they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?
Those voices, are they lovely still, still sweet on earth or sea?
Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed, and never shall one strain
Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again.

And of the hearts that here were linked by long-remembered years,
Alas! the brother knows not now when fall the sister's tears!
One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone:
For broken is the household chain, the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so—'tis *not* a broken chain: thy memory binds them still,
Thou holy hearth of other days! though silent now and chill.
The smiles, the tears, the rites, beheld by thine attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children for thine own.

The father's voice, the mother's prayer, though called from earth away,
With music rising from the dead, their spirits yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted yet are one,
Though the loved hearth be desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone!

THE DREAMER

There is no such thing as forgetting, possible
to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and
will, interpose a veil between our present
consciousness and the secret inscription on the
mind: but alike, whether veiled or unveiled,
the inscription remains for ever.

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Thou has been called, O sleep! the friend of
woe,
But 'tis the happy who have called thee so.
SOUTHEY.

PEACE to thy dreams! thou art
slumbering now—

The moonlight's calm is upon thy
brow;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy
breast
Lies 'midst the hush of thy heart at
rest—
Like the scent of a flower in its folded
bell,
When eve through the woodlands
hath sighed farewell.

Peace! The sad memories that
through the day

With a weight on thy lonely bosom
lay,
The sudden thoughts of the changed
and dead,
That bowed thee as winds bow the
willow's head,
The yearnings for faces and voices
gone—
All are forgotten! Sleep on, sleep
on!

Are they forgotten? It is not so!
Slumbers divides not the heart from
its woe.
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift
changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy
grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O love
and grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en
the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quiver-
ing thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;
On the long silk lashes that fringe
thine eye,
There's a large tear gathering
heavily—
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit
pressed:
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not
rest!

It is Thought at work amidst buried
hours—
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished
flowers.
—Oh, we bear within us mysterious
things!
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed
springs;
And Passion—those gulfs of the
heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er
may still.

Well might we pause ere we gave
them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch
away!
Well might we look on our souls in
fear—
They find no fount of oblivion
here!

They forget not, the mantle of sleep
beneath—
How know we if under the wings of
death?

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE

Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then
would I fly away, and be at rest.
PSALM IV. 6.

OH, for thy wings, thou dove!
Now sailing by with sunshine on thy
breast;
That, borne like thee above,
I too might flee away, and be at
rest!

Where wilt thou fold those
plumes,
Bird of the forest-shadows, holiest
bird?
In what rich leafy glooms,
By the sweet voice of hidden waters
stirred?

Over what blessed home,
What roof with dark, deep summer
foliage crowned,
O fair as ocean's foam!
Shall thy bright bosom shed a gleam
around?

Or seekst thou some old shrine
Of nymph or saint, no more by votary
wooded,
Though still, as if divine,
Breathing a spirit o'er the solitude?

Yet wherefore ask thy way?
Blest, ever blest, whate'er its aim,
thou art!
Unto the greenwood spray,
Bearing no remembrance at thy
heart!

No echoes that will blend
A sadness with the whispers of the
grove;
No memory of a friend
Far off, or dead, or changed to thee,
thou dove!

Oh! to some cool recess
Take, take me with thee on the
summer wind,
Leaving the weariness
And all the fever of this life behind:

The aching and the void
Within the heart, whereunto none
reply,

The young bright hopes de-
stroyed—
Bird! bear me with thee through
the sunny sky!

Wild wish, and longing vain,
And brief upspringing to be glad
and free!

Go to thy woodland reign;
My soul is bound and held—I may
not flee.

For even by all the fears
And thoughts that haunt my dreams
—untold, unknown

And burning woman's tears,
Poured from mine eyes in silence and
alone;

Had I thy wings, thou dove
High 'midst the gorgeous isles of
cloud to soar,

Soon the strong cords of love
Would draw me earthwards—home-
wards—yet once more.

PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE

Souvent l'âme, fortifiée par la contemplation
des choses divines, voudroit déployer ses
ailes vers le ciel. Elle croit qu'au terme de sa
carrière un rideau va se lever pour lui dé-
couvrir des scènes de lumière: mais quand
la mort touche son corps périssable, elle jette
un regard en arrière vers les plaisirs terrestres
et vers ses compagnes mortelles.

SCHLEGEL, translated by MADAME DE STAËL.

FEARFULLY and mournfully
Thou bidd'st the earth farewell;
And yet thou'rt passing, loveliest one!
In a brighter land to dwell.

Ascend, ascend rejoicing!
The sunshine of that shore
Around thee, as a glorious robe,
Shall stream for evermore.

The breezy music wandering
There through the Elysian sky,
Hath no deep tone that seems to float
From a happier time gone by.

And there the day's last crimson
Gives no sad memories birth,

H.P.

No thought of dead or distant friends,
Or partings—as on earth.

Yet fearfully and mournfully
Thou bidd'st that earth farewell,
Although thou'rt passing, loveliest
one!

In a brighter land to dwell.

A land where all is deathless—
The sunny wave's repose,
The wood with its rich melodies,
The summer and its rose:

A land that sees no parting,
That hears no sound of sighs,
That waits thee with immortal air—
Lift, lift those anxious eyes!

Oh! how like *thee*, thou trembler
Man's spirit fondly clings
With timid love, to this, its world
Of old familiar things!

We pant, we thirst for fountains
That gush not here below!
On, on we toil, allured by dreams
Of the living water's flow.

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own;
For communings more full and high
Than aught by mortal known.

We strive with brief aspirings
Against our bonds in vain;
Yet summoned to be free at last,
We shrink—and clasp our chain;

And fearfully and mournfully
We bid the earth farewell,
Though passing from its mists, like
thee,
In a brighter world to dwell.

THE BOON OF MEMORY

Many things answered me.—*Manfred*.

I go, I go!—and must mine image
fade

From the green spots wherein my
childhood played,

By my own streams?

Must my life part from each familiar
place,

As a bird's song, that leaves the woods
no trace

Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and
forget

The welcomes there, the hours when
we have met

In grief or glee ?

All the sweet counsel, the communion
high,

The kindly words of trust, in days
gone by,

Poured full and free ?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory ! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I
would live

For evermore !

Bid the wind speak of me where I
have dwelt,

Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul
hath felt,

A thought restore !

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved
so well,

In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought ;

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper,

faint and low,

With me be fraught !

And Memory answered me :—" Wild
wish and vain !

I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core.

The place they held in bosoms all
their own,

Soon with new shadows filled, new
flowers o'ergrown,

Is theirs no more."

Hast *thou* such power, O Love ? And
Love replied :

—" It is not mine ! Pour out thy
soul's full tide

Of hope and trust,

Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon
to gain—

'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery
rain,

Wild words on dust ! "

Song, is the gift with thee ? I ask a
lay,

Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass
away

From the still breast ;

Filled with a tone—oh ! not for
deathless fame,

But a sweet haunting murmur of my
name,

Where it would rest.

And Song made answer—" It is not
in me,

Though called immortal ; though my
gifts may be

All but divine.

A place of lonely brightness I can
give :

A changeless one, where thou with
Love wouldst live—

This is not mine ! "

Death, Death ! wilt *thou* the restless
wish fulfil ?

And Death, the Strong One, spoke :—
" I can but still

Each vain regret.

What if forgotten ?—All thy soul
would crave,

Thou, too, within the mantle of the
grave,

Wilt soon forget."

Then did my heart in lone faint sad-
ness die,

As from all nature's voices one reply,
But one—was given.

" Earth has *no* heart, fond dreamer !
with a tone

To send thee back the spirit of thine
own—

Seek it in heaven."

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS !

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes
the flowers ;

For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's
hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell
On summer winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy
blaze ;

For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are
stirred,
Think of me then ! I go, I go !

ANGEL VISITS

No more of talk where God or angel guest,
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast. MILTON.

ARE ye for ever to your skies de-
parted ?

Oh ! will ye visit this dim world no
more ?

Ye, whose bright wings a solemn
splendour darted

Through Eden's fresh and flower-
ing shades of yore ?

Now are the fountains dried on that
sweet spot,

And ye—our faded earth beholds
you not !

Yet, by your shining eyes not all for-
saken,

Man wandered from his Paradise
away ;

Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to
waken,

Came down, high guests ! in many
a later day,

And with the patriarchs, under vine or
oak,

'Midst noontide calm or hush of even-
ing, spoke.

From you, the veil of midnight dark-
ness rending,

Came the rich mysteries to the
sleeper's eye,

That saw your hosts ascending and
descending

On those bright steps between the
earth and sky :

Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er
glory's trace,

And worshipped awestruck, in that
fearful place.

By Chebar's¹ brook ye passed, such
radiance wearing

As mortal vision might but ill en-
dure ;

¹ Ezek. x. 15, 20, 22.

Along the stream the living chariot
bearing,

With its high crystal arch, intense-
ly pure ;

And the dread rushing of your wings
that hour,

Was like the noise of waters in their
power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night
appearing,

'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest
work was done.

Whose was the voice that came di-
vinely cheering,

Fraught with the breath of God, to
aid His Son ?

—Haply of those that, on the moonlit
plains,

Wafted good tidings unto Syrian
swains.

Yet one more task was yours ! Your
heavenly dwelling

Ye left, and by the unsealed sepul-
chral stone,

In glorious raiment, sat ; the weepers
telling,

That *He* they sought had triumphed,
and was gone.

Now have ye left us for the brighter
shore ;

Your presence lights the lonely groves
no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us
hover,

With gentle promptings and sweet
influence yet,

Though the fresh glory of those days
be over,

When, 'midst the palm trees, man
your footsteps met ;

Are ye not near, when faith and hope
rise high,

When love, by strength, o'ermasters
agony ?

Are ye not near when sorrow, unre-
pinning,

Yields up life's treasures unto
Him Who gave ?

When martyrs, all things for His sake
resigning,

Lead on the march of death, serene-
ly brave ?

Dreams! But a deeper thought our
souls may fill;
One, One is near—a spirit holier
still!

IVY SONG

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING SOME IVY
LEAVES GATHERED FROM THE
RUINED CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ON
THE RHINE

Oh! how could Fancy crown with
thee

In ancient days the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?

Thy home, wild plant! is where each
sound

Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song's full notes once pealed
around,

But now are heard no more.

The Roman on his battle-plain,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee with exulting strains
Around the victor's tent.

Yet there, though fresh in glossy
green,
Triumphantly thy boughs might
wave,

Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown,
The bards and heroes of the past;
Where, through the halls of glory
gone,

Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair;
Thou, in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath a blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of beauty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry!
And reared 'midst crags and clouds,
'tis thine

To wave where banners waved of
yore,

O'er towers that crest the noble
Rhine,
Along his rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race—
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath passed and left no trace.

But there thou art!—thy foliage
bright

Unchanged the mountain storm
can brave;

Thou, that wilt climb the loftiest
height,

Or deck the humblest grave!

'Tis still the same! Where'er we
tread,

The wrecks of human power we
see—

The marvels of all ages fled
Left to decay and thee!

And still let man his fabrics rear,
August, in beauty, grace, and
strength;

Days pass—thou ivy never sere!—
And all is thine at length!

TO ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN ON HIS BIRTHDAY

WHERE sucks the bee now? Summer
is flying,

Leaves round the elm tree faded are
lying;

Violets are gone from their grassy
dell,

With the cowslip cups, where the
fairies dwell;

The rose from the garden hath
passed away—

Yet happy, fair boy, is thy natal
day!

For love bids it welcome, the love
which hath smiled

Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps, and guard-
ing thy bed,

And pouring out joy on thy sunny
head.

Roses may vanish, but *this* will
stay—

Happy and bright is thy natal day!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION

THOU wakest from rosy sleep, to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy.

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream

To cloud thy fearless eye :
Long be it thus !—life's early stream
Should still reflect the sky.

Yet, ere the cares of life lie dim
On thy young spirit's wings,
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From Whom each pure thought
springs.

So, in the onward vale of tears,
Where'er thy path may be,
When strength hath bowed to evil
years,
He will remember thee !

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST

FEAR was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and
dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their
dread,
And baffled in their skill ;
But One was there, Who rose and said
To the wild sea—" *Be still !* "

And the wind ceased—it ceased !
that word
Passed through the gloomy sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath His eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast ;
They sank, as flowers that fold to
sleep
When sultry day is past.

O Thou ! that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,
Soft on our souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow's
pride
Thy mandate to fulfil !
Oh, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "*Peace Be still !* "

EPITAPH

OVER THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS, A
CHILD AND A YOUTH

THOU, that canst gaze upon thine
own fair boy,
And hear his prayer's low murmur
at thy knee,
And o'er his slumber bend in breath-
less joy,
Come to this tomb !—it hath a
voice for thee !
Pray ! Thou art blest—ask strength
for sorrow's hour :
Love, deep as thine, lays here its
broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the
smile of youth
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to
behold
All the heart's depths before thee
bright with truth,
All the mind's treasures silently
unfold,
Look on this tomb !—for thee, too,
speaks the grave,
Where God hath sealed the fount of
hope He gave.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

EARTH ! guard what here we lay in
holy trust,
That which hath left our home a
darkened place,
Wanting the form, the smile, now
veiled with dust,
The light departed with our love-
liest face.
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's
hope is free—
We have but lent the beautiful to
thee.
But thou, O Heaven ! keep, keep
what *thou* hast taken,
And with our treasure keep our
hearts on high ;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain
unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty
constancy—
Guide us where these are with our
sister flown—
They were of Thee, and Thou hast
claimed Thine own !

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THOU art sounding on, thou mighty
sea !

For ever and the same ;
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee—
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh ! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sighed of yore
Along the wave, is still ;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

The Memnon's lyre hath lost the
chord
That breathed the mystic tone ;
And the songs at Rome's high
triumphs poured,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that
rang
O'er stream and mountain free ;
And the hymn that leagued Cru-
saders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep !
Through many an olden clime,
The billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky, [rejoice
And all our earth's green shores
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold ;
And the still midnight hears the
sound,
Even as first it rolled.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptred cities rose !
Thou speakest of One Who doth not
change—
So may our hearts repose.

THE CHILD AND DOVE

SUGGESTED BY CHANTREY'S STATUE
OF LADY LOUISA RUSSELL

THOU art a thing on our dreams to
rise,

'Midst the echoes of long-lost mel-
odies,
And to fling bright dew from the
morning back,
Fair form ! on each image of child-
hood's track.

Thou art a thing to recall the hours
When the love of our souls was on
leaves and flowers,
When a world was our own in some
dim sweet grove,
And treasure untold in one captive
dove.

Are they gone ? can we think it while
thou art there,
Thou joyous child with the clustering
hair ?

Is it not spring that indeed breathes
free
And fresh o'er each thought, while
we gaze on thee ?

No ! never more may we smile as thou
Sheddest round smiles from thy
sunny brow ;
Yet something it is, in our hearts to
shrine
A memory of beauty undimmed as
thine—

To have met the joy of thy speaking
face,
To have felt the spell of thy breezy
grace,
To have lingered before thee, and
turned, and borne
One vision away of the cloudless
morn.

A DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now !
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !—
They that have seen thy look in
death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the
bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
But oh !—a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE

Oh ! fondly, fervently, those two had loved,
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust ;
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful
years ;

—And thus they met.

“ HASTE, with your torches, haste !
make firelight round ! ”—

They speed, they press : what hath the
miner found ?

Relic or treasure—giant sword of old ?
Gems bedded deep—rich veins of
burning gold ?

—Not so—the dead, the dead ! An
awestruck band

In silence gathering round the silent
stand,

Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en
their breath,

Before the thing that, in the might of
death,

Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them
lay—

A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth
with hair

Making a sunny gleam (how sadly
fair !)

O'er his cold brow : no shadow of
decay

Had touched those pale, bright
features—yet he wore

A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
Who could unfold that mystery ?

From the throng

A woman wildly broke ; her eye was
dim,

As if through many tears, through
vigils long,

Through weary strainings :—all had
been for him !

Those two had loved ! And there
he lay, the dead,

In his youth's flower—and she, the
living, stood

With her grey hair, whence hue and
gloss had fled—

And wasted form, and cheek, whose
flushing blood

Had long since ebbed—a meeting sad
and strange !

—Oh ! are not meetings in this world
of change

Sadder than partings oft ! She
stood there, still,

And mute, and gazing—all her soul
to fill

With the loved face once more—the
young, fair face,

'Midst that rude cavern, touched
with sculpture's grace,

By torchlight and by death : until at
last

From her deep heart the spirit of the
past

Gushed in low broken tones—“ And
there thou art !

And thus we meet, that loved, and
did but part

As for a few brief hours ! My friend,
my friend !

First love, and only one ! Is this the
end

Of hope deferred, youth blighted ?
Yet thy brow

Still wears its own proud beauty, and
thy cheek

Smiles—how unchanged ?—while I,
the worn, and weak,

And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but
scorn me now,

If thou couldst look on me !—a
withered leaf,

Seared—though for thy sake—by the
blast of grief !

Better to see thee thus ! For thou
didst go

Bearing my image on thy heart, I
know,

Unto the dead. My Ulric ! through
the night

How have I called thee ! With the
morning light

How have I watched for thee !—
wept, wandered, prayed,

Met the fierce mountain tempest,
undismayed,

In search of thee !—bound my worn
life to one—

One torturing hope ! Now let me
die ! 'Tis gone

Take thy betrothed ! ” And on his
breast she fell,

—Oh ! since their youth's last pas-
sionate farewell,

How changed in all but love !—the
true, the strong,

Joining in death whom life had parted
long !

They had one grave—one lonely
bridal bed,

No friend, no kinsman there a tear
to shed !

His name had ceased—*her* heart out-
lived each tie,

Once more to look on that dead face,
and die !

ENGLISH SOLDIER'S SONG OF MEMORY

TO THE AIR OF "AM RHEIN! AM
RHEIN!"

SING, sing in memory of the brave
departed,

Let song and wine be poured !
Pledge to their fame, the free and
fearless-hearted.

Our brethren of the sword !

Oft at the feast, and in the fight, their
voices

Have mingled with our own ;
Fill high the cup ! but when the soul
rejoices,
Forget not who are gone.

They that stood with us, 'midst the
dead and dying,

On Albuera's plain ;

They that beside us cheerily tracked
the flying,

Far o'er the hills of Spain ;

They that amidst us, when the shells
were showering

From old Rodrigo's wall,

The rampart scaled, through clouds,
of battle towering,

First, first at Victory's call ;

They that upheld the banners,
proudly waving,

In Roncesvalles' dell,

With England's blood, the southern
vineyards laving—

Forget not how they fell !

Sing, sing in memory of the brave
departed,

Let song and wine be poured !
Pledge to their fame, the free and
fearless-hearted,

Our brethren of the sword !

HAUNTED GROUND

And slight, withal, may be the things which
bring

Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling

Aside for ever—it may be a sound,

A tone of music, summer eve, or spring,

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,

Striking the electric train, wherewith we are
darkly bound.

BYRON.

YES, it *is* haunted, this quiet scene,
Fair as it looks, and all softly green ;
Yet fear thou not—for the spell is
thrown,

And the might of the shadow, on me
alone.

Are thy thoughts wandering to elves
and fays,

And spirits that dwell where the
water plays ?

Oh ! in the heart there are stronger
powers,

That sway, though viewless, this
world of ours !

Have I not lived 'midst these lonely
dells,

And loved and sorrowed, and heard
farewells, [look,

And learned in my own deep soul to
And tremble before that mysterious

book ?

Have I not, under these whispering
leaves,

Woven such dreams as the young
heart weaves ?

Shadows—yet unto which life
seemed bound ;

And is it not—is it not haunted
ground ?

Must I not hear what *thou* hearest not,
Troubling the air of the sunny spot ?

Is there not something to rouse but
me,

Told by the rustling of every tree ?

Song hath been here, with its flow of
thought ;

Love, with its passionate visions
fraught ;

Death, breathing stillness and sadness
round ;

And is it not—is it not haunted
ground ?

Are there no phantoms, but such as
 come
 By night from the darkness that
 wraps the tomb?
 A sound, a scent, or a whispering
 breeze,
 Can summon up mightier far than
 these!

But I may not linger amidst them
 here!
 Lovely they are, and yet things to
 fear;
 Passing and leaving a weight behind,
 And a thrill on the chords of the
 stricken mind.

Away, away!—that my soul may
 soar
 As a free bird of blue skies once more!
 Here from its wing it may never cast
 The chain by those spirits brought
 back from the past.

Doubt it not—smile not—but go thou,
 too,
 Look on the scenes where thy child-
 hood grew—
 Where thou hast prayed at thy
 mother's knee,
 Where thou hast roved with thy
 brethren free;

Go thou, when life unto thee is
 changed,
 Friends thou hast loved as thy soul,
 estranged;
 When from the idols thy heart hath
 made,
 Thou hast seen the colours of glory
 fade.

Oh! painfully then, by the wind's
 low sigh,
 By the voice of the stream, by the
 flower-cup's dye,
 By a thousand tokens of sight and
 sound,
 Thou wilt feel thou art treading on
 haunted ground.

THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE "MEM-
 OIRS OF JOHN HUNTER"

Is not thy heart far off amidst the
 woods,

Where the Red Ind an lays his
 father's dust,
 And, by the rushing of the torrent
 floods,
 To the Great Spirit bows in silent
 trust?

Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the
 foaming main,
 To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the desert's
 warrior race,
 By stormy lakes to track the elk and
 roe;

But where art thou, the swift one in
 the chase,
 With thy free footstep and unfa-
 iling bow?

Their singing shafts have reached
 the panther's lair,
 And where art thou?—thine arrows
 are not there.

They rest beside their streams—the
 spoil is won—

They hang their spears upon the
 cypress bough;
 The night-fires blaze, the hunter's
 work is done—

They hear the tales of old—but
 where art thou?

The night-fires blaze beneath the
 giant pine,
 And there a place is filled that once
 was thine.

For thou art mingling with the city's
 throng,

And thou hast thrown thine Indian
 bow aside;

Child of the forests! thou art borne
 along,

E'en as ourselves, by life's tempe-
 stuous tide.

But will this be? and canst thou
here find rest?

Thou hadst thy nurture on the
 desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to
 thine ear

From the savannah-land, the land
 of streams?

Hearst thou not murmurs which
 none else may hear?

Is not the forest's shadow on thy
 dreams?

They call—wild voices call thee o'er
the main,
Back to thy free and boundless woods
again.

Hear them not! hear them not!—
thou canst not find

In the far wilderness what once was
thine!

Thou hast quaffed knowledge from
the founts of mind,

And gathered loftier aims and hopes
divine,

Thou knowest the soaring thought,
the immortal strain—

Seek not the deserts and the woods
again!

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF —

In the full tide of melody and mirth
While joy's bright spirit beams
from every eye,

Forget not him, whose soul, though
fled from earth,
Seems yet to speak in strains that
cannot die.

Forget him not, for many a festal
hour,

Charmed by those strains for us
has lightly flown:

And memory's visions, mingling with
their power,

Wake the heart's thrill at each
familiar tone.

Blest be the harmonist, whose well-
known lays

Revive life's morning dreams,
when youth is fled,

And, fraught with images of other
days,

Recall the loved, the absent, and
the dead.

His the dear art whose spells awhile
renew

Hope's first illusions in their
tenderest bloom—

Oh! what were life, unless such
moments threw

Bright gleams, "like angel visits,"
o'er its gloom?

THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS

YES! thou hast met the sun's last
smile

From the haunted hills of Rome;

By many a bright Ægean Isle

Thou hast seen the billows foam.

From the silence of the Pyramid,
Thou hast watched the solemn

flow

Of the Nile, that with its waters hid

The ancient realm below.

Thy heart hath burned, as shepherds
sung

Some wild and warlike strain,

Where the Moorish horn once proudly
rung

Through the pealing hills of Spain.

And o'er the lonely Grecian streams
Thou hast heard the laurels moan,

With a sound yet murmuring in thy
dreams

Of the glory that is gone.

But go thou to the pastoral vales

Of the Alpine mountains old,

If thou wouldst hear immortal tales
By the wind's deep whispers told!

Go, if thou lovest the soil to tread

Where man hath nobly striven,

And life, like incense, hath been shed,
An offering unto heaven.

For o'er the snows, and round the
pines,

Hath swept a noble flood;

The nurture of the peasant's vines

Hath been the martyr's blood!

A spirit, stronger than the sword,

And loftier than despair,

Through all the heroic region poured,
Breathes in the generous air.

A memory clings to every steep

Of long-enduring faith,

And the sounding streams glad record
keep

Of courage unto death.

Ask of the peasant *where* his sires

For truth and freedom bled?

Ask, where were lit the torturing
fires,

Where lay the holy dead?

And he will tell thee, all around,
On fount, and turf, and stone,
Far as the chamois' foot can bound,
Their ashes have been sown !

Go, when the Sabbath-bell is heard
Up through the wilds to float,
When the dark old woods and caves
are stirred
To gladness by the note ;

When forth, along their thousand
rills,
The mountain people come,
Join thou their worship on those hills
Of glorious martyrdom.

And while the song of praise ascends,
And while the torrent's voice,
Like the swell of many an organ,
blends,
Then let thy soul rejoice.

Rejoice, that human hearts, through
scorn,
Through shame, through death,
made strong,
Before the rocks and heavens have
borne
Witness of God so long !

SONG OF THE SPANISH WANDERER

PILGRIM ! oh ! say, hath thy cheek been
fanned
By the sweet winds of my sunny
land ?
Know'st thou the sound of its
mountain pines ?
And hast thou rested beneath its
vines ?

Hast thou heard the music still
wandering by,
A thing of the breezes, in Spain's
blue sky,
Floating away o'er hill and heath
With the myrtle's whisper, the cit-
ron's breath ?

Then say, are there fairer vales than
those
Where the warbling of fountains for
ever flows ?
Are there brighter flowers than mine
own, which wave

O'er Moorish ruin and Christian
grave ?

O sunshine and song ! they are lying
far
By the streams that look to the
western star ;
My heart is fainting to hear once
more
The water-voices of that sweet shore.

Many were they that have died for
thee,
And brave, my Spain ! though thou
art not free ;
But I call them blest—they have
rent *their* chain—
They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny
Spain !

THE CONTADINA

WRITTEN FOR A PICTURE

Not for the myrtle, and not for the
vine,
Though its grape, like a gem, be the
sunbeam's shrine ;
And not for the rich blue heaven that
showers
Joy on thy spirit, like light on the
flowers ;
And not for the scent of the citron
trees—
Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for
these.

Not for the beauty spread over thy
brow,
Though round thee a gleam, as of
spring, it throw ;
And not for the lustre that laughs
from thine eye,
Like a dark stream's flash to the sunny
sky,
Though the south in its riches
nought lovelier sees—
Fair peasant ! I call thee not blest for
these.

But for those breathing and loving
things—
For the boy's fond arm that around
thee clings,
For the smiling cheek on thy lap that
glows,
In the peace of a trusting child's
repose—

For the hearts whose home is thy
gentle breast,
Oh! richly I call thee, and deeply
blest!

TROUBADOUR SONG

THE warrior crossed the ocean's foam
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin
showers
Poured on the steel-clad line;
Her step was 'midst the summer
flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was
riven,
And the red blood stained his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of
heaven
Might scarcely fan her breast!

Yet a thousand arrows passed him by,
And again he crossed the seas;
But she had died as roses die
That perish with a breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come
For all things bright and fair:
There was death within the smiling
home—
How had death found her there?

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?

Marmion.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward
bound,

Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with
the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household
love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in
song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's
chime
Floats through their woods at
morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery
brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they
peep,
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit
loves
Its country and its God!

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE

I have dreamt thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness; afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter; I can see thee wasting,
Sick of thy native air. L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board ;
By the glare of the torchlight the mead was poured ;
The hearth was heaped with the pine boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood,—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low,
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal-day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow—
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ;
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

“ They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land ! of thee !
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-sounding sea ?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? in silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure, deep sapphire sky,
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth—
Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the north ?

“ Yet thus it shall be once, once more ! My spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death shine out, my country, for thy sake !
That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and the light,
And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight !
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

“ There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but, oh ! their glorious blue !
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue !

It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome,
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more.

“And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell!
By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy moss beneath.

“And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day—
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away;
They wander through the olive woods, and o'er the shining seas,
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy breeze;
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

“I may not thus depart—farewell! Yet no, my country! no
Is not love stronger than the grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my home!”

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—
There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—
And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone:
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

IVAN THE CZAR

[Ivan le Terrible, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeait Novgorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne pût l'apaiser : son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.—*Dix Années d'Exil*, par MADAME DE STAËL.]

Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss
Ihn wieder haben!

..... Trostlose allmacht,
Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm
Verlängern, eine kleine Übereilung
Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern
kann!

SCHILLER.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,

Lonely, though princes girt him
round,

And leaders of the war;
He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful
dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely
watched,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke—

A mournful thing it was to hear
 How then the proud man spoke !
 The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow
 tones,
 Burdened with agony.

" There is no crimson on thy cheek,
 And on thy lip no breath ;
 I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
 They tell me this is death !
 And fearful things are whispering
 That I the deed have done—
 For the honour of thy father's name,
 Look up, look up, my son !

" Well might I know death's hue and
 mien—
 But on *thine* aspect, boy !
 What, till this moment, have I seen
 Save pride and tameless joy ?
 Swiftest thou wert to battle,
 And bravest there of all—
 How could I think a warrior's frame
 Thus like a flower should fall ?

" I will not bear that still cold look—
 Rise up, thou fierce and free !
 Wake as the storm wakes ! I will
 brook
 All, save this calm, from thee !
 Lift brightly up, and proudly,
 Once more thy kindling eyes !
 Hath my word lost its power on
 earth ?
 I say to thee, arise !

" Didst thou not know I loved thee
 well !
 Thou didst not ! and art gone,
 In bitterness of soul, to dwell
 Where man must dwell alone.
 Come back, young fiery spirit !
 If but one hour to learn
 The secrets of the folded heart
 That seemed to thee so stern.

" Thou wert the first, the first, fair
 child
 That in mine arms I pressed :
 Thou wert the bright one, that hast
 smiled
 Like summer on my breast !
 I reared thee as an eagle,
 To the chase thy steps I led,
 I bore thee on my battle-horse,
 I look upon thee—dead !

" Lay down my warlike banners here,
 Never again to wave,
 And bury my red sword and spear,
 Chiefs ! in my first-born's grave !
 And leave me !—I have conquered,
 I have slain—my work is done !
 Whom have I slain ?—ye answer
 not—
Thou too art mute, my son ! "

And thus his wild lament was poured
 Through the dark resounding
 night,
 And the battle knew no more his
 sword,
 Nor the foaming steed his might.
 He heard strange voices moaning
 In every wind that sighed ;
 From the searching stars of heaven
 he shrank—
 Humbly the conqueror died.

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY

Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er *thine* eye
 The lights and shadows come and go too fast ;
 Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
 Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
 For peace on earth : oh ! therefore, child of
 song !
 'Tis well thou shouldst depart.

A SOUND of music, from amidst the
 hills,
 Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful
 sound
 Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it
 rose,
 And sank in mournfulness. There
 sat a bard
 By a blue stream of Erin, where it
 swept
 Flashing through rock and wood :
 the sunset's light
 Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming
 hair,
 And the wind's whisper in the moun-
 tain ash,
 Whose clusters drooped above. His
 head was bowed,
 His hand was on his harp, yet thence
 its touch
 Had drawn but broken strains ; and
 many stood
 Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
 The unchaining of his soul, the gush
 of song—

Many and graceful forms !—yet one alone
 Seemed present to his dream ; and she, indeed,
 With her pale virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
 And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
 Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
 And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
 E'en painfully !—a creature to behold
 With trembling 'midst our joy, lest aught unseen
 Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
 Too dim without its brightness ! Did such fear
 O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one,
 By his own rushing stream ? Once more he gazed
 Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
 From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
 A few short festive notes, an opening strain [grief—
 Of bridal melody, soon dashed with
 As if some wailing spirit in the strings
 Met and o'er-mastered him ; but yielding then
 To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully,
 Like moaning waters o'er the harp he poured
 The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang—

“ Voice of the grave !
 I hear thy thrilling call ;
 It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
 In the sere leaf's trembling fall !
 In the shiver of the tree,
 I hear thee, O thou voice !
 And I would thy warning were but for me,
 That my spirit might rejoice.

“ But thou art sent
 For the sad earth's young and fair,
 For the graceful heads that have not bent

To the wintry hand of care !
 They hear the wind's low sigh,
 And the river sweeping free,
 And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
 And the woods—but they hear not thee !

“ Long have I striven
 With my deep-foreboding soul,
 But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
 And darkly on must roll.
 There's a young brow smiling near,
 With a bridal white-rose wreath—
 Unto me it smiles from a flowery bier,
 Touched solemnly by death !

“ Fair art thou, Morna !
 The sadness of thine eye
 Is beautiful as silvery clouds
 On the dark-blue summer sky !
 And thy voice comes like the sound
 Of a sweet and hidden rill,
 That makes the dim woods tuneful round—
 But soon it must be still !

“ Silence and dust
 On thy sunny lips must lie—
 Make not the strength of love thy trust,
 A stronger yet is nigh !
 No strain of festal flow
 That my hand for thee hath tried,
 But into dirge-notes wild and low
 Its ringing tones have died.

“ Young art thou, Morna !
 Yet on thy gentle head,
 Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
 A spirit hath been shed !
 And the glance is thine which sees
 Through nature's awful heart—
 And bright things go with the summer breeze,
 And thou too must depart !

“ Yet, shall I weep ?
 I know that in thy breast
 There swells a fount of song too deep,
 Too powerful for thy rest !
 And the bitterness I know,
 And the chill of this world's breath—

Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go!
 Young and crowned bride of
 death!

“Take hence to heaven
 Thy holy thoughts and bright!
 And soaring hopes, that were not
 given
 For the touch of mortal blight!
 Might we follow in thy track,
 This parting should not be!
 But the spring shall give us violets
 back,
 And every flower but thee!”

There was a burst of tears around the
 bard:
 All wept but one—and she serenely
 stood,
 With her clear brow and dark re-
 ligious eye
 Raised to the first faint star above
 the hills,
 And cloudless; though it might be
 that her cheek
 Was paler than before. So Morna
 heard
 The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,
 Bringing the earth her lovely things
 again—
 All, save the loveliest far! A voice,
 a smile,
 A young sweet spirit gone.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

FROM THE “PORTRAIT GALLERY,”
 AN UNFINISHED POEM

If there be but one spot on thy name,
 One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice
 Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman!
 veil thy face,
 And bow thy head—and die!

THOU seest her pictured with her
 shining hair
 (Famed were those tresses in
 Provençal song),
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and
 bosom fair
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves
 along
 Her gorgeous vest. A child's light
 hand is roving
 'Midst the rich curls; and, oh!
 how meekly loving

Its earnest looks are lifted to the
 face
 Which bends to meet its lip in laugh-
 ing grace!
 Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks,
 hath loss
 Of deep, and still, and pensive ten-
 derness.
 Than might beseem a mother's; on
 her brow
 Something too much there sits of
 native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a con-
 scious glow,
 As from the thought of sovereign
 beauty born.
 These may be dreams—but how shall
 woman tell
 Of woman's shame, and not with
 tears? She fell!
 That mother left that child!—went
 hurrying by
 Its cradle—haply not without a
 sigh,
 Haply one moment o'er its rest
 serene
 She hung. But no! it could not thus
 have been,
 For *she went on*!—forsook her home,
 her hearth,
 All pure affection, all sweet household
 mirth,
 To live a gaudy and dishonoured
 thing,
 Sharing in guilt the splendours of a
 king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
 Girt on his sword for scenes of distant
 strife.
 He recked no more of glory: grief
 and shame
 Crushed out his fiery nature, and his
 name
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his
 halls
 Crept year by year: the minstrel
 passed their walls;
 The warder's horn hung mute. Mean-
 time the child
 On whose first flowering thoughts no
 parent smiled,
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted,
 grew
 Into sad youth; for well, too well,
 she knew

Her mother's tale! Its memory
 made the sky
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking
 eye;
 Checked on her lip the flow of song,
 which fain
 Would there have lingered; flushed
 her cheek to pain,
 If met by sudden glance; and gave a
 tone
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely
 gone,
 E'en to the spring's glad voice. Her
 own was low
 And plaintive. Oh! there lie such
 depths of woe
 In a young blighted spirit! Manhood
 rears
 A haughty brow, and age has done
 with tears;
 But youth bows down to misery, in
 amaze
 At the dark cloud o'er mantling its
 fresh days;—
 And thus it was with her. A mourn-
 ful sight [fair;
 In one so fair—for she indeed was
 Not with her mother's dazzling eyes
 of light—
Hers were more shadowy, full of
 thought and prayer,
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose
 cheek
 Drooping in gloom, yet tender still
 and meek,
 Still that fond child's—and oh! the
 brow above
 So pale and pure! so formed for holy
 love
 To gaze upon in silence!—But she
 felt
 That love was not for her, though
 hearts would melt
 Where'er she moved, and reverence
 mutely given
 Went with her; and low prayers, that
 called on heaven
 To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn
 With alms before her castle gate
 she stood,
 Midst peasant groups: when, breath-
 less and o'erworn,
 And shrouded in long weeds of
 widowhood,

A stranger through them broke.
 The orphan maid,
 With her sweet voice and proffered
 hand of aid,
 Turned to give welcome; but a wild
 sad look
 Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit
 shook;
 And that pale woman, suddenly
 subdued
 By some strong passion, in its gush-
 ing mood,
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them
 with such tears
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years
 From the heart's urn; and with her
 white lips pressed
 The ground they trod; then, burying
 in her vest
 Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out—
 "Oh undefiled!
 I am thy mother—spurn me not, my
 child!"

Isaure had prayed for that lost
 mother; wept
 O'er her stained memory, while the
 happy slept
 In the hushed midnight; stood with
 mournful gaze
 Before yon picture's smile of other
 days,
 But never breathed in human ear
 the name
 Which weighed her being to the
 earth with shame.
 What marvel if the anguish, the
 surprise,
 The dark remembrances, the altered
 guise,
 Awhile o'erpowered her? From the
 weeper's touch
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—
 yet too much
 For that all-humbled one; its mortal
 stroke
 Came down like lightning, and her
 full heart broke
 At once in silence. Heavily and
 prone
 She sank, while o'er her castle's
 threshold stone,
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still
 brightly wore
 Their early pride, though bound with
 pearls no more—

Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty	Dead lay the wanderer at her own
rolled	proud gate !
And swept the dust with coils of wavy	The joy of courts, the star of knight
	and bard—
Her child bent o'er her—called her :	How didst thou fall, O bright-haired
'twas too late—	Ermengarde !

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES

O good old man ! how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times.

As you Like It.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,
 The high romantic name of Barmecide,
 A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
 By the swift Tigris' wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
 Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
 Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless heart
 Hides that within its depths which never yet
 The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate

Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
 Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;
 The lights, the perfumes, and the Genie tales
 Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
 Was there—the fountain's ; through those eastern courts,
 Over the broken marble and the grass,
 Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An agèd man,
 Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
 His silvery hair, came day by day, and sat
 On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
 From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
 A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,
 To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
 He told that sad yet stately solitude,
 Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
 Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
 By song or high recital of their deeds,
 Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race
 To people their own halls : with these alone,
 In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
 Held still unbroken converse. He had been
 Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now
 The ivy of its ruins, unto which
 His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,
 And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;
 For crowds around the grey-haired chronicler
 Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
 Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
 Wanders through forest branches, and is met
 By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
 The spirit of his passionate lament,
 As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke
 One echoing murmur. But this might not be

Under a despot's rule, and, summoned thence,
 The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :
 Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
 And with his white lips rigidly compressed ;
 Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak
 Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
 Was it to sue for grace ? His burning heart
 Sprang, with a sudden lightning, to his eye,
 And he was changed !—and thus, in rapid words,
 The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death, found way :—

“ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and the brave,
 With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to the grave ?
 What is there left to look on now, what brightness in the land ?
 I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their princely band !

“ My chiefs ! my chiefs ! the old man comes that in your halls was nursed—
 That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your sabres first—
 That bore your children in his arms, your name upon his heart :—
 Oh ! must the music of that name with him from earth depart ?

“ It shall not be ! A thousand tongues, though human voice were still,
 With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall fill ;
 The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds are sown,
 And the starry midnight whisper it, with a deep and thrilling tone.

“ For it is not as a flower whose scent with the drooping leaves expires,
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should quench its fires ;
 It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the sword,
 It hath left upon our desert sands a light in blessings poured.

“ The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild ye gave,
 Of you, my chiefs ! shall sing aloud, as they pour a joyous wave :
 And the groves, with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung the pilgrim's way,
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on the day.

“ The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's homeless head,
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious dead !
 Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute and cittern rung,
 And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its young.

“ It is enough ! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour sees—
 I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the breeze !
 I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright and fair,
 And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs ! are there.”

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
 O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered, and a thought—
 Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
 Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,
 O'erflowed his softening heart. “ Live ! live ! ” he cried,
 “ Thou faithful unto death ! Live on, and still
 Speak of thy lords—they *were* a princely band ! ”

THE SPANISH CHAPEL

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our
eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

MOORE.

I MADE a mountain brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love
The fawn and forest bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play ;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery
sound,
Not to be told, but felt ;

While sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely
sweet
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
E'en at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep ?—oh ! ne'er on childhood's
eye
And silken lashes pressed,

Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest !

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheeks' pure marble died—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming
flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm
was chill,
The soft lips' breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead !

" Alas ! " I cried, " fair faded thing !
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years ! "

But then a voice came sweet and
low—

I turned, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadowed image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

" Stranger ! thou pitiest me," she
said,

With lips that faintly smiled,
" As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

" But know, the time-worn heart
may be

By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to heaven ! "

THE KAISER'S FEAST

[Louis, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the Empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. " After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany ; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—Miss BINGER'S *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—
The red wine mantled high ;

Banners were trembling on the wall
 To the peals of minstrelsy ;
 And many a gleam and sparkle came
 From the armour hung around,
 As it caught the glance of the torch's
 flame,
 Or the hearth with pine boughs
 crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord
 Beneath the harper's hand ?
 And suddenly from that rich board,
 Why rose the wassail band ?
 The strings were hushed—the knights
 made way
 For the queenly mother's tread,
 As up the hall, in dark array,
 Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them e'en to the Kaiser's
 place,
 And still before him stood ;
 Till, with strange wonder, o'er his
 face
 Flushed the proud warrior-blood :
 And " Speak, my mother ! speak ! "
 he cried,
 " Wherefore this mourning vest :
 And the clinging children by thy
 side,
 In weeds of sadness drest ! "

" Well may a mourning vest be mine,
 And theirs, my son, my son !
 Look on the features of thy line
 In each fair little one !
 Though grief awhile within their eyes
 Hath tamed the dancing glee,
 Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
 Thy brother's children see !

" And where is he, thy brother—
 where ?
 He in thy home that grew,
 And smiling with his sunny hair,
 Ever to greet thee flew ?
 How would his arms thy neckentwine,
 His fond lips press thy brow !
 My son ! oh, call these orphans
 thine !—
 Thou hast no brother now !

" What ! from their gentle eyes doth
 nought
 Speak of thy childhood's hours,
 And smite thee with a tender thought
 Of thy dead father's towers ?

Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
 When reared together there,
 Through the old woods like fawns ye
 flew—
 Where is thy brother—where ?

" Well didst thou love him then, and
 he
 Still at thy side was seen !
 How is it that such things can be
 As though they ne'er had been ?
 Evil was this world's breath, which
 came
 Between the good and brave !
 Now must the tears of grief and shame
 Be offered to the grave.

" And let them, let them there be
 poured !
 Though all unfelt below—
 Thine own wrung heart, to love re-
 stored,
 Shall soften as they flow.
 Oh ! death is mighty to make peace ;
 Now bid his work be done !
 So many an inward strife shall cease—
 Take, take these babes, my son ! "

His eye was dimmed—the strong man
 shook
 With feelings long suppressed ;
 Up in his arms the boys he took,
 And strained them to his breast.
 And a shout from all in the royal hall
 Burst forth to hail the sight ;
 And eyes were wet 'midst the brave
 that met
 At the Kaiser's feast that night.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER

*Devant vous est Sorrente ; là demeuroit la
 sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en pèlerin demander
 à cette obscure amie un asyle contre l'injustice
 des princes.—Ses longues douleurs avaient
 presque égaré sa raison ; il ne lui restoit plus
 que son génie.—Corinne.*

SHE sat, where on each wind that
 sighed
 The citron's breath went by,
 While the red gold of eventide
 Burned in the Italian sky.
 Her bower was one where daylight's
 close
 Full oft sweet laughter found,
 As thence the voice of childhood rose
 To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful at her knee
 Her children stood that hour,
 Their bursts of song and dancing glee
 Hushed as by words of power.
 With bright fixed wondering eyes,
 that gazed
 Up to their mother's face,
 With brows through parted ringlets
 raised,
 They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her
 look
 Of mournfulness was spread—
 Forth from a poet's magic book
 The glorious numbers read ;
 The proud undying lay, which poured
 Its light on evil years ;
His of the gifted pen and sword,
 The triumph, and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
 Which Venice once might hear
 Sung on her glittering seas at night
 By many a gondolier.
 Of him she read, who broke the charm
 That wrapt the myrtle grove ;
 Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
 That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page
 glowed,
 Young holy hearts were stirred ;
 And the meek tears of woman flowed
 Fast o'er each burning word.
 And sounds of breeze, and fount, and
 leaf,
 Came sweet, each pause between,
 When a strange voice of sudden grief
 Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned—a wayworn man
 In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
 Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
 Of proud yet mournful eye.
 But drops which would not stay for
 pride
 From that dark eye gushed free,
 As pressing his pale brow, he cried,
 " Forgotten ! e'en by thee !

" Am I so changed ?—and yet we
 two
 Oft hand in hand have played ;
 This brow hath been all bathed in dew
 From wreaths which thou hast
 made ;

We have knelt down and said one
 prayer,
 And sunk one vesper strain ;
 My soul is dim with clouds of care—
 Tell me those words again !

" Life hath been heavy on my head—
 I come a stricken deer,
 Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that
 bled,
 To bleed in stillness here."
 She gazed, till thoughts that long had
 slept
 Shook all her thrilling frame—
 She fell upon his neck and wept,
 Murmuring her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name !—and who was he,
 The weary one, the unknown,
 That came the bitter world to flee,
 A stranger to his own ?
 He was the bard of gifts divine
 To sway the souls of men ;
 He of the song for Salem's shrine,
 He of the sword and pen !

THE RELEASE OF TASSO

THERE came a bard to Rome ; he
 brought a lyre
 Of sounds to peal through Rome's
 triumphant sky,
 To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,
 Or greet a conqueror with its war-
 notes high ;
 For on each chord had fallen the gift
 of fire,
 The living breath of Power and
 Victory,—
 Yet he, its lord, the sovereign city's
 guest,
 Sighed but to flee away and be at rest.
 He brought a spirit whose ethereal
 birth
 Was of the loftiest, and whose haunts
 had been
 Amidst the marvels and the pomps
 of earth,
 Wild fairy bowers, and groves of
 deathless green,
 And fields where mail-clad bosoms
 prove their worth,
 When flashing swords light up the
 stormy scene :
 He brought a weary heart, a wasted
 frame,—

The Child of Visions from a dungeon
came.

On the blue waters, as in joy they
sweep,

With starlight floating o'er their
swells and falls—

On the blue waters of the Adrian deep
His numbers had been sung ; and in
the halls,

Where, through rich foliage if a sun-
beam peep,

It seems Heaven's wakening to the
sculptured walls,

Had princes listened to those lofty
strains,

While the high soul they burst from
pined in chains.

And in the summer gardens, where
the spray

Of founts, far glancing from their
marble bed,

Rains on the flowering myrtles in its
play,

And the sweet limes, and glassy
leaves that spread

Round the deep golden citrons, o'er
his lay

Dark eyes, dark soft Italian eyes, had
shed

Warm tears, fast glittering in that sun
whose light

Was a forbidden glory to his sight.

Oh ! if it be that wizard sign, and
spell,

And talisman, had power of old to
bind,

In the dark chambers of some cavern-
cell,

Or knotted oak, the spirits of the
wind,

Things of the lightning-pinion, wont
to dwell

High o'er the reach of eagles, and to
find

Joy in the rush of storms,—even such
a doom

Was that high minstrel's in his dun-
geon-gloom.

But he was free at last !—the glorious
land

Of the white Alps and pine-crowned
Apennines,

Along whose shore the sapphire seas
expand,

And the wastes teem with myrtle, and
the shrines

Of long-forgotten gods from Nature's
hand

Receive bright offerings still—with
all its vines,

And rocks, and ruins, clear before
him lay ;—

The seal was taken from the founts of
day.

The winds came o'er his cheek—the
soft winds, blending

All summer sounds and odours in their
sigh ;

The orange groves waved round ; the
hills were sending

Their bright streams down ; the free
birds darting by,

And the blue festal heavens above
him bending,

As if to fold a world where none could
die.

And who was he that looked upon
these things ?

—If but of earth, yet one whose
thoughts were wings

To bear him o'er creation ; and
whose mind

Was an air harp, awakening to the
sway

Of sunny Nature's breathings uncon-
fined,

With all the mystic harmonies that
lay

Far in the slumber of its chords en-
shrined

Till the light breeze went thrilling on
its way.

—There was no sound that wandered
through the sky

But told him secrets in its melody.

Was the deep forest lonely unto him,
With all its whispering leaves ? Each
dell and glade

Teemed with such forms as on the
moss-clad brim

Of fountains, in their sparry grottoes,
played,

Seen by the Greek of yore through
twilight dim,

Or misty noontide in the laurel shade.

—There is no solitude on earth so deep As that where man decrees that man should weep ! But oh ! the life in Nature's green domains, The breathing sense of joy ! where flowers are springing By starry thousands on the slopes and plains, And the grey rocks—and all the arched woods ringing, And the young branches trembling to the strains Of wild-born creatures, through the sunshine winging Their fearless flight,—and sylvan echoes round, Mingling all tones to one Æolian sound. And the glad voice, the laughing voice of streams, And the low cadence of the silvery sea, And reed-notes from the mountains, and the beams Of the warm sun—all these are for the free ! And they were his once more, the bard whose dreams Their spirit still had haunted. Could it be That he had borne the chain ? Oh ! who shall dare To say how much Man's heart un- crushed may bear ? So deep a root hath hope ! but woe for this Our frail mortality, that aught so bright, [bliss, So almost burthened with excess of As the rich hour which back to summer's light Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight Of the green earth, must so be bought with years Of the heart's fever, parching up its tears, And feeding, a slow fire, on all its powers,	Until the boon for which we gasp in vain, If hardly won at length, too late made ours, When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers Which withered in the noontide, ne'er again To lift their heads in glory. So doth Earth Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth. The sailor dies in sight of that green shore, Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar Called up to sunlight by his fantasy. And when the shining desert-mists that wore The lake's bright semblance, have been all passed by, The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain wave, Which dashes from its rock, too late to save. Or if we live, if that too dearly bought, And made too precious by long hopes and fears, Remain our own—love, darkened and o'erwrought By memory of privation—love, which wears And casts o'er life a troubled hue of thought, Becomes the shadow of our closing years, Making it almost misery to possess Aught watched with such unquiet tenderness. Such unto him, the Bard, the worn and wild, And sick with hope deferred, from whom the sky, With all its clouds in burning glory piled, Had been shut out by long captivity. Such freedom was to Tasso. As a child Is to the mother, whose foreboding eye
--	---

In its too radiant glance from day to day,
Reads that which calls the brightest first away.

And he became a wanderer—in whose breast
Wild fear which, e'en when every sense doth sleep,
Clings to the burning heart, a wakeful guest,
Sat brooding as a spirit, raised to keep
Its gloomy vigil of intense unrest
O'er treasures burthening life, and buried deep
In cavern-tomb, and sought through shades and stealth,
By some pale mortal, trembling at his wealth.

But woe for those who trample o'er a mind !
A deathless thing ! They know not what they do,
Nor what they deal with. Man perchance may bind
The flower his step hath bruised ; or light anew [wind
The torch he quenches ; or to music
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew ;—
But for the soul !—oh ! tremble, and beware

To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there !*

For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn
Some balance fearfully and darkly hung ;
Or put out some bright spark whose ray should burn
To point the way a thousand rocks among ;
Or break some subtle chain which none discern,
Though binding down the terrible, the strong,
The o'ersweeping passions, which to loose on life
Is to set free the elements for strife.

Who then to power and glory shall restore
That which our evil rashness hath undone !
Who unto mystic harmony once more
Attune those viewless chords ?—
There is but One !
He that through dust the stream of life can pour,
The Mighty and the Merciful alone.
—Yet oft His paths have midnight for their shade—
He leaves to Man the ruin Man hath made.

THE NECROMANCER

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please ?
Resolve me of all ambiguities ?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will ?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the New-found World
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.

MARLOW'S *Faustus*.

AN old man on his deathbed lay, an old yet stately man ;
His lip seemed moulded for command, though quivering now, and wan ;
By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,
But his pale brow still austere wore its native mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn round the mystic room ;
From where the orient palm trees wave, bright gem and dazzling plume ;
And vases with rich odour filled, that o'er the couch of death
Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,
Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly light ;
All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,
Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the tomb,

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,
While shadows cast from many thoughts o'erswept the old man's face.
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and shore, and sea,
Wider than Roman eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly free ;
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion boast,
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering host.

"They hear me—*they* that dwell far down where the sea-serpent lies,
And they, the unseen, on Afric's hills that sport when tempests rise ;
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery streams make way,
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me, and obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown and cup of gold,
From cities roofed with ocean-waves, that buried them of old ;
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man shall never find,
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their heart enshrined.

"But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my struggling breath ;
I have swayed the rushing elements—but still and strong is Death !
I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits free—
Thou hast brave and high aspirants, youth !—my Sceptre is for thee !

"Now listen ! I will teach thee words whose mastery shall compel
The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or hell !
But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in human ear,
Until thou'rt laid, as I am now, the grave's dark portals near."

His voice in faintness died away—and a sudden flush was seen,
A mantling of the rapid blood o'er the youth's impassioned mien—
A mantling and a fading swift, a look with sadness fraught ;
And that too passed—and boldly then rushed forth the ardent thought.

"Must those high words of sovereignty ne'er sound in human ear ?
I have a friend—a noble friend—as life our freedom dear !
Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic throne,
But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal mine own ?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—
Oh ! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above ?
Must a deep gulf between the souls, now closely linked, be set ?
Keep, keep the sceptre !—leave me free, and loved and trustful yet ! "

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—
"Well hast thou chosen !—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die,
Live thou, beloved and trustful yet !—No more on human head
Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed ! "

ULLA ; OR, THE ADJURATION

Yet speak to me ! I have outwatched the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.
Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me !
This once—once more !

Manfred.

"THOU'RT gone !—thou'rt slum-
bering low,
With the sounding seas above
thee :

It is but a restless woe,
But a haunting dream to love
thee !

Thrice the glad swan has sung
To greet the springtime hours,
Since thine oar at parting flung
The white spray up in showers.

There's a shadow of the grave on thy
hearth and round thy home ;

Come to me from the ocean's dead !
—thou art surely of them—
come ! ”

'Twas Ulla's voice ! Alone she
stood

In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood,
From a dark rock's beetling
height.

“ I know thou hast thy bed
Where the seaweed's coil hath
bound thee ;

The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hushed around
thee.

What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt
lying ?

Come to me thence, and say
If thou thought'st on me in
dying ?

I will not shrink to see thee with a
bloodless lip and cheek.

Come to me from the ocean's dead !—
thou'rt surely of them—speak ! ”

She listened—'twas the wind's low
moan,

'Twas the ripple of the wave,
'Twas the wakening osprey's cry
alone

As it startled from its cave.

“ I know each fearful spell
Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose muttered words compel
The tempest to obey.

But I adjure not *thee*
By magic sign or song ;
My voice shall stir the sea
By love—the deep, the strong !

By the might of woman's tears, by
the passion of her sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead !
—by the vows we pledged—
arise ! ”

Again she gazed with an eager
glance,

Wandering and wildly bright !—
She saw but the sparkling waters
dance

To the arrowy Northern Light.

“ By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loathed to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart—
By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Nought lovely to the sight—

By all that from my weary soul thou
hast wrung of grief and fear
Come to me from the ocean's dead !
Awake, arise, appear ! ”

Was it her yearning spirit's dream ?
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hushed wave glide
and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful
eyes ?

“ Have the depths heard ? They
have !

My voice prevails—thou'rt there,
Dim from thy watery grave—
O thou that wert so fair !

Yet take me to thy rest !
There dwells no fear with love ;
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above !

Where the long-lost things lie hid,
where the bright ones have
their home,

We will sleep among the ocean's dead.
Stay for me, stay !—I come ! ”

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main ;
And the wave shut o'er that wild
heart's woe—
Shut, and grew still again.

TO WORDSWORTH

THINE is a strain to read among the
hills, [source
The old and full of voices,—by the
Of some free stream, whose gladden-
ing presence fills

The solitude with sound ; for in its
course

Even such is thy deep song, that
seems a part

Of those high scenes, a fountain from
their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast in sunny garden
bowers,

Where vernal winds each tree's low
tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes
mark the hours.

There let thy thoughts be with me,
while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces
meet,

When night hath hushed the woods,
with all their birds,

There, from some gentle voice, that
lay were sweet

As antique music, linked with
household words ;

While in pleased murmurs woman's
lip might move,

And the raised eye of childhood shine
in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn
yews

Brood silently o'er some lone burial-
ground,

Thy verse hath power that brightly
might diffuse

A breath, a kindling, as of spring,
around ;

From its own glow of hope and
courage high,

And steadfast faith's victorious con-
stancy.

True bard and holy !—thou art e'en
as one

Who, by some secret gift of soul or
eye, [sun,

In every spot beneath the smiling
Sees where the springs of living
waters lie ;

Unseen awhile they sleep—till,
touched by thee,

Bright healthful waves flow forth, to
each glad wanderer free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED

[The Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was
assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called
John the Parricide, was left to die by the
wayside, and only supported in his last mo-
ments by a female peasant, who happened to
be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—
Did censers waft perfume,

And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
Through his proud chamber's
gloom ?

He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a darkening sky—
A lone tree waving o'er his head,
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he, then, fallen as warriors fall,
Where spear strikes fire with
spear ?

Was there a banner for his pall,
A buckler for his bier ?

Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms
Had strewn the bloody sod,
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of
cheer,

And princely vassals nigh ?

And priests, the crucifix to rear
Before the glazing eye ?

A peasant girl that royal head
Upon her bosom laid,

And, shrinking not for woman's
dread,

The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat : from hill and wood
Red sank the mournful sun ;

Fast gushed the fount of noble
blood—

Treason its worst had done.

With her long hair she vainly pressed
The wounds, to stanch their tide—

Unknown, on that meek humble
breast,

Imperial Albert died !

TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER

Umile in tanta gloria.

PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon
away,

Of light from this world taken, while
it shone

Yet kindling onward to the perfect
day—

How shall our grief, if mournful these
things be,

Flow forth, O thou of many gifts !
for thee ?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst
us heard ?

And that deep soul of gentleness
and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every
word

Wont from thy lips as Hermon's
dew to shower ?

Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent
thoughts have burned—

Of heaven they were, and thither
have returned.

How shall we mourn thee ? With
a lofty trust,

Our life's immortal birthright from
above !

With a glad faith, whose eye, to track
the just,

Through shades and mysteries lifts
a glance of love,

And yet can weep !—for nature thus
deplores

The friend that leaves us, though for
happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er
thy bier,

One strain of solemn rapture, be
allowed !

Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid-
career,

Not to decay, but unto death hast
bowed,

In those bright regions of the rising
sun,

Where victory ne'er a crown like
thine had won.

Praise ! for yet one more name with
power endowed

To cheer and guide us, onward as
we press ;

Yet one more image on the heart
bestowed

To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !
Thine, Heber, thine ! whose memory

from the dead
Shines as the star, which to the

Saviour led !

THE ADOPTED CHILD

" WHY wouldst thou leave me, O
gentle child ?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak
and wild,

A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly
wall—

Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble
gleams

And the sunshine of picture for ever
streams."

" Oh ! green is the turf where my
brothers play,

Through the long bright hours of the
summer day ;

They find the red cup-moss where
they climb,

And they chase the bee o'er the
scented thyme,

And the rocks where the heath-
flower blooms they know—

Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! "

" Content thee, boy ! in my bower
to dwell—

Here are sweet sounds which thou
lovest well ;

Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes

tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a
bird

Whose voice was ne'er in thy moun-
tains heard."

" Oh ! my mother sings at the twi-
light's fall,

A song of the hills far more sweet than
all ;

She sings it under her own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her

knee ;
I dreamt last night of that music
low—

Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! "

" Thy mother is gone, from her cares
to rest—

She hath taken the babe on her quiet
breast ;

Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my
boy ! no more,

Nor hear the song at the cabin door.

Come thou with me to the vineyards
nigh,

And we'll pluck the grapes of the
richest die."

" Is my mother gone from her home
away ?

But I know that my brothers are there
at play—

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!"

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!"

INVOCATION

I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought; con-
jured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer.

WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answered me—"We
roll
In light and power on high;
But, of the never-dying soul,
As that which cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost,"

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered—"We
depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of God
within,
Thou of the deep low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless
din—
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered—"Be thou
still!
Enough to know is given!
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part
fulfil—
Thine is, to trust in Heaven."

KÖRNER AND HIS SISTER

[Charles Theodore Körner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword Song*. He was buried at the village of Wöbbelin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—

"Vergiss die treuen Töden nicht."
(Forget not the faithful dead.)"

—See RICHARDSON'S *Translation of Körner's Life and Works*, and DOWNE'S *Letters from Mecklenburg*.]

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy
rest,
Thou that beneath its crowning
foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's
breast,
Thy place of memory as an altar
keepest;
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was
poured
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier! By the
father's hand
Here shall the child of after years
be led,

With his wreath-offering silently to
stand

In the hushed presence of the glor-
ious dead—

Soldier and bard! for thou thy path
hast trod

With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy
burial rite,

On thy crowned bier to slumber
warriors bore thee,

And with true hearts thy brethren
of the fight

Wept as they veiled their drooping
banners o'er thee;

And the deep guns with rolling peal
gave token

That Lyre and Sword were
broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb: a lowlier
bed

Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee
lying—

The gentle girl that bowed her fair
young head

When thou wert gone, in silent
sorrow dying.

Brother, true friend! the tender and
the brave!—

She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others;—but
for *her*,

To whom the wide world held
that only spot,

She loved thee!—lovely in your lives
ye were,

And in your early deaths divided
not.

Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy,—
what hath she?

Her own blessed place by thee!

It was thy spirit, brother! which had
made

The bright earth glorious to her
youthful eye,

Since first in childhood 'midst the
vines ye played,

And sent glad singing through the
free blue sky,

Ye were but two—and when that
spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last!

Woe, yet not long! She lingered but
to trace

Thine image from the image in her
breast—

Once, once again to see that buried
face

But smile upon her, ere she went
to rest.

Too sad a smile! its living light was
o'er—

It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy
voice departed,

The home too lonely whence thy
step had fled;

What then was left for her the faith-
ful-hearted?

Death, death, to still the yearning
for the dead!

Softly she perished: be the Flower
deplored

Here with the Lyre and the
Sword!

Have ye not met ere now!—so let
those trust

That meet for moments but to part
for years—

That weep, watch, pray, to hold back
dust from dust—

That love, where love is but a fount
of tears.

Brother! sweet sister! peace around
ye dwell:

Lyre, Sword, and Flower, fare-
well!

THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER

A song for the death-day of the
brave—

A song of pride!

The youth went down to a hero's
grave,

With the sword, his bride.

He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high—

An eagle stooping from clouds of
morn,

Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
 Beneath his hand
 Had thrilled to the name of his God
 alone
 And his fatherland.

And with all his glorious feelings yet
 In their first glow,
 Like a southern stream that no frost
 hath met
 To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the
 brave—
 A song of pride !
 For him that went to a hero's grave,
 With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet
 lays
 To turn the flight,
 And a guiding spirit for after days,
 Like a watchfire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
 'Midst all high thought ;
 And a memory unto his mother's
 breast,
 With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the
 blight,
 Of earthly breath,
 Beautiful.—beautiful and bright,
 In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the
 brave—
 A song of pride !
 For him that went to a hero's grave,
 With the sword, his bride !

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

I come

To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree
 And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,
 And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
 Its morning incense, is my friend.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE were thick leaves above me
 and around,
 And low sweet sighs like those of
 childhood's sleep,
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful
 sound
 As of soft showers on water ; dark
 and deep

H.P.

Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so
 still
 They seemed but pictured glooms ; a
 hidden rill
 Made music, such as haunts us in a
 dream,
 Under the fern-tufts ; and a tender
 gleam
 Of soft green light, as by the glow-
 worm shed,
 Came pouring through the woven
 beech boughs down
 And steeped the magic page wherein
 I read
 Of royal chivalry and old renown,
 A tale of Palestine. Meanwhile the
 bee
 Swept past me with a tone of
 summer hours—
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts
 of flowers,
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine :
 brightly free,
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by ;
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the
 dell
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.

But ere long,

All sense of these things faded, as the
 spell
 Breathing from that high gorgeous
 tale grew strong
 On my chained soul. 'Twas not the
 leaves I heard ;—
 A Syrian wind the lion-banner stirred,
 Through its proud floating folds.
 'Twas not the brook
 Singing in secret through its grassy
 glen ;—
 A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
 Pealed from the desert's lonely heart,
 and shook
 The burning air. Like clouds when
 winds are high,
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of
 Araby,
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance
 and spear
 Flashed where a fountain's diamond
 wave lay clear,
 Shadowed by graceful palm trees.
 Then the shout
 Of merry England's joy swelled freely
 out,

Sent through an Eastern heaven,
 whose glorious hue
 Made shields dark mirrors to its
 depths of blue ;
 And harps were there—I heard their
 sounding strings,
 As the waste echoed to the mirth of
 kings.
 The bright mask faded. Unto life's
 worn track,
 What called me from its flood of
 glory back ?
 A voice of happy childhood !—and
 they passed,
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim's
 trumpet's blast.
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splen-
 dours gone,
 My heart so leaped to that sweet
 laughter's tone.

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

His very heart athirst
 To gaze at nature in her green array,
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed
 With visions prompted by intense desire ;
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find :
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves !—the
 ceaseless roar !—
 Silence, ye billows !—vex my soul no
 more.
 There's a spring in the woods by my
 sunny home,
 Afar from the dark sea's tossing
 foam ;
 Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet
 to hear,
 As a song from the shore to the sailor's
 ear !
 And the sparkle which up to the sun
 it throws
 Through the feathery fern and the
 olive boughs,
 And the gleam on its path as it steals
 away
 Into deeper shades from the sultry
 day,
 And the large water-lilies that o'er its
 bed
 Their pearly leaves to the soft light
 spread,
 They haunt me ! I dream of that
 bright spring's flow,
 I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clang-
 ing cry
 My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps
 by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling
 sound
 Of leaves from the lime and the chest-
 nut round ?
 Know ye it, brethren ! where bow-
 ered it lies
 Under the purple of southern skies ?
 With the streamy gold of the sun
 that shines
 In through the cloud of its clustering
 vines,
 And the summer breath of the myrtle
 flowers,
 Borne from the mountain in dewy
 hours,
 And the firefly's glance through the
 darkening shades,
 Like shooting stars in the forest
 glades,
 And the scent of the citron at eve's
 dim fall—
 Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt
 them all ?

The heavy rolling surge ! the rocking
 mast !—
 Hush ! give my dream's deep music
 way, thou blast !
 Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous
 earth !
 The notes of the singing cicada's
 mirth,
 The murmurs that live in the moun-
 tain pines,
 The sighing of reeds as the day de-
 clines,
 The wings fitting home through the
 crimson glow
 That steeps the wood when the sun is
 low,
 The voice of the night-bird that
 sends a thrill
 To the heart of the leaves when the
 winds are still—
 I hear them !—around me they rise,
 they swell,
 They call back my spirit with Hope
 to dwell—
 They come with a breath from the
 fresh springtime,
 And waken my youth in its hour of
 prime.

The white foam dashes high—away,
away!
Shroud my green land no more, thou
blinding spray!

It is there!—down the mountains I
see the sweep
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and
deep,
With the burden and glory of flowers
that they bear
Floating upborne on the blue summer
air,
And the light pouring through them
in tender gleams,
And the flashing forth of a thousand
streams!
Hold me not, brethren! I go, I go
To the hills of my youth, where the
myrtles blow,
To the depths of the woods, where the
shadows rest,
Massy and still, on the greensward's
breast,
To the rocks that resound with the
water's play—
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—
give way!
Give way!—the blooming surge, the
tempest's roar,
The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul
no more.

THE EFFIGIES

Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann:
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.
Allein die Thränen, die unendlichen
Der überlebenden, der verlass'nen Frau,
Zählt keine Nachwelt.

GOETHE.

WARRIOR! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purple gloom
By the stained window shed;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the holy shrine;

A haughty heart and a kingly glance—
Chief! were not these things
thine?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board;
In festal halls a chair of state
When the blood-red wine was
poured:
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard:
Surely these things were all thine
own—
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman! whose sculptured form at
rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes arrayed;
What was *thy* tale?—O gentle mate
Of him, the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee*?

He wooed a bright and burning star —
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far,
The fast-receding plume;
The heart-sick listening while his
steed
Sent echoes on the breeze;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take
heed
Of griefs obscure as these?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day
While bending o'er thy brodered
flowers,
With spirits far away;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for
him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew
dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was thine!—long
years
With tasks unguerdoned fraught—
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought;
Prayer at the cross in fervour poured,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

Look now abroad! Another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood
recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are
tilled;
The land is full of harvest and green meads.

BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring
drums,
And the trumpet that sings of
fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of
war?—

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there
they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES

And slight, withal, may be the things which
bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling
Aside for ever;—it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may
wound—
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound.

Childe Harold.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet
sounds to waken

Vague yearnings, like the sailor's
for the shore,

And dim remembrances, whose hue
seems taken

From some bright former state, our
own no more;

Is not this all a mystery? Who
shall say

Whence are those thoughts, and
whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things
That o'er the spirit flash, we know
not why;

Tones from some broken harp's de-
serted strings,

Warm sunset hues of summers
long gone by;

A rippling wave—the dashing of an
oar—

A flower-scent floating past our par-
ents' door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour
perchance,

Yet back returning with a plaintive
tone;

A smile—a sunny or a mournful
glance,

Full of sweet meanings now from
this world flown;

Are not these mysteries when to life
they start,

And press vain tears in gushes from
the heart ?

And the far wanderings of the soul
in dreams,

Calling up shrouded faces from
the dead,

And with them bringing soft or sol-
emn gleams,

Familiar objects brightly to o'er-
spread ;

And wakening buried love, or joy, or
fear—

These are night's mysteries—who
shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of com-
ing ill,

That ofttimes whispers to the
haunted breast,

In a low tone which nought can
drown or still,

'Midst feasts and melodies a secret
guest ;

Whence doth that murmur wake,
that shadow fall ?

Why shakes the spirit thus ? 'Tis
mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the
brink

Haply of viewless worlds, and
know it not ;

Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we
think

Are those whom death has parted
from our lot !

Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are
made—

Let us walk humbly on, but undis-
mayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in
vain to feel

Her way amidst these marvels of
the mind ;

Yet undismayed—for do they not
reveal

The immortal being with our dust
entwined ?

So let us deem ! and e'en the tears
they wake

Shall then be blest, for that high
nature's sake.

THE DEPARTED

Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

BRYANT.

AND shrink ye from the way

To the spirit's distant shore ?—

Earth's mightiest men, in armed
array,

Are thither gone before.

The warrior-kings, whose banner

Flew far as eagles fly,

They are gone where swords avail
them not,

From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore

By Orient palm or wave,

They have passed with all their starry
lore—

Can ye still fear the grave ?

We fear ! we fear ! the sunshine

Is joyous to behold,

And we reck not of the buried kings,
Nor the awful seers of old.

Ye shrink ! the bards whose lays

Have made your deep hearts burn,

They have left the sun, and the voice
of praise,

For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record

Is the verse that cannot die,

They, too, are gone, with their glorious
bloom,

From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng

Of the earth's departed flowers,

And the masters of the mighty song
In their far and fadeless bowers ?

Those songs are high and holy,

But they vanquish not our fear :

Not from *our* path these flowers are
gone—

We fain would linger here !

Linger then yet awhile,

As the last leaves upon the bough !—

Ye have loved the light of many a
smile

That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
 In your walks, that now are still ;
 There are seats left void in your
 earthly homes,
 Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,
 That made spring-time in your
 heart,
 Kindred and friends are gone before—
 And ye still fear to part ?

We fear not now, we fear not !
 Though the way through darkness
 bends ;
 Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
 Our own familiar friends !

THE PALM TREE

It waved not through an eastern sky,
 Beside a fount of Araby ;
 It was not fanned by southern breeze
 In some green isle of Indian seas ;
 Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
 O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm tree grew
 'Midst foliage of no kindred hue ;
 Through the laburnum's drooping
 gold
 Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there ! The willow
 streamed
 Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
 The lime bough lured the honey-bee
 To murmur by the desert's tree,
 And showers of snowy roses made
 A lustre in its fanlike shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
 Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
 Lamps, that from flowering branches
 hung,
 On sparks of dew soft colour flung ;
 And bright forms glanced—a fairy
 show—
 Under the blossoms to and fro.

But one, a lone one, 'midst the throng,
 Seemed reckless all of dance or song ;
 He was a youth of dusky mien,
 Whereon the Indian sun had been,
 Of crested brow and long black hair—
 A stranger, like the palm tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
 Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.
 He passed the pale-green olives by,
 Nor won the chestnut flowers his
 eye ;

But when to that sole palm he came,
 Then shot a rapture through his
 frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke—
 The silence of his soul it broke !
 It whispered of his own bright isle,
 That lit the ocean with a smile ;
 Ay, to his ear that native tone
 Had something of the sea-wave's
 moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
 Where feathery cocoas fringed the
 bay ;

The dashing of his brethren's oar—
 The conch-note heard along the shore ;
 All through his wakening bosom
 swept—
 He clasped his country's tree, and
 wept !

Oh ! scorn him not ! The strength
 whereby
 The patriot girds himself to die,
 The unconquerable power which fills
 The freeman battling on his hills,
 These have one fountain deep and
 clear—
 The same whence gushed that child-
 like tear !

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF
 CHANTREY'S

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou
 wake, fair child ?
 When the fawn awakes in the forest
 wild ?
 When the lark's wing mounts with
 the breeze of morn ?
 When the first rich breath of the rose
 is born ?—
 Lovely thou sleepest ! yet something
 lies
 Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed
 eyes ;
 Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest
 to see—
 When will the of hour thy rising be ?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when
the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn
floats dark.
Grief with vain passionate tears hath
wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy
pale brow yet;
Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath
pressed
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet
breast;
And the glad Spring, calling out bird
and bee
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child!
but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one!—
that *thou* shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly!
Thou'rt gone as a dewdrop is swept
from the bough:
Oh! for the world where thy home
is now!
How may we love but in doubt and
fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts
here;
How should e'en joy but a trembler
be,
Beautiful dust! when we look on
thee?

THE SUNBEAM

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's
hall—
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world
like thee!

Thou art walking the billows, and
ocean smiles;
Thou hast touched with glory his
thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships and the
feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words
from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest
shades,
Thou art streaming on through their
green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have
caught thy glow

Like fire-flies glance to the pools
below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour
lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth, and the mist
became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the
spot;
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that
bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou
art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's
heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp
to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-
aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash
forth to day,
And its high, pale tombs, with their
trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten
gold.

And thou turnest not from the
humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds
may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the
dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy
breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is
like thee?

Hope of the wilderness, joy of the
sea!—

One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with
hues of heaven!

BREATHINGS OF SPRING

Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs;
—bring back
The love that I have lost!

WHAT wakest thou, Spring? Sweet
voices in the woods,

And reed-like echoes, that have
long been mute :
Thou bringest back, to fill the soli-
tudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's
viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mourn-
fulness or glee,
E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—
the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings many a copse
and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush
receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced
the whispering shade,
And happy murmurs, running through
the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear
thy call,
Spring, the awakener ! thou hast
burst their sleep !
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their
fall [deep,
Makes melody, and in the forests
Where sudden sparkles and blue
gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world
of flowers !
Thou from the dust hast set that
glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny
hours,
And pencilling the wood anemone :
Silent they seem—yet each to
thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*,
O Spring !
The human heart, with all its
dreams and sighs ?
Thou that givest back so many a
buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
Fresh songs and scents break forth
where'er thou art—
What wakest thou in the heart ?
Too much, oh ! there too much !
We know not well

Wherefore it should be thus, yet
roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from
the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may
see !
How are we haunted, in the wind's
low tone,
By voices that are gone !
Looks of familiar love, that never
more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes
shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our house-
hold door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds
of parted feet—
Spring ! 'midst the murmurs of thy
flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these ?

Vain longings for the dead !—why
come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves,
and living blooms ?
Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly
track
Hope to thy world may look beyond
the tombs ?
Yes, gentle Spring ! no sorrow dims
thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

THE ILLUMINATED CITY

THE hills all glowed with a festive
light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night :
There were lamps hung forth upon
tower and tree,
Banners were lifted and streaming
free ;
Every tall pillar was wreathed with
fire ;
Like a shooting meteor was every
spire ;
And the outline of many a dome on
high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear
dark sky.
I passed through the streets. There
were throngs on throngs—
Like sounds of the deep were their
mingled songs ;

There was music forth from each
palace borne—
A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and
horn ;
The forests heard it, the mountains
rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty
clang ;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all
the slain ?
Thousands lie dead on their battle-
plain !
Gallant and true were the hearts that
fell—
Grief in the homes they have left
must dwell :
Grief o'er the aspect of childhood
spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's
head !
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not
one tender moan
For the many brave to their slumbers
gone ?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright
lamp's glare !
I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous
crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud !
Mighty it ruled on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's
car—
Through torches and streamers its
flood swept by :
How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

Turn, then, away from life's pageants—
turn,
If its deep story thy heart would
learn !
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not
woe.
But lift the proud mantle which hides
from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the
sad and true ;
Nor fear to survey what its folds con-
ceal :—
So must thy spirit be taught to feel !

THE SPELLS OF HOME

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody
glade,
On the banks of moss where thy
childhood played,
By the household tree through which
thine eye
First looked in love to the summer
sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very
breath
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass
beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a
dream,
By the shiver of the ivy leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement
eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the
limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter
hearth,
When twilight called unto household
mirth,
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind
"Good-night !"

By the smiling eye, and the loving
tone,
Over thy life has the spell been
thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle
might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land ;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the
seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh
breeze ;

And back to the gates of his father's
hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart, in its pride,
would stray
From the pure first-loves of its youth
away—
When the sullyng breath of the world
would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its
childhood's home—
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy
made—
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power
once more!

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è più come era prima."

ROME, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seen—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?—
Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome! for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear,
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

THE DISTANT SHIP

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's
breast

Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendour wins thee
not—

Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee! O'er the slumber-
ing deep

A solemn glory broods;
A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light!—
What spell from that rich pageantry
Chains down thy gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling linked to earth!
Is not yon speck a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and
Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's
tear
Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
 The glittering seas below ;
 But we are bound by cords of love
 To kindred weal and woe.
 Therefore, amidst this wide array
 Of glorious things and fair,
 My soul is on that bark's lone way—
 For human hearts are there.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering
 wing !
 Whence is it ye come with the
 flowers of spring ?
 " We come from the shores of the
 green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of
 Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through
 the Indian sky.
 From the myrrh trees of glowing
 Araby.

" We have swept o'er cities in song
 renowned—
 Silent they lie with the deserts
 round !
 We have crossed proud rivers whose
 tide hath rolled
 All dark with the warrior-blood of
 old ;
 And each worn wing hath regained
 its home,
 Under peasant's roof-tree or mon-
 arch's dome."

And what have ye found in the
 monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's
 foam ?—
 " We have found a change, we have
 found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the ban-
 quet's hall,
 And a mark on the floor as of life-
 drops spilt—
 Nought looks the same, save the nest
 we built !"

O joyous birds ! it hath still been so ;
 Through the halls of kings doth the
 tempest go !
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and
 deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil
 keep :

Say what have ye found in the
 peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet
 spot ?—

" A change we have found there—
 and many a change !
 Faces and footsteps, and all things
 strange !
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were have a brow
 of care,
 And the place is hushed where the
 children played—
 Nought looks the same, save the
 nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful
 earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and
 mirth !
 Yet through the wastes of the track-
 less air
 Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?
 Ye over desert and deep have passed—
 So may *we* reach our bright home at
 last !

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;—
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow :
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid—
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are
 drest
 Above the noble slain :
 He wrapt his colours round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;

She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who
played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the
hearth !—

Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

MOZART'S REQUIEM

[A short time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate ; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task, had the effect of realizing his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment.]

These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion.

Prophecy of Dante.

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?
For beauty in its bloom ?
For valour fallen—a broken rose or
sword ?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving
plume deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange
mysterious tone ;
A solemn funeral air
It called me to prepare,
And my heart answered secretly—my
own !

One more, then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain,
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall !
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of
all !

The last !—and I must go
From this bright world below,

This realm of sunshine, ringing with
sweet sound !

Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes
found !

Yet have I known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o'er-
mastering flame ;
Swift thoughts, that came and
went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling
frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through
my soul ;
I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me
roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow
my breast ;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not
let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
That breathes from worlds un-
known ?—
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal
air.

One more, then, one more strain ;
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate
farewell !
I pour each fervent thought,
With fear, hope, trembling,
fraught
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall
swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA

Thou thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by

Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony!

Temple and tower have mouldered,
Empires from earth have passed,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part!

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impressed,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavished
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, nought remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument
Cast in affection's mould.

Love! human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust!

Immortal, oh! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so!

CHRISTMAS CAROL

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!

Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light! whose
beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the
streams,
And on the shepherds' head;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star! which led to Him Whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—'Midst the hosts
above
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim:
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

'Twas early day, and sunlight
streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken
seemed,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly
bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest
light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh! that patriarch's aspect
shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye;

Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality !
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the
glow
Of quenchless faith survives :
While every feature said—" *I know*
That my Redeemer lives ! "

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young
breast
With love and reverence melt ?
O ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt !

THE MEETING OF THE BROTHERS

—His early days
Were with him in his heart.
WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,
In years when hearts entwine,
Had filled with childhood's merry
noise
A valley of the Rhine :
To rock and stream that sound was
known,
Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes,
There had each vineyard seen ;
Up every cliff whence eagles rise,
Their bounding step had been :
Ay ! their bright youth a glory threw
O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this, as dayspring's flush, was
brief
As early bloom or dew ;
Alas ! 'tis but the withered leaf
That wears the enduring hue !
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair
shore
Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they
stood,
And heard life's thrilling call,
As if a silver clarion wooed
To some high festival ;
And parted as young brothers part,
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide
Wherein our steps were one,
Like river-branches, far and wide,
Dissevering as they run ;
And making strangers in their course,
Of waves that had the same bright
source.

Met they no more ? Once more they
met,
'Those kindred hearts and true !
'Twas on a field of death, where yet
The battle-thunders flew,
Though the fierce day was wellnigh
past,
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found
For tender thoughts a space,
And e'en upon that bloody ground
Room for one bright embrace,
And poured forth on each other's neck
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory
spread
All melted with those tears,
The faces of the holy dead
Rose as in vanished years ;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest
Lifted its voice in each full breast !

Oh ! was it *then* a time to die ?
It was !—that not in vain
The soul of childhood's purity
And peace might turn again.
A ball swept forth—'twas guided
well—
Heart unto heart those brothers fell !

Happy, yes, happy thus to go !
Bearing from earth away
Affections, gifted ne'er to know
A shadow—a decay—
A passing touch of change or chill,
A breath of aught whose breath can
kill.

And they, between whose severed
souls,
Once in close union tied,
A gulf is set, a current rolls
For ever to divide ;
Well may *they* envy such a lot,
Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle
not

THE LAST WISH

Well may I weep to leave this world—thee—
all these beautiful woods, and plains, and hills.
—Lights and Shadows.

Go to the forest shade
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the
violets lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts
deep,
Like dark eyes, filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's
midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the wood's
repose;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the
bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee!—
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier
hours!
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours
through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there e'en
now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my
fevered brow!

Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy
mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf
around.

Well knowest thou that fair
tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime
above:
Bring me one pearly flower

Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our
love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade
thee mark,
When by the hamlet last
Through dim wood-lanes we
passed,
While dews were glancing to the
glow-worm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair;
My hand no more may bind them up
at eve—
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me
waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that
I must leave!

And oh! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet
vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar
place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break thou not the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the foun-
tain-side;
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her springtime
died!

FAIRY FAVOURS

— Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart:
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round.

WOULDEST thou wear the gift of
immortal bloom?
WOULDEST thou smile in scorn at the
shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly
fraught
With balm from the gardens of Genii
brought;
Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee
by

When the young all scattered like
rose-leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul
be gone,

If the loved had left me, one by
one ?

Take back the cup that may never
bless,

The gift that would make me brother-
less.

How should I live, with no kindred
eye

To reflect mine immortality !

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or
spell,

Over the mighty in air that dwell ?

Wouldst thou call the spirits of
shore and steep

To fetch thee jewels from ocean's
deep ?

Wave but this rod, and a viewless
band,

Slaves to thy will, shall around thee
stand.

And would not fear, at my coming,
then

Hush every voice in the homes of
men ?

Would not bright eyes in my presence
quail ?

Young cheeks with a nameless thrill
turn pale ?

No gift but mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I
yearn.

Wouldst thou then read through the
hearts of those

Upon whose faith thou hast sought
repose ?

Wear this rich gem ! it is charmed to
show

When a change comes over affec-
tion's glow :

Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or
true !

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may
trust,

Though my heart's wealth be but
poured on dust !

Let not a doubt in my soul have
place,

To dim the light of a loved one's face ;

Leave to the earth its warm sunny
smile—

That glory would pass could I look
on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power
shall be,

Favoured of spirits ! poured forth on
thee ?

Thou scornest the treasures of wave
and mine,

Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to
rest—

Answer me ! how may I grace it
best ?

Oh ! give me no sway o'er the powers
unseen,

But a human heart where my own
may lean !

A friend, one tender and faithful
friend,

Whose thoughts' free current with
mine may blend

And, leaving not either on earth
alone,

Bid the bright, calm close of our lives
be one !

THE BRIDAL DAY

On a monument in a Venetian church is an
epitaph, recording that the remains beneath are
those of a noble lady, who expired suddenly while
standing as a bride at the altar.

We bear her home ! we bear her home !
Over the murmuring salt sea's foam ;
One who has fled from the war of life,
From sorrow, pain, and the fever strife.

BARRY CORNWALL.

BRIDE ! upon thy marriage-day,

When thy gems in rich array

Made the glistening mirror seem

As a star-reflecting stream ;

When the clustering pearls lay fair

'Midst thy braids of sunny hair,

And the white veil o'er thee stream-
ing,

Like a silvery halo gleaming,

Mellow'd all that pomp and light

Into something meekly bright ;

Did the fluttering of thy breath

Speak of joy or woe beneath ?

And the hue that went and came

O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,

Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,

Or the gladness of thy breast ?
 —Who shall tell us ? from thy bower,
 Brightly didst thou pass that hour ;
 With the many-glancing oar,
 And the cheer along the shore,
 And the wealth of summer flowers
 On thy fair head cast in showers,
 And the breath of song and flute,
 And the clarion's glad salute,
 Swiftly o'er the Adrian tide [bride !
 Wert thou borne in pomp, young
 Mirth and music, sun and sky,
 Welcomed thee triumphantly !
 Yet, perchance, a chastening thought,
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering, as untold it blent
 With the sounds of merriment,
 " From the home of childhood's glee,
 From the days of laughter free,
 From the love of many years,
 Thou art gone to cares and fears ;
 To another path and guide,
 To a bosom yet untried !
 Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
 Trembling 'midst our joy for thee."

Bride ! when through the stately fane
 Circled with thy nuptial train,
 'Midst the banners hung on high
 By thy warrior-ancestry,
 'Midst those mighty fathers dead,
 In soft beauty thou wast led ;
 When before the shrine thy form
 Quiver'd to some bosom storm,
 When, like harp-strings with a sigh
 Breaking in mid-harmony,
 On thy lip the murmurs low
 Died with love's unfinished vow ;
 When, like scatter'd rose-leaves, fled
 From thy cheek each tint of red,
 And the light forsook thine eye,
 And thy head sank heavily ;
 Was that drooping but the excess
 Of thy spirit's blessedness ?
 Or did some deep feeling's might,
 Folded in thy heart from sight,
 With a sudden tempest-shower,
 Earthward bear thy life's young
 flower ?

—Who shall tell us ?—on *thy* tongue
 Silence, and for ever, hung !
 Never to thy lip and cheek
 Rush'd again the crimson streak,
 Never to thine eye return'd
 That which there had beam'd and
 burn'd !

With the secret none might know,
 With thy rapture or thy woe,
 With thy marriage-robe and wreath,
 Thou wert fled, young bride of death !
 One, one lightning moment there
 Struck down triumph to despair,
 Beauty, splendour, hope, and trust,
 Into darkness—terror—dust !

There were sounds of weeping o'er
 thee,
 Bride ! as forth thy kindred bore
 thee,
 Shrouded in thy gleaming veil,
 Deaf to that wild funeral wail.
 Yet perchance a chastening thought,
 In some deeper spirit wrought,
 Whispering while the stern, sad knell
 On the air's bright stillness fell ;
 —" From the power of chill and
 change

Souls to sever and estrange ;
 From love's wane—a death in life
 But to watch—a mortal strife ;
 From the secret fevers known
 To the burning heart alone,
 Thou art fled—afar, away—
 Where these blights no more have
 sway !

Bright one ! oh ! there well may be
 Comfort 'midst our tears for thee !"

THE ANCESTRAL SONG

A long war disturb'd your mind—
 Here your perfect peace is sign'd :
 'Tis now full tide 'twixt night and day,
 End your moan, and come away !
 WEBSTER—*Duchess of Malfy.*

THERE were faint sounds of weeping ;
 —fear and gloom
 And midnight vigil in a stately room
 Of Lusignan's old halls :—rich odours
 there
 Fill'd the proud chamber as with
 Indian air,
 And soft light fell, from lamps of
 silver, thrown
 On jewels that with rainbow lustre
 shone
 Over a gorgeous couch :—there emer-
 als gleam'd,
 And deeper crimson from the ruby
 stream'd
 Than in the heart-leaf of the rose is
 set,

Hiding from sunshine.—Many a
 carcanet
 Starry with diamonds, many a burn-
 ing chain
 Of the red gold, sent forth a radiance
 vain,
 And sad, and strange, the canopy
 beneath
 Whose shadowy curtains, round a
 bed of death,
 Hung drooping solemnly ;—for there
 one lay,
 Passing from all Earth's glories fast
 away,
 Amidst those queenly treasures :
 They had been
 Gifts of her lord, from far-off Paynim
 lands,
 And for *his* sake, upon their orient
 sheen
 She had gazed fondly, and with faint,
 cold hands
 Had press'd them to her languid
 heart once more,
 Melting in childlike tears. But this
 was o'er—
 Love's last vain clinging unto life; and
 now—
 A mist of dreams was hovering o'er
 her brow,
 Her eye was fix'd, her spirit seem'd
 removed,
 Though not from earth, from all it
 knew or loved.
 Far, far away! her handmaids
 watched around,
 In awe, that lent to each low mid-
 night sound
 A might, a mystery ; and the quiver-
 ing light
 Of wind-sway'd lamps, made spectral
 in their sight.
 The forms of buried beauty, sad, yet
 fair,
 Gleaming along the walls with
 braided hair,
 Long in the dust grown dim ; and she,
 too, saw,
 But with the spirit's eye of raptured
 awe,
 Those pictured shapes !—a bright,
 yet solemn train,
 Beckoning, they floated o'er her
 dreamy brain,
 Clothed in diviner hues ; while on
 her ear

Strange voices fell, which none be-
 sides might hear,
 Sweet, yet profoundly mournful,
 as the sigh
 Of winds o'er harp-strings through a
 midnight sky ;
 And thus it seem'd, in that low thrill-
 ing tone,
 Th' ancestral shadows call'd away
 their own.

Come, come, come !
 Long thy fainting soul hath yearn'd
 For the step that ne'er return'd ;
 Long thine anxious ear hath listen'd,
 And thy watchful eye hath glisten'd
 With the hope, whose parting strife
 Shook the flower-leaves from thy
 life—

Now the heavy day is done,
 Home awaits thee, wearied one !
 Come, come, come !

From the quenchless thoughts that
 burn
 In the seal'd heart's lonely urn ;
 From the coil of memory's chain
 Wound about the throbbing brain ;
 From the veins of sorrow deep,
 Winding through the world of sleep ;
 From the haunted halls and bowers,
 Throng'd with ghosts of happier
 hours !

Come, come, come !

On our dim and distant shore
 Aching love is felt no more !
 We have loved with earth's excess—
 Past is now that weariness !
 We have wept, that weep not now—
 Calm is each once beating brow !
 We have known the dreamer's woes—
 All is now one bright repose !

Come, come, come !

Weary heart that long hast bled,
 Languid spirit, drooping head,
 Restless memory, vain regret,
 Pining love whose light is set,
 Come away !—'tis hush'd, 'tis well,
 Where by shadowy founts we dwell,
 All the fever-thrill is still'd,
 All the air with peace is fill'd,—

Come, come, come !

And with her spirit rapt in that wild
 lay,

She pass'd, as twilight melts to night,
away !

THE MAGIC GLASS

How lived, how loved, how died they ?
BYRON.

" THE dead ! the glorious dead !—
And shall they rise ?
Shall they look on thee with their
proud bright eyes ?

Thou ask'st a fearful spell !
Yet say, from shrine or dim sepulchral
hall,

What kingly vision shall obey my
call ?

The deep grave knows it well !

" Wouldst thou behold earth's con-
querors ? shall they pass
Before thee, flushing all the Magic
Glass

With triumph's long array ?
Speak ! and those dwellers of the
marble urn,
Robed for the feast of victory, shall
return,

As on their proudest day.

" Or wouldst thou look upon the
lords of song ?—

O'er the dark mirror that immortal
throng

Shall waft a solemn gleam !
Passing, with lighted eyes and
radiant brows,

Under the foliage of green laurel-
boughs,

But silent as a dream."

" Not these, O mighty master !—
Though their lays

Be unto man's free heart, and tears,
and praise,

Hallow'd for evermore !
—And not the buried conquerors !

Let them sleep,
And let the flowery earth her Sabbaths
keep

In joy, from shore to shore !

" But, if the narrow house may so be
moved,

Call the bright shadows of the most
beloved,

Back from their couch of rest !

That I may learn if *their* meek eyes be
fill'd

With peace, if human love hath ever
still'd

The yearning human breast."

" Away, fond youth !—An idle quest
is thine ;

These have no trophy, no memorial
shrine ;

I know not of their place !
'Midst the dim valleys, with a secret
flow,

Their lives, like shepherd reed-notes,
faint and low,

Have pass'd, and left no trace.

" Haply, begirt with shadowy woods
and hills,

And the wild sounds of melancholy
rills,

Their covering turf may
bloom ;

But ne'er hath Fame made relics of
its flowers,—

Never hath pilgrim sought their
household bowers,

Or poet hail'd their tomb."

" Adieu, then, master of the mid-
night spell !

Some voice, perchance, by those lone
graves may tell

That which I pine to know !
I haste to seek, from woods and
valleys deep,

Where the beloved are laid in lowly
sleep,

Records of joy and woe."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL

Les femmes doivent penser qu'il est dans
cette carrière bien peu de sorte qui puissent
valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée
et d'une mère heureuse."—MADAME DE STAËL.

DAUGHTER of th' Italian heaven !

Thou, to whom its fires are given,

Joyously thy car hath roll'd

Where the conqueror's pass'd of old ;

And the festal sun that shone,

O'er three hundred triumphs gone ¹

Makes thy day of glory bright,

With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st the ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trode ;

¹ "The trebly hundred triumphs."—BYRON.

While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,
Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
In a soft and rosy rain,
Touch'd with many a gemlike stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now !
Music hails thee from below ;
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre ;
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony !

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone
In its thrilling power alone ;
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
Touch'd as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought ;
And the burning words of song
From thy lip flow fast and strong,
With a rushing stream's delight
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun !
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome !—Oh ! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot ?—
Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth !

THE RUIN

Oh ! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own.

WORDSWORTH.

Birth has gladden'd it : Death has sanctified
it.

Guesses at Truth.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode !

Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd.

Banners of knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,

Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of *pleasaunce*
here

By courtly hands been dress'd,
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest :
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the spirit of delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent
board !

For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that *here*,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and love, and hope and fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells !
—A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells,
Of human life and death.

I need but pluck yon garden flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden
power,
A thousand sympathies.

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou
hearth !

Deserted now by all !
Voices at eve here met in mirth
Which eve may ne'er recall.

Youth's buoyant step, and woman's
tone,

And childhood's laughing glee,
And song and prayer, have all been
known,

Hearth of the dead ! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly
pour'd

Upon the infant head,

As if in every fervent word

The living soul were shed ;

Thou hast seen partings, such as bear

The bloom from life away—

Alas ! for love in changeful air,

Where nought beloved can stay !

Here, by the restless bed of pain,
The vigil hath been kept,

Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept :
Here hath been felt the hush, the
gloom,

The breathless influence, shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the
room

Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and
mourn'd,

And time hath fill'd the vacant
place,

And gladness hath return'd ;
Till from the narrowing household
chain

The links dropp'd one by one !
And homewards hither, o'er the main,
Came the spring birds alone.

Is there not cause, then—cause for
thought,

Fix'd eye and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries
fraught,

Even lowliest hearts have bled ?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath
burst

The clouds that wrapt its way ?

Holy to human nature seems

The long-forsaken spot ;
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot !

Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the dead ! I stand,
Where joy and sorrow, smile and
tear,

Have link'd one household band.

THE MINSTER

A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Our hopes of immortality."

BYRON.

SPEAK low !—the place is holy to the
breath

Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd
prayer ;

Tread lightly !—for the sanctity of
death

Broods with a voiceless influence
on the air ;

Stern, yet serene !—a reconciling
spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to
quell.

Leave me to linger silently awhile !
—Not for the light that pours its
fervid streams

Of rainbow glory down through arch
and aisle,

Kindling old banners into haughty
gleams,

Flushing proud shrines, or by some
warrior's tomb

Dying away in clouds of gorgeous
gloom ;

Not for rich music, though in triumph
pealing,

Mighty as forest sounds when winds
are high ;

Nor yet for torch, and cross, and stole,
revealing

Through incense-mists their sainted
pageantry :—

Though o'er the spirit each hath
charm and power, [hour.

Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering

But by strong sympathies, whose
silver cord

Links me to mortal weal, my soul
is bound ;

Thoughts of the human hearts, that
here have pour'd

Their anguish forth, are with me
and around ;—

I look back on the pangs, the burning
tears,

Known to these altars of a thousand
years.

Send up a murmur from the dust,
Remorse !

That here hast bow'd with ashes
on thy head ;

And thou, still battling with the
tempest's force—

Thou, whose bright spirit through
all time has bled—

Speak, wounded Love ! if penance
here, or prayer,

Hath laid one haunting shadow of
despair ?

No voice, no breath !—of conflicts
past, no trace !

—Doth not this hush give answer to
my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its
might confest!
—Oh! that within my heart I could
but keep.
Holy to Heaven, a spot thus pure,
and still, and deep!

THE SONG OF NIGHT

O night,
And storm and darkness! ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength!

BYRON.

I COME to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts!—for every flower
sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to
renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest
leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so
receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their
noonday track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily
back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace;—I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er
the honey-bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the
fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with a
breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams,
beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many
tones—
The dark skies thrill with low, mys-
terious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest
shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst
their glades,
Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I
awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the
soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle
spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which,
though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant
love
They pass—though low as murmurs
of a dove—
Like trumpets through the
gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around
me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful,
the dead,—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightnings!—fill'd with
anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the wood-
land song,
I am the avenging one! the arm'd,
the strong—
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring
storms!—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—Be
holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON

Where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
 Are ye like those that shake the human breast?
 Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high
 nest?

Childe Harold.

MIDNIGHT, and silence deep!
 —The air is fill'd with sleep,
 With the stream's whisper, and the
 citron's breath;
 The fix'd and solemn stars
 Gleam through my dungeon
 bars—
 Wake, rushing wind! this breezeless
 calm is death!

Ye watchfires of the skies!
 The stillness of your eyes
 Looks too intensely through my
 troubled soul:
 I feel this weight of rest
 An earth-load on my breast—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,
 dark clouds, roll!

I am your own, *your* child,
 O ye, the fierce and wild,
 And kingly tempests!—will ye not
 arise?
 Hear the bold spirit's voice,
 That knows not to rejoice
 But in the peal of your strong har-
 monies.

By sounding ocean waves,
 And dim Calabrian caves,
 And flashing torrents, I have been
 your mate;
 And with the rocking pines
 Of the olden Apennines,
 In your dark path stood fearless and
 elate:

Your lightnings were as rods,
 That smote the deep abodes
 Of thought and vision—and the
 stream gush'd free;
 Come, that my soul again
 May swell to burst its chain—
 Bring me the music of the sweeping
 sea!

Within me dwells a flame,
 An eagle caged and tame,
 Till call'd forth by the harping of the
 blast;

Then is its triumph's hour,
 It springs to sudden power,
 As mounts the billow o'er the quiver-
 ing mast.

Then, then, the canvas o'er,
 With hurried hand I pour
 The lava-waves and gusts of my own
 soul!
 Kindling to fiery life
 Dreams, worlds, of pictured
 strife—
 Wake, rushing winds, awake! and,
 dark clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend
 The shivering leaf descend,
 The forest branch give way before
 your might;
 But I, your strong compeer,
 Call, summon, wait you here—
 Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm
 and night!

THE TWO VOICES

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
 Met as rich sunbeams and dark
 bursts of rain

Meet in the sky;
 "Thou art gone hence!" one sang:
 "Our light is flown,
 Our beautiful, that seem'd too much
 our own,
 Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence!—our joyous
 hills among
 Never again to pour thy soul in song,
 When spring flowers rise!
 Never the friend's familiar step to
 meet
 With loving laughter, and the
 welcome sweet
 Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home*!"
 then, high and clear,
 Warbled that other Voice: "Thou
 hast no tear
 Again to shed.

Never to fold the robe o'er secret
 pain,
 Never, weigh'd down by Memory's
 clouds, again
 To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home! oh! early
crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep
heart find rest

With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by
dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from
life away—
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breezelike
Voice of grief—

"Thou art gone hence! alas! that
aught so brief,
So loved should be;
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—
the flower, the tone;
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning
vision fled!
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful
dead?

The dark unknown?
Yes! to the dwelling where no foot-
steps fall,
Never again to light up hearth and
hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, *home!*" once more the exult-
ing Voice arose:

"Thou art gone home! from that
divine repose

Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in
vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved,
again—

Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is
cast—

Joy for thee, happy friend! thy
bark hath past

The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul
are still'd,—

Home! home!—thy peace is won,
thy heart is fill'd.—

Thou art gone home!"

THE PARTING SHIP

A glittering ship that bath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

WORDSWORTH.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy
sails to swell;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers
be,
Fare thee well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast
cleft,

The breeze yet follows thee with
cheer and song;
Who now of storms hath dream or
memory left?
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still
the smiles

Of summer tremble on the water's
breast!

Thou shalt be greeted by a thou-
sand isles,

In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome, breathing o'er the
tide,

The Genie groves of Araby shall
pour;

Waves that enfold the pearl shall
bathe thy side,

On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm
tree lie

O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails
are furl'd,

And its leaves whisper, as the wind
sweeps by,

Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of South-
ern skies,

On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd
in sleep,

A lonely home for human thoughts
and ties,

Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts
renown'd,

By night shall sparkle where thy
prow makes way;

Strange creatures of the abyss that
none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled
joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy
flag to mark ;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone
career !
Hail, and farewell, thou bark !

A long farewell !—Thou wilt not
bring us back,
All whom thou bearest far from
home and hearth ;
Many are thine, whose steps no more
shall track
Their own sweet native earth !

Some wilt thou leave beneath the
plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian
suns look bright ;
Some, in the snows of wintry regions
laid,
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the
sounding wave,
Still shall they lie, though tempests
o'er them sweep ;
Never may flower be strewn above
their grave,
Never may sister weep !

And thou—the billow's queen—even
thy proud form
On our glad sight no more perchance
may swell ; [storm—
Yet God alike is in the calm and
Fare thee well, bark ! fare-
well !

THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST

WHISPER, thou Tree, thou lonely
Tree,
One, where a thousand stood !
Well might proud tales be told by
thee,
Last of the solemn wood !

Dwells there no voice amidst thy
boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green ?

Stillness is round, and noontide
glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen.

" I have seen the forest shadows lie
Where men now reap the corn ;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

" With the glance of many a gallant
spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer,
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

" I have seen the knight and his train
ride past,
With his banner borne on high ;
O'er all my leaves there was bright-
ness cast
From his gleaming panoply.

" The Pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling, at vesper hours.

" And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red
wine's cheer,
And the hunter's song of yore.

" And the minstrel, resting in my
shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high
Crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

" But now the noble forms are gone
That walk'd the earth of old ;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

" There is no glory left us now,
Like the glory with the dead :—
I would that where they slumber low
My latest leaves were shed ! "

Oh ! thou dark Tree, thou lonely
Tree,
That mournest for the past !
A peasant's home in thy shades I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear ;

For the poor man's children sport
around

On the turf, with naught to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall

A happy summer glow ;

And the open door stands free to all,
For it reck's not of a foe.

And the village bells are on the breeze

That stirs thy leaf, dark Tree !

How can I mourn, 'midst things like
these,

For the stormy past, with thee ?

THE STREAMS

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all those have
vanish'd !

They live no longer in the faith of heaven,
But still the heart doth need a language ! "

COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

YE have been holy, O founts and
floods !

Ye of the ancient and solemn woods,
Ye that are born of the valleys deep,
With the water-flowers on your breast
asleep,

And ye that gush from the sounding
caves—

Hallow'd have been your waves.

Hallow'd by man, in his dreams of
old,

Unto beings not of this mortal mould
Viewless, and deathless, and won-
drous powers,

Whose voice he heard in his lonely
hours,

And sought with its fancied sound to
still

The heart earth could not fill.

Therefore the flowers of bright sum-
mers gone,

O'er your sweet waters, ye streams !
were thrown

Thousands of gifts, to the sunny sea
Have ye swept along, in your wander-
ings free,

And thrill'd to the murmur of many
a vow—

Where all is silent now !

Nor seems it strange that the heart
hath been

So link'd in love to your margins
green ;

That still, though ruin'd, your early
shrines

In beauty gleam through the Southern
vines,

And the ivied chapels of colder skies,
On your wild banks arise.

For the loveliest scenes of the glowing
earth,

Are those, bright streams ! where
your springs have birth ;

Whether their cavern'd murmur
fills,

With a tone of plaint, the hollow hills,
Or the glad sweet laugh of their
healthful flow

Is heard 'midst the hamlets low.

Or whether ye gladden the desert
sands,

With a joyous music to pilgrim bands,
And a flash from under some ancient
rock,

Where a shepherd-king might have
watch'd his flock,

Where a few lone palm trees lift their
heads,

And a green acacia spreads.

Or whether in bright old lands re-
nown'd,

The laurels thrill to your first-born
sound,

And the shadow, flung from the
Grecian pine,

Sweeps with the breeze o'er your
gleaming line,

And the tall reeds whisper to your
waves,

Beside heroic graves.

Voices and lights of the lonely place !
By the freshest fern your path we
trace ;

By the brightest cups on the emerald
moss,

Whose fairy goblets the turf emboss,
By the rainbow glancing of insect
wings,

In a thousand mazy rings.

There sucks the bee, for the richest
flowers

Are all your own through the sum-
mer hours ;

There the proud stag his fair image
 knows,
 Traced on your glass beneath alder
 boughs,
 And the halcyon's breast, like the
 skies array'd,
 Gleams through the willow
 shade.

But the wild sweet tales, that with
 elves and fays
 Peopled your banks in the olden
 days,
 And the memory left by departed
 love,
 To your antique founts in glen and
 grove.
 And the glory born of the poet's
 dreams—
These are your charms, bright
 streams!

Now is the time of your flowery rites,
 Gone by with its dances and young
 delights :
 From your marble urns ye have burst
 away,
 From your chapel-cells to the laugh-
 ing day ;
 Low lie your altars with moss o'er-
 grown,
 And the woods again are lone.

Yet holy still be your living springs,
 Haunts of all gentle and gladsome
 things !
 Holy, to converse with nature's lore,
 That gives the worn spirit its youth
 once more,
 And to silent thoughts of the love
 divine,
 Making the heart a shrine !

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.—GRAY'S *Letters*.

OH ! many a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many a voice is thine,
 From every scene thy wing o'er-sweeps thou bear'st a sound and sign ;
 A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own,
 And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
 And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a clarion in the sky ;
 A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums,—
 All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
 Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track—
 The chime of low soft Southern waves on some green palmy shore,
 The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind
 And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined ;
 The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
 Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
 Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
 The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
 The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
 Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd ;
 Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,
 For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
 Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true ;

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled,—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind? these many notes in *thee*?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, *there* Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies.

THE VIGIL OF ARMS

A SOUNDING step was heard by night
In a church where the mighty
slept,
As a mail-clad youth, till morning's
light,
'Midst the tombs his vigil kept.
He walk'd in dreams of power and
faine,
He lifted a proud, bright eye,
For the hours were few that withheld
his name
From the roll of chivalry.

Down the moon-lit aisles he paced
alone,
With a free and stately tread;
And the floor gave back a muffled
tone
From the couches of the dead:
The silent many that round him lay,
The crown'd and helm'd that were,
The haughty chiefs of the war
array—
Each in his sepulchre!

But no dim warning of time or fate
That youth's flush'd hopes could
chill,
He moved through the trophies of
buried state
With each proud pulse throbbing
still.
He heard, as the wind through the
chancel sung,
A swell of the trumpet's breath;
He look'd to the banners on high
that hung,
And not to the dust beneath.

And a royal masque of splendour
seem'd
Before him to unfold;
Through the solemn arches on it
stream'd,
With many a gleam of gold:
There were crested knight, and gor-
geous dame,
Glittering athwart the gloom,

And he follow'd, till his bold step
came
To his warrior-father's tomb.

But there the still and shadowy
might
Of the monumental stone,
And the holy sleep of the soft lamp's
light,
That over its quiet shone,
And the image of that sire, who
died
In his noonday of renown—
These had a power unto which the
pride
Of fiery life bow'd down.

And a spirit from his early years
Came back o'er his thoughts to
move,
Till his eye was fill'd with memory's
tears,
And his heart with childhood's
love!
And he look'd, with a change in his
softening glance,
To the armour o'er the grave—
For there they hung, the shield and
lance,
And the gauntlet of the brave.

And the sword of many a field was
there,
With its cross for the hour of need,
When the knight's bold war-cry hath
sunk in prayer,
And the spear is a broken reed!
—Hush! did a breeze through the
armour sigh?
Did the folds of the banner shake?
Not so!—from the tomb's dark
mystery
There seem'd a voice to break!

He had heard that voice bid clarions
blow,
He had caught its last blessing's
breath,—

'Twas the same—but its awful sweet-
ness now
Had an under-tone of death !
And it said,—“ The sword hath con-
quer'd kings,
And the spear through realms hath
pass'd ;
But the cross, alone, of all these
things,
Might aid me at the last.”

THE HEART OF BRUCE IN MELROSE ABBEY

HEART ! that didst press forward
still,
Where the trumpet's note rang
shrill,
Where the knightly swords were
crossing,
And the plumes like sea foam tossing,
Leader of the charging spear,
Fiery heart !—and liest thou *here* ?
May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that so could beat and burn ?
Heart ! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last ;
Silent,—save when early bird
Sings where once the mass was heard ;
Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through flowers or fretted
stone ;
And the wild rose waves around thee,
And the long dark grass hath bound
thee,
—Sleep'st thou, as the swain might
sleep,
In his nameless valley deep ?

No ! brave heart ! though cold and
lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own !
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude ?
Lo ! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the bold, the free,
Sweeping past thy lowly bed,
With a mute, yet stately tread.
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night,
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
Arm'd to follow thee, or die ?
Now, true heart, as thou wert wont,

Pass thou to the peril's front !
Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee—
Dreams ! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief ;
Dreams, yet bright ones ! scorn them
not,
Then that seek'st the holy spot ;
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain !

NATURE'S FAREWELL

The beautiful is vanish'd and returns not,
COLERIDGE'S Wallenstein.

A YOUTH rode forth from his child-
hood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the
world to roam ;
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he
pass'd,
“ Wherefore, thou dreamer, away so
fast ?
“ Knew'st thou with what thou art
parting here,
Long wouldst thou linger in doubt
and fear ;
Thy heart's light laughter, thy sunny
hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the
spring's wild flowers.
“ Under the arch by our mingling
made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily
play'd ;
Ye may meet again where ye roved
of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh !
never more !”

On rode the youth—and the boughs
among,
Thus the free birds o'er his pathway
sung :
“ Wherefore so fast unto life away ?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy
in our lay !

“ Thou mayst come to the summer
woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet
their strain ;

Afar from the foliage its love will dwell—

A change must pass o'er thee—farewell, farewell ! ”

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams

Thus mingled a voice with its joyous dreams :

“ We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us ?—oh ! yet delay !

“ Listen but once to the sound of our mirth !

For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth.

Never again wilt thou find in its flow,
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

“ Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,

With the breath of the world on thy spirit free ;

Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,

And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

“ Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part—

What should it do for a burning heart ?

Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,

Thirst which no fountain on earth may still.

“ Farewell !—when thou comest again to thine own,

Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone ;

Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dreamer ! farewell ! farewell ! ”

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,

As he caught the last sounds of his native shade ;

But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,

How deep were the oracles Nature spoke !

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence : that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage.

BYRON.

COME to me with your triumphs and your woes,

Ye forms, to life by glorious poets brought !

I sit alone with flowers, and vernal boughs,

In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought ;

'Midst the glad music of the spring alone,

And sorrowful for visions that are gone !

Come to me ! make your thrilling whispers heard,

Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd

With life, and love, and many a burning word,

That bursts from grief, like lightning from a cloud,

And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,

As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me ! visit my dim haunt !—the sound

Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath ;

The stockdove's note above ; and all around,

The poesy that with the violet's breath

Floats through the air, in rich and sudden streams,

Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends !—for such to my lone heart ye are—

Unchanging ones ! from whose immortal eyes

The glory melts not as a waning star,
And the sweet kindness never,

never dies ;

Bright children of the bard ! o'er this green dell

Pass once again, and light it with your spell !

Imogen ! fair Fidele ! meekly blending

In patient grief, " a smiling with a sigh " ;

And thou, Cordelia ! faithful daughter, tending

That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky ;

Thou of the soft low voice !—thou art not gone !

Still breathes for me its faint and flutelike tone.

And come to me !—sing me thy willow-strain,

Sweet Desdemona ! with the sad surprise

In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,

Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies ;

Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,

As a frail hyacinth, by showers o'erborne.

And thou, too, fair Ophelia ! flowers are here,

That well might win thy footstep to the spot—

Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,

And pansies for sad thoughts, but needed not !

Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light

In that wild eye still tremulously bright.

And Juliet, vision of the South ! enshrining

All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong ;

The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining

The soul its nightingales pour forth in song,

Thou, making death deep joy !—but *couldst* thou die ?

No !—thy young love hath immortality !

From earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,

From earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone ;

But ye, the children of the soul, were born

Deathless, and for undying love alone ;

And, oh ! ye beautiful ! 'tis well, how well,

In the soul's world, with you, where change is not, to dwell !

THE LYRE'S LAMENT

A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave forth its melancholy music to the wind—but no human being was to be seen.—*Salathiel*.

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring To the wild wind of the sea :

" O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,
" What would thy breath with me ?

" Thou canst not wake the spirit
That in me slumbering lies,
Thou strikest not forth the electric fire
Of buried melodies.

" Wind of the dark sea-waters !
Thou dost but sweep my strings
Into wild gusts of mournfulness,
With the rushing of thy wings.

" But the spell—the gift—the lighting—
Within my frame conceal'd,
Must I moulder on the rock away,
With their triumphs unreveal'd ?

" I have power, high power, for freedom
To wake the burning soul !
I have sounds that through the ancient hills
Like a torrent's voice might roll.

" I have pealing notes of victory
That might welcome kings from war ;
I have rich deep tones to send the wail
For a hero's death afar.

" I have chords to lift the pæan
From the temple to the sky,
Full as the forest-unisons
When sweeping winds are high.

" And love—for love's lone sorrow
I have accents that might swell
Through the summer air with the
rose's breath,
Or the violet's faint farewell :

" Soft—spiritual—mournful—
Sighs in each note enshrined—
But who shall call that sweetness
forth ?
Thou canst not, ocean-wind !

" I pass without my glory,
Forgotten I decay—
Where is the touch to give me life ?
—Wild, fitful wind, away ! "

So sigh'd the broken music
That in gladness had no part—
How like art thou, neglected lyre,
To many a human heart !

TASSO'S CORONATION

A crown of victory ! a triumphal song !
Oh ! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest :
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony !

A TRUMPET'S note is in the sky, in
the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many
an age, to the voice of victory ;
There is crowding to the Capitol,
the imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be
crown'd,—a kingly child of
song :

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel boughs
are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams
around his rolling car ;
A thousand haunts of olden gods
have given their wealth of
flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame
bright hues in gemlike showers.

Peace ! within his chamber
Low the mighty lies ;
With a cloud of dreams on
his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song,
for him, whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit weeps, like
a strong wind o'er the main !
Whose voice lives deep in burning
hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As full-toned oracles are shrined
in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes ! for him, the victor,
Sing,—but low, sing low !
A soft sad *miserere* chant
For a soul about to go !

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring
o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred tri-
umphs moved, a flood of golden
day ;

Streaming through every haughty
arch of the Cæsars' past re-
nown—

Bring forth, in that exulting light,
the conqueror for his crown !

Shut the proud bright sun-
shine
From the fading sight !
There needs no ray by the bed
of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is
strewn—the lordly train are
met—

The streets are hung with coronals—
why stays the minstrel yet ?

Shout ! as an army shouts in joy
around a royal chief—

Bring forth the bard of chivalry,
the bard of love and grief !

Silence ! forth we bring him,
In his last array ;
From love and grief the freed,
the flown—
Way for the bier—make way !

THE BETTER LAND

" I HEAR thee speak of the better
land,
Thou call'st its children a happy
band ;

Mother ! oh, where is that radiant
shore ?

Shall we not seek it, and weep no
more ?

Is it where the flower of the orange
blows,
And the fireflies glance through the
myrtle boughs? "
—" Not there, not there, my
child! "

" Is it where the feathery palm trees
rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny
skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glitter-
ing seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the
breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their
starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious
things? "
—" Not there, not there, my
child! "

" Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands
of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby
shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret
mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the
coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better
land? "
—" Not there, not there, my
child! "

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle
boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of
joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so
fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter
there;
Time does not breathe on its fadeless
bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond
the tomb,
—" It is there, it is there, my
child! "

THE WOUNDED EAGLE

EAGLE! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior bird! what seek'st thou
here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?

Wherefore on the violet's bed
Lay'st thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that hold'st the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wear'st the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance! the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won!
And the mountain lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air;
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh! it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou, that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the hunter's shaft hath found
thee,
And the toils of death hath bound
thee!

—Wherefore didst thou leave thy
place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was thy sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast,
—Woe for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

SADNESS AND MIRTH

Nay, these wild fits of uncurb'd laughter
Athwart the gloomy tenor of your mind,
As it has lower'd of late, so keenly cast,
Unsuited seem, and strange.

Oh! nothing strange!
Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
In the sunn'd glimpses of a troubled day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning, flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path,
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

Oh, gentle friend!
Chide not *her* mirth, who yesterday was sad,
And may be so to-morrow!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

YE met at the stately feasts of old,
Where the bright wine foam'd over
sculptured gold,
Sadness and Mirth!—ye were min-
gled there
With the sound of the lyre in the
scented air;

As the cloud and the lightning are
 blent on high,
 Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of
 yore a gloom,
 A thought and a shadow of the tomb ;
 It gave to the flute-notes an under-
 tone,
 To the rose a colouring not its own,
 To the breath of the myrtle a mourn-
 ful power—
 Sadness and Mirth ! ye had each your
 dower !

Ye met when the triumph swept
 proudly by,
 With the Roman eagles through the
 sky !
 I know that e'en then, in his hour of
 pride,
 The soul of the mighty within him
 died ;
 That a void in his bosom lay darkly
 still,
 Which the music of victory might
 never fill.

Thou wert there, O mirth ! swelling
 on the shout,
 Till the temples, like echo-caves,
 rang out ;
 Thine were the garlands, the songs,
 the wine,
 All the rich voices in air were thine,
 The incense, the sunshine—but,
 Sadness ! *thy* part,
 Deepest of all, was the victor's heart !

Ye meet at the bridal with flower
 and tear ;
 Strangely and wildly ye meet by the
 bier !
 As the gleam from a sea-bird's white
 wing shed,
 Crosses the storm in its path of dread ;
 As a dirge meets the breeze of a sum-
 mer sky—
 Sadness and Mirth ! so ye come
 and fly !

Ye meet in the poet's haunted
 breast,
 Darkness and rainbow, alike its
 guest !
 When the breath of the violet is out
 in spring,

When the woods with the wakening
 of music ring,
 O'er his dreamy spirit your currents
 pass,
 Like shadow and sunlight o'er moun-
 tain grass.

When will your parting be, Sadness
 and Mirth ?
 Bright stream and dark one !—oh !
 never on earth :
 Never while triumphs and tombs are
 so near,
 While Death and Love walk the same
 dim sphere,
 While flowers unfold where the storm
 may sweep,
 While the heart of man is a sound-
 less deep !

But there smiles a land, O ye
 troubled pair !
 Where ye have no part in the summer
 air.
 Far from the breathings of change-
 ful
 skies,
 Over the seas and the graves it lies ;
 Where the day of the lightning and
 cloud is done,
 And joy reigns alone, as the lonely
 sun !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEATH-SONG

Willst du nach den Nachtigallen fragen,
 Die mit seelenvollen melodie
 Dich entzückten in des Lenzes Tagen ?—
 Nur so lang sie liebten, waren sie.

SCHILLER.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully,
 And die away, my heart !
 The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
 And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendour,
 The waters changed their tone,
 And wherefore, in the faded world,
 Should music linger on ?

Where is the golden sunshine,
 And where the flower-cup's glow ?
 And where the joy of the dancing
 leaves,
 And the fountain's laughing flow ?

A voice in every whisper
 Of the wave, the bough, the air,

Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, "Where, oh!
where?"

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark, in thy victorious mirth!—
Are ye, too, pass'd away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
The royal rose is gone.
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
In one deep farewell tone!

Not so, swell forth triumphantly,
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young love and life I go,
In the summer's joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odour,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm Southern breeze
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me, perchance, in other lands,
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky's transparent azure,
And the greensward's violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the
wind,
May there know nought of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart,
With love, the spirit of the woods,
With summer I depart!

THE DIVER

They learn in suffering what they teach in
song.—SHELLEY.

Thou hast been where the rocks of
coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying
waves;—

Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart
beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming
wealth of old,

And wrecks where the brave have
striven;
Thy deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine;
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may
shine,
To all besides unknown!

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils
away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on *thee*?

None!—as it gleams from the queen-
like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
"A life hath been like a raindrop
shed,
For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly
bought!
—And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of
thought?
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava-veins the fire,
That o'er bright words is pour'd;
Learning deep sounds, to make the
lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But, oh! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last, o'er desert years,
A darkly-glorious dower!

Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind
spread,

So radiant thoughts are strew'd ;
 —The soul whence those high gifts
 are shed,
 May faint in solitude !

And who will think, when the strain
 is sung,
 Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,
 What life-drops, from the minstrel
 wrung,
 Have gush'd with every word ?

None, none !—his treasures live like
 thine,
He strives and dies like thee ;
 —Thou, that hast been to the pearl's
 dark shrine,
 O wrestler with the sea !

THE REQUIEM OF GENIUS

Les poètes dont l'imagination tient à la
 puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils
 pas les bannis d'une autre région ?—MADAME
 DE STAËL, *De L'Allemagne*.

No tears for thee !—though light be
 from us gone
 With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet
 restless one !
 No tears for thee !
 They that have loved an exile, must
 not mourn
 To see him parting for his native
 bourne
 O'er the dark sea.

All the high music of thy spirit here,
 Breathed but the language of
 another sphere,
 Unechoed round ;
 And strange, though sweet, as 'midst
 our weeping skies
 Some half-remember'd strain of
 paradise
 Might sadly sound.

Hast thou been answer'd ? thou,
 that from the night
 And from the voices of the tempest's
 might,
 And from the past,
 Wert seeking still some oracle's reply,
 To pour the secrets of man's destiny
 Forth on the blast !

Hast thou been answer'd ?—thou,
 that through the gloom,

And shadow, and stern silence of the
 tomb,

A cry didst send,
 So passionate and deep ? to pierce,
 to move,
 To win back token of unburied love
 From buried friend !

And hast thou found where living
 waters burst ?
 Thou, that didst pine amidst us, in
 the thirst
 Of fever-dreams !
 Are the true fountains thine for
 evermore ?
 Oh ! lured so long by shining mists,
 that wore
 The light of streams !

Speak ! is it well with thee ?—We
 call, as *thou*,
 With thy lit eye, deep voice, and
 kindled brow,
 Wert wont to call
 On the departed ! Art thou blest
 and free ?
 —Alas ! the lips earth covers, even
 to *thee*,
 Were silent all !

Yet shall our hope rise fann'd by
 quenchless faith,
 As a flame, foster'd by some warm
 wind's breath,
 In light upsprings :
 Freed song of soul ! yes, thou hast
 found the sought ;
 Borne to thy home of beauty and of
 thought,
 On morning's wings.

And we will dream it is *thy* joy we
 hear,
 When life's young music, ringing far
 and clear,
 O'erflows the sky :—
 No tears for *thee* ! the lingering gloom
 is ours—
 Thou art for converse with all
 glorious powers,
 Never to die !

TRIUMPHANT MUSIC

Tacete, tacete, O suoni trionfanti !
 Risvegliate in vano 'l cor che non può liberarsi.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st
 thou up my spirit,

On eagle wings, through every
plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still, triumphant harmony! be
still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus
proudly swelling
Into rich floods of joy :—it is but
pain
To mount so high, yet find on high
no dwelling,
To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to
young chieftain dying
On his own battle-field, at set of
sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er
him flying,
Well mightst thou speak of fame's
high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the
martyr leading
Unto victorious death serenely on,
For patriot by his rescued altars
bleeding,
Thou hast a voice in each majestic
tone.

But speak not thus to one whose
heart is beating
Against life's narrow bound, in
conflict vain!
For power, for joy, high hope, and
rapturous greeting,
Thou wak'st lone thirst—be hush'd,
exulting strain!

Be hush'd, or breathe of grief!—
of exile yearnings
Under the willows of the stranger-
shore;
Breathe of the soul's untold and rest-
less burnings,
For looks, tones, footsteps, that
return no more.

Breathe of deep love—a lonely vigil
keeping
Through the night-hours, o'er
wasted wealth to pine;
Rich thoughts and sad, like faded
rose-leaves heaping,
In the shut heart, at once a tomb
and shrine.

Or pass as if thy spirit-notes came
sighing
From worlds beneath some blue
Elysian sky;
Breathe of repose, the pure, the bright,
th' undying—
Of joy no more—bewildering
harmony!

SECOND SIGHT

Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that grief inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist."
MATURIN.

A MOURNFUL gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul which blends
With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's
hour,
Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower
'Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the
dancers fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest;
And the bier amidst the bridal train
When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time,
Through the ivy branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's
prime,
With the sunshine stands array'd.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and
song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign :—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
A mournful gift is mine!

Oh ! prophet heart ! thy grief, thy
power,
To all deep souls belong ;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

Their sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven : ¶
Their piercing thoughts repose not
here,
Their home is but in Heaven.

THE SEA-BIRD FLYING INLAND

Thy path is not as mine :—where thou art
blest,
My spirit would but wither : mine own grief
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing,
Than all thy happiness.

HATH the summer's breath, on the
south wind borne,
Met the dark seas in their sweeping
scorn ?

Hath it lured thee, Bird ! from their
sounding caves,
To the river shores, where the osier
waves ?

Or art thou come on the hills to
dwell,
Where the sweet-voiced echoes have
many a cell ?

Where the moss bears print of the
wild deer's tread,
And the heath like a royal robe is
spread ?

Thou hast done well, O thou bright
sea-bird !
There is joy where the song of the
lark is heard,
With the dancing of waters through
copse and dell,
And the bee's low tune in the fox-
glove's bell.

Thou hast done well :—Oh ! the
seas are lone,
And the voice they send up hath a
mournful tone ;
A mingling of dirges and wild fare-
wells,
Fitfully breathed through its anthem-
swells.

—The proud bird rose as the words
were said,

The rush of his pinion swept o'er my
head,
And the glance of his eye, in its bright
disdain,
Spoke him a child of the haughty
main.

He hath flown from the woods to the
ocean's breast,
To his throne of pride on the billow's
crest !

—Oh ! who shall say, to a spirit free,
“ *There* lies the pathway of bliss for
thee ? ”

THE SLEEPER

For sleep is awful.—BYRON.

OH ! lightly, lightly tread !
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

A holy thing from Heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly-drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow.

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, per-
chance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves ;
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves ;

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams :—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams !

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh ! lightly, lightly tread !

THE MIRROR IN THE DESERTED
HALL

O, DIM, forsaken mirror !
How many a stately throng
Hath o'er thee gleam'd, in vanish'd
hours
Of the wine-cup and the song !

The song hath left no echo ;
The bright wine hath been
quaff'd ;
And hush'd is every silvery voice
That lightly here hath laugh'd.

O mirror, lonely mirror,
Thou of the silent hall !
Thou hast been flush'd with beauty's
bloom—
Is this, too, vanish'd all ?

It is, with scattered garlands
Of triumphs long ago ;
With the melodies of buried lyres ;
With the faded rainbow's glow.

And for all the gorgeous pageants,
For the glance of gem and
plume,
For lamp, and harp, and rosy wreath,
And vase of rich perfume.

Now, dim, forsaken mirror,
Thou giv'st but faintly back
The quiet stars, and the sailing
moon,
On her solitary track.

And thus with man's proud
spirit
Thou tellest me 'twill be,
When the forms and hues of this
world fade
From his memory, as from thee :
And his heart's long-troubled
waters
At last in stillness lie,
Reflecting but the images
Of the solemn world on high.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF
BERNARD BARTON

THE QUAKER POET

HAPPY thou art, the child of one
Who in each lowly flower,
Each leaf that glances to the sun,
Or trembles with the shower ;

In each soft shadow of the sky,
Or sparkle of the stream,
Will guide thy kindling spirit's eye
To trace the Love Supreme.

So shall deep quiet fill thy breast,
A joy in wood and wild ;—
And e'en for this I call thee blest,
The gentle poet's child !

THE STAR OF THE MINE

FROM the deep chambers of a mine,
With heavy gloom o'erspread,
I saw a star at noontide shine,
Serenely o'er my head.

I had not seen it 'midst the glow
Of the rich upper day ;
But in that shadowy world below,
How my heart bless'd its ray !

And still, the farther from my sight
Torches and lamps were borne,
The purer, lovelier, seem'd the light
That wore its beams unshorn.

Oh ! what is like that heavenly
spark !
—A friend's kind, steadfast eye ;
Where, brightest when the world
grows dark,
Hope, cheer, and comfort lie !

WASHINGTON'S STATUE

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

YES ! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou Western
world !

A watcher through each sign of
storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons thy children lead :
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and
hearth,

There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's
hand,

Sent through the blast and surge's
 roar,
 So girt with tranquil glory stand,
 For ages on thy shore !

Such, through all time, the greetings
 be,
 That with the Atlantic billow
 sweep !

Telling the mighty and the free
 Of brothers o'er the deep.

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

'Tis lone on the waters
 When eve's mournful bell
 Sends forth to the sunset
 A note of farewell ;

When, borne with the shadows
 And winds as they sweep,
 There comes a fond memory
 Of home o'er the deep ;

When the wing of the sea-bird
 Is turn'd to her nest,
 And the thought of the sailor
 To all he loves best !

'Tis lone on the waters—
 That hour hath a spell—
 To bring back sweet voices,
 With words of farewell !

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER- IN-LAW

WE miss thy voice while early
 flowers are blowing,
 And the first flush of blossom
 clothes each bough,
 And the spring sunshine round our
 home is glowing
 Soft as thy smile. Thou shouldst
 be with us now.

With us ? We wrong thee by the
 earthly thought—
 Could our fond gaze but follow
 where thou art,
 Well might the glories of this world
 seem nought
 To the one promise given the pure
 in heart.

Yet wert thou blest e'en here—oh !
 ever blest

In thine own sunny thoughts and
 tranquil faith !

The silent joy that still o'erflow'd
 thy breast,

Needed but guarding from all
 change, by death.

So is it seal'd to peace!—on thy
 clear brow

Never was care one fleeting shade
 to cast ;

And thy calm days in brightness
 were to flow,

A holy stream, untroubled to the
 last.

Farewell ! thy life hath left surviving
 love

A wealth of records, and sweet
 " feelings given,"

From sorrow's heart the faintness to
 remove,

By whispers breathing " less of
 earth than heaven."

Thus rests thy spirit still on those
 with whom

Thy step the path of joyous duty
 trod.

Bidding them make an altar of thy
 tomb,

Where chasten'd thought may
 offer praise to God.

TO AN ORPHAN

THOU hast been rear'd too tenderly,
 Beloved too well and long,
 Watch'd by too many a gentle eye—
 Now look on life—be strong !

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,
 Too holy and too deep ;

Bright clouds, through summer skies
 that range,

Seem oft-times thus to sleep :—

To sleep in silvery stillness bound,
 As things that ne'er may melt ;

Yet gaze again—no trace is found
 To show thee where they dwelt.

This world hath no more love to
 give

Like that which thou hast known ;

Yet the heart breaks not—we survive
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh ! too beautiful and blest
Thy home of youth hath been !
Where shall thy wing, poor bird, find
rest,
Shut out from that sweet scene ?

Kind voices from departed years
Must haunt thee many a day ;
Looks that will smite the source of
tears,
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the altered or the dead,
And music that is gone—
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,
And thou shalt wake—alone.

Alone ! it is in that deep word
That all thy sorrow lies ;
How is the heart to courage stirr'd
By smiles from kindred eyes !

And are these lost ?—and have I
said
To aught like *thee*—be strong ?
—So bid the willow lift its head
And brave the tempest's wrong !

Thou reed ! o'er which the storm
hath pass'd—
Thou shaken with the wind !
On one, *one* friend thy weakness
cast—
There is but One to bind !

HYMN BY THE SICKBED OF A MOTHER

FATHER ! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son ;

Oh ! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief ;
Or to the chasten'd, let Thy might
Hallow this grief !

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
" Thy will be done ! "

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That e'er have mourn'd, the chief—

Thou Saviour ! if the stroke *must*
fall,
Hallow this grief !

WHERE IS THE SEA ?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE

[A Greek islander, being taken to the Vale of
Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty,
only replied—" *The sea—where is it ?* "]

WHERE is the sea ?—I languish
here—

Where is my own blue sea ?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves which
first

Awoke my childhood's glee ;
The measured chime—the thunder-
ing burst—
Where is my own blue sea ?

Oh ! rich your myrtles' breath may
rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be ;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea !

I hear the shepherd's mountain
flute—

I hear the whispering tree ;—
The echoes of my soul are mute :
—Where is my own blue sea ?

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT

How is it that before mine eyes,
While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
As in a mirror seen ?
What spell within thee hath been
shrined,
To image back my own deep mind ?

Even as a song of other times
Can trouble memory's springs ;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
Can wake departed things ;
Even as a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanish'd
hours ;—

Such power is thine !—they come, the
dead,
From the grave's bondage free,

And smiling back the changed are led,
To look in love on thee ;
And voices that are music flown
Speak to me in the heart's full tone :

Till crowding thoughts my soul
oppress—

The thoughts of happier years,
And a vain gush of tenderness
O'erflows in childlike tears ;
A passion which I may not stay,
A sudden fount that must have way,

But thou, the while—oh ! almost
strange,
Mine imaged self ! it seems
That on *thy* brow of peace no change
Reflects my own swift dreams ;
Almost I marvel not to trace
Those lights and shadows in *thy*
face.

To see *thee* calm, while powers thus
deep—

Affection, Memory, Grief—
Pass o'er my soul as winds that
sweep

O'er a frail aspen leaf !
Oh, that the quiet of thine eye
Might sink there when the storm goes
by !

Yet look thou still serenely on,
And if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are
gone

Shall seek my form in thee,—
Tell them of one for whom 'twas
best

To flee away and be at rest !

NO MORE

No more ! A harp-string's deep and
breaking tone,

A last low summer breeze, a far-
off swell,

A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—
those murmurs of farewell—

No more !

To dwell in peace, with home affec-
tions bound,

To know the sweetness of a mother's
voice,

To feel the spirit of her love around,

And in the blessing of her eye
rejoice—

No more !

A dirge-like sound ! To greet the
early friend

Unto the hearth, his place of many
days ;

In the glad song with kindred lips to
blend,

Or join the household laughter by
the blaze—

No more !

Through woods that shadow'd our
first years to rove,

With all our native music in the
air ;

To watch the sunset with the eyes
we love,

And turn, and read our own
heart's answer *there*—

No more !

Words of despair ! yet earth's, all
earth's—the woe

Their passion breathes—the deso-
lately deep !

That sound in Heaven—oh ! image
then the flow

Of gladness in its tones—to part,
to weep—

No more !

To watch, in dying hope, affection's
wane,

To see the beautiful from life
depart,

To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the
heart—

No more !

Through long, long years to seek, to
strive, to yearn

For human love—and never quench
that thirst,¹

To pour the soul out, winning no
return,

O'er fragile idols, by delusion
nursed—

No more !

On things that fail us, reed by reed,
to lean,

¹ "Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aimé comme
j'aime," was a mournful expression of Madame
de Staël's.

To mourn the changed, the far
away, the dead ;
To send our troubled spirits through
the unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures
fled—

No more !

Words of triumphant music—bear we
on

The weight of life, the chain, the
ungenial air ;
Their deathless meaning, when our
tasks are done,
To learn in joy ;—to struggle, to
despair—

No more !

THOUGHT FROM AN ITALIAN POET

WHERE shall I find, in all this fleeting
earth,

This world of changes and fare-
wells, a friend

That will not fail me in his love and
worth,

Tender and firm, and faithful to
the end ?

Far hath my spirit sought a place of
rest—

Long on vain idols its devotion
shed ;

Some have forsaken whom I loved
the best,

And some deceived, and some are
with the dead.

But *Thou*, my Saviour ! *Thou*, my
hope and trust,

Faithful art *Thou* when friends and
joys depart ;

Teach me to lift these yearnings
from the dust,

And fix on Thee, th' unchanging
One, my heart !

PASSING AWAY

"Passing away" is written on the world, and
all the world contains.

It is written on the rose,

In its glory's full array—

Read what those buds disclose—

"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day ;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening
play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the *heart*—
Alas ! that *there* Decay
Should claim from Love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends, friends !—oh ! shall we
meet

In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies—
"Passing away ?"

Oh ! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day !
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away !

THE ANGLER¹

I in these flowery meads would be ;
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice ;
* * * *

And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
Izaak Walton.

THOU that hast loved so long and
well,

The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams ;
And o'er the pool the Mayfly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring.

¹ This, and the following poem, were originally written for a work entitled *Death's Doings*, edited by Mr. Alaric Watts.

Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
 Soft, soft the river flows,
 Wearing the shadow of thy line,
 The gloom of alder boughs ;
 And in the midst a richer hue,
 One gliding vein of heaven's own
 blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are
 heard—

The whisper of the reed,
 The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
 The scythe upon the mead :
 Yet, through the murmuring osiers
 near,
 There steals a step which mortals
 fear.

'Tis not the stag, that comes to
 lave,
 At noon, his panting breast ;
 'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
 Seeking her sedgy nest ;
 The air is fill'd with summer's breath,
 The young flowers laugh—yet look !
 'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
 Thy heart, grown still and sage,
 Hath learn'd to read the words of
 love
 That shine o'er nature's page ;
 If holy thoughts thy guests have
 been,

Under the shade of willows green ;
 Then, lover of the silent hour,
 By deep lone waters past,
 Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a
 power,
 To cheer thee through the last ;
 And, wont on brighter worlds to
 dwell,
 Mayst calmly bid thy streams fare-
 well.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR

" Ay, warrior, arm ! and wear thy
 plume
 On a proud and fearless brow !
 I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
 And a mightier one than thou !

" Bid thy soul's love farewell, young
 chief—
 Bid her a long farewell !

Like the morning's dew shall pass
 that grief—
 Thou comest with me to dwell !

" Thy bark may rush through the
 foaming deep
 Thy steed o'er the breezy hill ;
 But they bear thee on to a place of
 sleep,
 Narrow, and cold, and chill ! "

" Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O
 Death !
 And is thy day so near ?
 Then on the field shall my life's last
 breath
 Mingle with victory's cheer !

" Banners shall float, with the trum-
 pet's note,
 Above me as I die !
 And the palm tree wave o'er my noble
 grave,
 Under the Syrian sky.

" High hearts shall burn in the royal
 hall,
 When the minstrel names that
 spot ;
 And the eyes I love shall weep my
 fall,—
 Death, Death, I fear thee not ! "

" Warrior ! thou bear'st a haughty
 heart,
 But I can bend its pride !
 How shouldst thou know that thy
 soul will part
 In the hour of victory's tide ?

" It may be far from thy steel-clad
 bands,
 That I shall make thee mine ;
 It may be lone on the desert sands,
 Where men for fountains pine !

" It may be deep amidst heavy
 chains,
 In some deep Paynim hold ;
 I have slow dull steps and lingering
 pains,
 Wherewith to tame the bold ! "

" Death, Death ! I go to a doom un-
 blest,
 If this indeed must be ;

But the Cross is bound upon my
breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

“ Sound, clarion, sound !—for my
vows are given,
To the cause of the Holy Shrine ;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death !—and not to thine ! ”

SONG FOR AN AIR BY HUMMEL

Oh ! if thou wilt not give thine heart
Give back my own to me ;
For if in thine I have no part,
Why should mine dwell with thee ?

Yet no ! this mournful love of mine,
I will not from me cast ;
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine,
By its deep truth at last !

Can aught so fond, so faithful, live
Through years without reply ?
—Oh ! if thy heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh !

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD
CHARLES MURRAY

SON OF THE DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO
DIED IN THE CAUSE AND LAMENTED
BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE

Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame.—BYRON.

Thou shouldst have slept beneath
the stately pines,
And with the ancestral trophies of
thy race ;

Thou that hast found, where alien
tombs and shrines
Speak of the past, a lonely dwell-
ing-place !

Far from thy brethren hath thy couch
been spread,
Thou bright young stranger 'midst
the mighty dead !

Yet to thy name a noble rite was
given,
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er
thy grave,
Under that old and glorious Grecian
heaven,
Which unto death so oft hath lit
the brave :

And thy dust blends with mould
heroic there,
With all that sanctifies the inspiring
air.

Vain voice of fame ! sad sound for
those that weep,
For her, the mother, in whose
bosom lone

Thy childhood dwells—whose
thoughts a record keep
Of smiles departed and sweet
accents gone ;

Of all thine early grace and gentle
worth—
A eternal promise, faded now from
earth !

But a bright memory claims a proud
regret—

A lofty sorrow finds its own deep
springs

Of healing balm ; and she hath
treasures yet,

Whose soul can number with love's
holy things,

A name like thine ! Now, past all
cloud or spot,

A gem is hers, laid up where change
is not.

THE BROKEN CHAIN

I AM free !—I have burst through my
galling chain,

The life of young eagles is mine again ;
I may cleave with my bark the glad
sounding sea,

I may rove where the wind roves—
my path is free !

The streams dash in joy down the
summer hill,

The birds pierce the depths of the sky
at will,

The arrow goes forth with the singing
breeze,—

And is not my spirit as one of these ?

Oh ! the green earth with its wealth
of flowers,

And the voices that ring through its
forest bowers,

And the laughing glance of the founts
that shine,

Lighting the valleys—all, all are
mine !

I may urge through the 'desert my
foaming steed,
The wings of the morning shall lend
him speed ;
I may meet the storm in its rushing
glee—
Its blasts and its lightnings are not
more free !

Captive ! and hast thou, then, rent
thy chain ?
Art thou free in the wilderness, free
on the main ?
Yes ! there thy spirit may proudly
soar,
But must thou not mingle with
throngs the more ?

The bird when he pineth, may hush
his song,
Till the hour when his heart shall
again be strong ;
But thou—canst thou turn in thy
woe aside,
And weep, 'midst thy brethren ?—
No, not for pride.

May the fiery word from thy lip find
way,
When the thoughts burning in thee
shall spring to day ?
May the care that sits in thy weary
breast
Look forth from thine aspect, the
revel's guest ?

No ! with the shaft in thy bosom
borne,
Thou must hide the wound in thy
fear of scorn ;
Thou must fold thy mantle that none
may see,
And mask thee with laughter, and say
thou art free !

No ! thou art chain'd till thy race is
run,
By the power of all in the soul of one ;
On thy heart, on thy lip, must the
fetter be—
Dreamer, fond dreamer ! oh ! who
is free ?

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER

La voix telle que la mort nous l'a faite.

Boswell.

[Never was a philosophical imagination more
beautiful than that exquisite one of Kircher,

Digby, and others, who discovered in the ashes
of plants their primitive forms, which were again
raised up by the power of heat. The ashes of
roses, say they, will again revive in roses, unsub-
stantial and unodoriferous ; they are not roses
which grow on rose-trees, but their delicate
apparitions, and, like apparitions, they are seen
but for a moment.—*Curiosities of Literature.*]

'Twas a dream of olden days
That Art, by some strange power
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower ;

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bow'd,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,
Like pictures in a cloud.

Or the hyacinth, to grace,
As a second rainbow, Spring ;
Of summer's path a dreary trace,
A fair, yet mournful thing !

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they ?—fled, all fled !

Naught but the dim faint line
To speak of vanish'd hours—
Memory ! what are joys of thine ?
—Shadows of buried flowers !

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY REST- ING ON A SKULL

CREATURE of air and light !
Emblem of that which will not fade
or die !

Wilt thou not speed thy flight,
To chase the South wind through the
glowing sky ?
What lures thee thus to stay
With silence and decay,
Fix'd on the wreck of cold mortality ?

The thoughts once chamber'd
there,
Have gather'd up their treasures and
are gone ;—

Will the dust tell thee where
That which hath burst the prison-
house is flown ?

Rise, nursling of the day !
If thou wouldst trace its way—
Earth has no voice to make the secret
known.

Who seeks the vanish'd bird
Near the deserted nest and broken
shell ?

Far thence, by us unheard,
He sings, rejoicing in the woods to
dwell :

Thou of the sunshine born,
Take the bright wings of morn !
Thy hope springs heavenward from
yon ruin'd cell.

THE BELL AT SEA

[The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, off the coast of Forfarshire, used formerly to be marked only by a bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A lighthouse has since been erected there.]

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the rock's lone bell,
Sternly by night,

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be !

THE SUBTERRANEAN STREAM

Thou stream,
Whose source is inaccessiblely profound,
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?
—Thou imagest my life.

DARKLY thou glidest onward,
Thou deep and hidden wave !
The laughing sunshine hath not
look'd
Into thy secret cave.

Thy current makes no music—
A hollow sound we hear,
A muffled voice of mystery,
And know that thou art near.

No brighter line of verdure
Follows thy lonely way ;

No fairy moss, or lily's cup,
Is freshen'd by thy play.

The halcyon doth not seek thee,
Her glorious wings to lave ;
Thou know'st no tint of the summer
sky,
Thou dark and hidden wave !

Yet once will day behold thee,
When to the mighty sea,
Fresh bursting from their cavern'd
veins,
Leap thy lone waters free.

There wilt thou greet the sunshine
For a moment, and be lost,
With all thy melancholy sounds,
In the ocean's billowy host.

Oh ! art thou not, dark river,
Like the fearful thoughts untold,
Which haply in the hush of night
O'er many a soul have roll'd ?

Those earth-born strange misgiv-
ings—
Who hath not felt their power ?
Yet who hath breathed them to his
friend,
E'en in his fondest hour ?

They held no heart communion,
They find no voice in song,
They dimly follow far from earth
The grave's departed throng.

Wild is their course, and lonely,
And fruitless in man's breast ;
They come and go, and leave no trace
Of their mysterious guest.

Yet surely must their wanderings
At length be like thy way ;
Their shadows, as thy waters, lost
In one bright flood of day !

THE SILENT MULTITUDE

For we are many in our solitudes.
Lament of Tasso.

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng
Were gather'd in one spot ;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child :

The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none
smiled.

There lovers met, between whose
lives
Years had swept darkly by :
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling
leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have
died
For the deep quiet's sake ;
Your tread the softest moss have
sought,
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace ?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air—
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human
souls
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's
weight
Hang on their indrawn breath ?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes
words ?

Fear—the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing—Death, Death
himself
Lay on each lonely heart !
Kindred were there—yet hermits
all—
Thousands—but each apart.

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE

Les sarcophages même chez les anciens, ne
rapellent que des idées guerrières ou riantes : on
voit des jeux, des danses, représentés en bas-relief
sur les tombeaux.—*Corinne*.

O EVER-joyous band
Of revellers amidst the Southern
vines!

On the pale marble, by some gifted
hand,
Fixed in undying lines !

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
And thou, that wearest the immortal
wreath,
And thou, from whose young lip and
flute, the soul
Of music seems to breathe ;

And ye, luxuriant flowers !
Linking the dancers with your grace-
ful ties,
And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny
hours,
Under Italian skies :

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers with their odorous
breath,
May yet outlast,—what do ye there,
bright things !
Mantling the place of death !

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever
green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye
bear ;—
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight
The bound that severs festivals and
tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms ?

Or when the father laid
Haply his child's pale ashes here to
sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress
shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap ;

Say if the mourners sought,
In these rich images of summer mirth,
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to
lose the thought
Of our last hour on earth ?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what
I seek ;
Silent ye are, light forms with vine-
leaves crown'd,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas ! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope
of old !
Backward they look'd on life's rich
banquet-day,
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane trees every
sunbeam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the
homes of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our
way,
Its changeful hues before us faintly
swim,
Its flitting lights decay :—

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue skies and
budding trees,
Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope
to dwell
'Midst brighter things than these.

And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious
valleys given,
And know the while, how little dream
of ours
Can shadow forth of Heaven.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS

COME to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat
Of labour's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

H.P.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God,

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

FORGET them not :—though now
their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance
claim
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no
more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never mark'd before,
Brood o'er each tree ;

And though their image dim the sky ;
Yet, yet forget them not !
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot !

They have a breathing influence
there,
A charm, not elsewhere found ;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone
Through the young foliage bear,

AA

Though every flower, of something
gone,
A tinge may wear ;

Oh ! fly it not !—no *fruitless* grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their
tread,
Still tend their garden bower,
Still commune with the holy dead
In each lone hour !

The *holy* dead !—oh ! bless'd we are,
That we may call them so,
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe !—

Bless'd, that the things they loved on
earth,
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted
worth,
By springs untold !—

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening
power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven !

HE WALKED WITH GOD

GENESIS V. 24

He walk'd with God, in holy joy,
While yet his days were few ;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count,
The ancient hills he trod,
Or sought the flowers by stream and
fount—
Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
The full of cares and fears ;
One voice was in his heart—the same
It heard through childhood's years.
Amidst fair tents, and flocks, and
swains,
O'er his green pasture-sod,
A shepherd king on Eastern plains—
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away ;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay ;
He bow'd him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But join'd at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God !

So let *us* walk !—the night must come
To us that comes to all ;
We through the darkness must go
home,
Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path for evermore
Which without death he trod ;
Not so that way, wherein of yore
His footsteps walk'd with God !

THE ROD OF AARON

NUMBERS XVII. 8

Was it the sigh of the southern gale
That flush'd the almond bough ?
Brightest and first the young Spring
to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its
flowers
With a kindling look of love ?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden
bowers,
That smile of heaven can rove !

No ! from the breeze and the living
light
Shut was the sapless rod ;
But it felt in the stillness a secret
might,
And thrill'd to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the
vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move ;
And all such things as are good and
fair,
Be the blossoms, its track that
prove !

THE VOICE OF GOD

I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was
afraid,—*Gen. iii. 10.*

AMIDST the thrilling leaves, Thy voice
At evening's fall drew near ;

Father ! and did not man rejoice,
That blessed sound to hear ?

Did not his heart within him burn,
Touch'd by the solemn tone ?
Not so !—for, never to return,
Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and
bower,
His spirit shook with dread,
And call'd the cedars, in that hour,
To veil his conscious head.

Oh ! in each wind, each fountain
flow,
Each whisper of the shade,
Grant me, my God ! Thy voice to
know,
And not to be afraid !

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH

And when they came to Marah, they could
not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were
bitter. . . .

And the people murmured against Moses,
saying, What shall we drink ?

And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord
showed him a tree, which when he had cast into
the waters, the waters were made sweet.
—Exodus xv. 23-25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw
Into the bitter wave ?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed ?
Is there no distant Eastern bower
With such sweet leaves o'erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ?—since gifts are
ours
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with
showers
Of heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be !
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that bless'd healing tree !

THE PENITENT'S OFFERING

ST. LUKE VII. 37-50

THOU that with pallid cheek,
And eyes in sadness meek,

And faded locks that humbly swept
the ground,
From thy long wanderings won,
Before the all-healing Son,
Didst bow thee to the earth, O lost
and found !

When thou wouldst bathe His feet
With odours richly sweet,
And many a shower of woman's
burning tear,
And dry them with that hair,
Brought low the dust to wear,
From the crown'd beauty of its festal
year.

Did He reject thee then,
While the sharp scorn of men,
On thy once bright and stately head
was cast ?
No, from the Saviour's mien,
A solemn light serene,
Bore to thy soul the peace of God at
last.

For thee, their smiles no more
Familiar faces wore ;
Voices, once kind, had learn'd the
stranger's tone :
Who raised thee up, and bound
Thy silent spirit's wound ?—
He, from all guilt the stainless, He
alone !

But which, O erring child !
From home so long beguiled,
Which of thine offerings won those
words of Heaven,
That o'er the bruised reed,
Condemn'd of earth to bleed,
In music pass'd, " Thy sins are all
forgiven ! "

Was it that perfume fraught
With balm and incense brought
From the sweet woods of Araby the
Blest ?

Or that fast flowing rain
Of tears, which not in vain
To Him who scorn'd not tears, thy
woes confess'd ?

No, not by these restored
Unto thy Father's board,
Thy peace, that kindled joy in Heaven,
was made ;
But costlier in His eyes,

By that bless'd sacrifice,
Thy heart, thy full, deep heart, before
Him laid.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN
ON THE MONUMENT BY CHANTREY IN
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

Fair images of sleep,
Hallow'd and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet
lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and
summer skies !

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness
away !
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, having confess'd
your sway !

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled
fountains wrung—
While hope hath blights to bear,
While love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her
breast ;

If then the dovelike tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly
return :
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply
yearn ;

O gentle forms, entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can
unlink !
Send from your calm profound
A still, small voice—a sound

Of hope, forbidding that lone heart
to sink !

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright a
bloom to die !
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest dead !
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality !

WOMAN AND FAME

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that
twine
Into so proud a wreath ;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death :
Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet :
But mine, let mine—a woman's
breast,
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame ! thou canst not be the
stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul's feverish need :
Where must the lone one turn or
flee ?—
Not unto thee—oh ! not to thee !

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE

DREAMER ! and wouldst thou know
If love goes with us to the viewless
bourne ?

Wouldst thou bear hence the unfathom'd source of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast?

A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odour cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;

A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine—
Would'st thou be bless'd?—too
sleepless, too profound,
Are the soul's hidden springs; there
is no line

Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
When thou wouldst fill them with
that ocean's power?

As thine own cheek, before high
thoughts, grows pale

In some o'erwhelming hour.

Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to
one spot,

When thy heart strives, held down
by many a link,

Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing
shed,

Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And wouldst thou bear all *this*—
The burden and the shadow of thy
life—

To trouble the blue skies of cloudless
bliss

With 'earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh, no!
Not veil'd and mantled with dim
clouds of care,

That spirit of my soul should with
me go

To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar
is driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth
wings,

So must love mount to heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream
of fire;

Thought unto thought shall kindling
impulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings *there*,
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on
some dear head,

Powerless no more, a gift shall surely
bear,

A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore
unknown;

So o'er its burning tears a heavenly
gleam

In mercy shall be thrown!

THE VOICE OF MUSIC

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound.—*Childe Harold*.

WHENCE is the might of thy master-
spell?

Speak to me, voice of sweet sound,
and tell:

How canst thou wake, by one gentle
breath,

Passionate visions of love and death?

How call'st thou back, with a note, a
sigh,

Words and low tones from the days
gone by—

A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?—
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound,
and tell!

What is thy power, from the soul's
deep spring

In sudden gushes the tears to bring?
Even 'midst the swells of thy festal
glee,

Fountains of sorrow are stirr'd by
thee!

Vain are those tears!—vain and
fruitless all—

Showers that refresh not, yet still
must fall ;
For a purer bliss while the full heart
burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit
yearns !

Something of mystery there surely
dwells,
Waiting thy touch, in our bosom-cells ;
Something that finds not its answer
here—
A chain to be clasp'd in another
sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumphs
is heard to sweep,
Like a moan of the breeze through a
summer sky—
Like a name of the dead when the
wind foams high !

Yet speak to me still, though thy tones
be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled
thought ;
Speak ! for thou tellest my soul that
its birth
Links it with regions more bright than
earth.

THE ANGEL'S GREETING

Hark !—they whisper !—Angels say,
Sister spirit ! come away. *Pope.*

COME to the land of peace !
Come where the tempest hath no
longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul
away—
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there !
Come to the mingling of repose and
love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the
dove
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright and blest,
And, crown'd for ever, 'midst that
shining band,
Gather'd to Heaven's own wreath
from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone :
Come to thy mother !—on the Sab-
bath shore,
The heart that rock'd thy childhood,
back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :
Come to thy sisters !—joyously again
All the home-voices, blent in one
sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a
willow's bough :
Come to thy Father !—it is finish'd
now ;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory
no dark trace,
And, oh ! bright victory—death by
love no place :
Come, spirit, to thy God !

A FAREWELL TO WALES

FOR THE MELODY CALLED " THE ASH
GROVE," ON LEAVING THAT
COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit
I bear—
Farewell ! and a blessing be with
thee, green land !
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy
pure mountain air,
On the chords of the harp, and the
minstrel's free hand !
From the love of my soul with my
tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my
home and my dead !

I bless thee !—yet not for the beauty
which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks
of thy shore ;
And not for the memory set deep in
thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty
of yore ;
And not for thy songs of those proud
ages fled,
—Green land, poet-land of my home
and my dead !

I bless thee for all the true bosoms
that beat,
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to
thy skies ;
For thy cottage hearths burning the
stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from
thy children's kind eyes !
May the blessing, like sunshine, about
thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my
home, and my dead !¹

IMPROMPTU LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS F. A. L., ON
RECEIVING FROM HER SOME
FLOWERS WHEN CONFINED BY
ILLNESS

YE tell me not of birds and bees,
Not of the Summer's murmuring
trees, [bowers :—
Not of the streams and woodland
A sweeter tale is yours, fair flowers !
Glad tidings to my couch ye bring,
Of one still bright, still flowing
spring—
A fount of kindness ever new,
In a friend's heart, the good and true.

A PARTING SONG

Oh ! mes amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois
mes vers ; mon âme y est empreinte.—*Corinne.*

WHEN will ye think of me, my
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—
When the last red light, the farewell
of day, [away—
From the rock and the river is passing
When the air with a deep'ning hush
is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with
tender thought—
Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, kind
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—
When the rose of the rich midsummer
time

¹ Mrs. Hemans had a sincere affection for Wales, and loved the simple-minded peasants. On the morning on which she sailed from its shores, she writes, "I literally covered my face all the way from Bronwyf, until the boys told me we had passed the Clwyd range of hills. Then something of the bitterness was over."

Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious
prime—

When ye gather its bloom, as in
bright hours fled,
From the walks where my footsteps
no more may tread—
Then let it be !

When will ye think of me, sweet
friends ?

When will ye think of me ?—
When the sudden tears o'erflow your
eye

At the sound of some olden melody—
When ye hear the voice of a moun-
tain stream,

When ye feel the charm of a poet's
dream—
Then let it be !

Thus let my memory be with you,
friends !

Thus ever think of me !
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and
gone—

As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is
found—

So let it be.

WE RETURN NO MORE¹

When I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
And saw around me the wide field revive
Wi h fruits and fertile promise ; and the Spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to all she could
not bring.

Childe Harold.

"We return !—we return !—we
return no more !"

So comes the song to the mountain-
shore,

From those that are leaving their
Highland home

For a world far over the blue sea's
foam :

"We return no more !" and through
cave and dell

Mournfully wanders that wild fare-
well.

"We return !—we return !—we
return no more !"

So breathe the sad voices our spirits o'er :

¹ The burden of the Highland song of emigration.

Murmuring up from the depths of the heart,
Where lovely things with their light depart :

And the inborn sound hath a prophet's tone,

And we feel that a joy is for ever gone.

" We return !—we return !—we return no more ! "

Is it heard when the days of flowers are o'er ?

When the passionate soul of the night-bird's lay

Hath died from the summer woods away ?

When the glory from sunset's robe hath pass'd,

Or the leaves are borne on the rushing blast !

No !—It is not the rose that returns no more ;

A breath of spring shall its bloom restore ;

And it is not the voice that o'erflows the bowers,

With a stream of love through the starry hours ;

Nor is it the crimson of sunset hues,
Nor the frail flush'd leaves which the wild wind strews.

" We return ! — we return ! — we return no more ! "

Doth the bird sing thus from a brighter shore ?

Those wings that follow the Southern breeze,

Float they not homeward o'er vernal seas ?

Yes ! from the lands of the vine and palm

They come, with the sunshine, when waves grow calm.

" But we !—we return !—we return no more ! "

The heart's young dreams, when their spring is o'er ;

The love it hath pour'd so freely forth—

The boundless trust in ideal worth ;
The faith in affection—deep, fond, yet vain—

These are the lost that return not again !

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER

THOU hast loved and thou hast suffer'd !

Unto feeling deep and strong,
Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—

I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—
But well—oh ! but too well—

Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's breast

May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept, and thou hast parted,
Thou hast been forsaken long,

Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—

I know it by thy song !

By the low clear silvery gushing
Of its music from thy breast,

By the quivering of its flutelike swell—

A sound of the heart's unrest.

By its fond and plaintive lingering
On each word of grief so long,

Oh ! thou hast loved and suffer'd much—

I know it by thy song !

LIGHTS AND SHADES

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light ;

The darkest wave hath light foam near it ;

And twinkles through the cloudiest night

Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom ;
The saddest heart is not all sadness ;

And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam

of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair ;
Nor life nor death the future closes ;

And round the shadowy brow of Care
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

THE PALMER

The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

Scott.

ART thou come from the far-off land
at last ?

Thou that hast wander'd long !
Thou art come to a home whence the
smile hath pass'd
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bound-
ing heart

Thou wilt seek—but all are gone ;
They are parted e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone !

And thou—from thy lip is fled the
glow,

From thine eye the light of morn ;
And the shades of thought o'erhang
thy brow,
And thy cheek with life is worn.

Say what hast thou brought from the
distant shore

For thy wasted youth to pay ?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys
once more ?
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy
way ?

" I have brought but the palm-
branch in my hand,
Yet I call not my bright youth lost !
I have won but high thought in the
Holy Land,
Yet I count not too dear the cost !

" I look on the leaves of the deathless
tree—

These records of my track ;
And better than youth in its flush of
glee,
Are the memories they give me
back !

" They speak of toil, and of high
emprise,

As in words of solemn cheer,
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

" They speak of scenes which have
now become

Bright pictures in my breast ;
Where my spirit finds a glorious home,
And the love of my heart can rest.

" The colours pass not from *these*
away,

Like tints of shower or sun ;
Oh ! beyond all treasures that know
decay,
Is the wealth my soul hath won !

" A rich light thence o'er my life's
decline,

An inborn light is cast ;
For the sake of the palm from the
holy shrine,
I bewail not my bright days past !

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

" OH ! call my brother back to me !
I cannot play alone ;

The Summer comes with flower and
bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

" The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh ! call my brother back !

" The flowers run wild—the flowers
we sow'd

Around our garden tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh ! call him back to me ! "

" He would not hear thy voice, fair
child,

He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like Springtime
smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

" A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven."

" And has he left his birds and flowers ;
And must I call in vain ?

And through the long, long summer
hours,
Will he not come again ?

" And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er ?

Oh! while my brother with me
play'd,
Would I had loved him more ! "

TO THE NEW-BORN

A BLESSING on thy head, thou child
of many hopes and fears !
A rainbow-welcome thine hath been,
of mingled smiles and tears,
Thy father greets thee unto life, with
a full and chasten'd heart,
For a solemn gift from God thou
com'st, all precious as thou art !

I see thee not asleep, fair boy, upon
thy mother's breast,
Yet well I know how guarded there
shall be thy rosy rest ;
And how her soul with love, and
prayer, and gladness, will o'er-
flow,
While bending o'er thy soft-seal'd
eyes, thou dear one, well I know !

A blessing on thy gentle head ! and
bless'd thou *art* in truth,
For a home where God is felt awaits
thy childhood and thy youth :
Around thee pure and holy thoughts
shall dwell as light and air,
And steal unto thine heart, and wake
the germs now folded there.

Smile on thy mother ! while she feels
that unto her is given,
In that young dayspring glance the
pledge of a soul to rear for
heaven !

Smile ! and sweet peace be o'er thy
sleep, joy o'er thy wakening
shed !

Blessings and blessings evermore,
fair boy ! upon thy head !

THE DEATH-SONG OF ALCESTIS

SHE came forth in her bridal robes
array'd,
And 'midst the graceful statues,
round the hall
Shedding the calm of their celestial
mien,
Stood pale yet proudly beautiful, as
they ;
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-
like gleam

Of jewels trembling from her braided
hair,
And *death* upon her brow !—but
glorious death !
Her own heart's choice, the token
and the seal
Of love, o'ermastering love ; which,
till that hour,
Almost an anguish in the brooding
weight
Of its unutterable tenderness,
Had burden'd her full soul. But
now, oh ! now,
Its time was come—and from the
spirit's depths,
The passion and the mighty melody
Of its immortal voice in triumph
broke,
Like a strong rushing wind !

The soft pure air
Came floating through that hall—
the Grecian air,
Laden with music—flute-notes from
the vales,
Echoes of song—the last sweet sounds
of life
And the glad sunshine of the golden
clime
Stream'd, as a royal mantle, round her
form—
The glorified of love ! But she—she
look'd [die,
Only on *him* for whom 'twas joy to
Deep—deepest, holiest joy !—or if a
thought
Of the warm sunlight, and the scented
breeze,
And the sweet Dorian songs, o'er-
swept the tide
Of her unswerving soul—'twas but a
thought
That own'd the summer loveliness of
life.
For *him* a worthy offering !—So she
stood,
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced
awhile,
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering
frame
With the swift breeze of inspiration
shook,
As the pale priestess trembles to the
breath
Of inborn oracles !—then flush'd her
cheek,

And all the triumph, all the agony,
Borne on the battling waves of love
and death,
All from her woman's heart, in sudden
song,
Burst like a fount of fire.

"I go, I go!

Thou sun, thou golden sun, I go
Far from thy light to dwell :
Thou shalt not find my place below,
Dim is that world—bright sun of
Greece, farewell!

"The laurel and the glorious rose
Thy glad beam yet may see,
But where no purple summer glows,
O'er the dark wave I haste from
them and thee.

"Yet doth my spirit faint to part ?
—I mourn thee not, O sun !
Joy, solemn joy, o'erflows my
heart,
Sing me triumphal songs !—my
crown is won !

"Let not a voice of weeping rise—
My heart is girt with power !
Let the green earth and festal skies
Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's
closing hour !

"For thee, for *thee*, my bosom's
lord !
Thee, my soul's loved ! I die ;
Thine is the torch of life restored,
Mine, mine the rapture, mine the
victory !

"Now may the boundless love,
that lay
Unfathom'd still before,
In one consuming burst find way,
In one bright flood all, all its riches
pour !

"Thou know'st, thou know'st
what love is *now* !
Its glory and its might—
Are they not written on my brow ?
And will that image ever quit thy
sight ?

"No ! deathless in thy faithful
breast,
There shall my memory keep
Its own bright altar-place of rest,

While o'er my grave the cypress
branches weep.

"Oh, the glad light !—the light is
fair,
The soft breeze warm and free ;
And rich notes fill the scented air,
And all are gifts—my love's last gifts
to thee !

"Take me to thy warm heart once
more !
Night falls—my pulse beats low :
Seek not to quicken, to restore—
Joy is in every pang. I go, I go !

"I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,
I meet thy fond look still ;
Keen is the strife of love and death ;
Faint and yet fainter grows my
bosom's thrill.

"Yet swells the tide of rapture
strong,
Though mists o'ershade mine
eye !
—Sing, Pæan ! sing a conqueror's
song !
For thee, for *thee*, my spirit's lord, I
die !"

THE HOME OF LOVE

THOU mov'st in visions, Love !—
Around thy way,
E'en through this world's rough path
and changeful day,
For ever floats a gleam,
Not from the realms of moonlight or
the morn,
But thine own soul's illumined
chambers born—
The colouring of a dream !

Love ! shall I read thy dream ?—Oh !
is it not
All of some sheltering, wood-em-
bosom'd spot—
A bower for thee and thine !
Yes ! lone and lowly is that home ;
yet there
Something of heaven in the trans-
parent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that
glorifies,

Breathes o'er it ever from the tender
 skies,
 As o'er some blessed isle ;
 E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
 Kindling rich woods, whereon th'
 ethereal bow
 Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the wind have
 there
 A flutelike harmony, that seems to
 bear
 Greeting from some bright shore,
 Where none has said *farewell* !—
 where no decay
 Lends the faint crimson to the dying
 day ;
 Where the storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian
 rest,
 In the deep sanctuary of one true
 breast
 Hidden from earthly ill :
 There wouldst thou watch the home-
 ward step, whose sound
 Wakening all nature to sweet echoes
 round,
 Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a
 glorious page,
 From mind to mind the immortal
 heritage,
 For thee its treasures pour ;
 Or music's voice at vesper hours be
 heard,
 Or dearer interchange of playful
 word,
 Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
 The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
 Thence duly should arise ;
 Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring
 breath,
 Of spirits, not to be disjoin'd by
 death,
 Up to the starry skies.

There, dost thou well believe, no
 storm should come
 To mar the stillness of that angel-
 home ;
 There should thy slumbers be
 Weigh'd down with honey-dew,
 serenely bless'd,

Like theirs who first in Eden's grove
 took rest
 Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love ! thou passionate in joy
 and woe !
 And canst *thou* hope for cloudless
 peace below—
Here, where bright things must
 die ?

O thou ! that, wildly worshipping,
 dost shed
 On the frail altar of a mortal head
 Gifts of infinity !

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful
 Love !
 Danger seems gathering from beneath,
 above,
 Still round thy precious things ;
 Thy stately pine tree, or thy gracious
 rose,
 In their sweet shade can yield thee no
 repose,
 Here, where the blight hath
 wings.

And as a flower, with some fine sense
 imbued,
 To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
 So in thy prescient breast
 Are lyre-strings quivering with pro-
 phetic thrill
 To the low footstep of each coming
 ill ;
 —Oh ! canst *thou* dream of rest ?

Bear up thy dream ! thou mighty
 and thou weak !
 Heart, strong as death, yet as a reed
 to break—
 As a flame, tempest-sway'd !
 He that sits calm on high is yet the
 source
 Whence thy soul's current hath its
 troubled course,
 He that great deep hath made !

Will He not pity ?—He Whose
 searching eye
 Reads all the secrets of thine agony ?—
 Oh ! pray to be forgiven
 Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
 And seek with *Him* that bower of
 blessedness—
 Love ! *thy* sole home is heaven !

BOOKS AND FLOWERS

La vue d'une fleur caresse mon imagination,
et flatte mes sens à un point inexprimable.
Sous le tranquille abri du toit paternel j'étais
nourrie des l'enfance avec des fleurs et des livres;
dans l'étroite enceinte d'une prison, au milieu
des fers imposés par la tyrannie, j'oublie l'in-
justice des hommes, leurs sottises et mes maux,
avec des livres et des fleurs.

—MADAME ROLAND.

COME, let me make a sunny realm
around thee,

Of thought and beauty! Here
are books and flowers,

With spells to loose the fetter which
hath bound thee—

The ravell'd coil of this world's
feverish hours.

The soul of song is in these deathless
pages,

Even as the odour in the flower
enshrined ;

Here the crown'd spirits of departed
ages

Have left the silent melodies of
mind.

Their thoughts that strove with time,
and change, and anguish,

For some high place where faith
her wing might rest,

Are burning here—a flame that may
not languish—

Still pointing upward to that bright
hill's crest!

Their grief, the veil'd infinity ex-
ploring

For treasures lost, is here ;—their
boundless love

Its mighty streams of gentleness
outpouring

On all things round, and clasping
all above.

And the bright beings, their own
heart's creations,

Bright, yet all human, here are
breathing still ;

Conflicts, and agonies, and exultations
Are here, and victories of prevailing
will!

Listen, oh, listen! let their high
words cheer thee!

Their swanlike music ringing
through all woes!

Let my voice bring their holy influ-
ence near thee—

The Elysian air of their divine re-
pose!

Or wouldst thou turn to earth!
Not earth all furrow'd

By the old traces of man's toil and
care,

But the green peaceful world that
never sorrow'd,

The world of leaves, and dews, and
summer air!

Look on these flowers! As o'er an
altar shedding,

O'er Milton's page, soft light from
colour'd urns!

They are the links, man's heart to
nature wedding,

When to her breast the prodigal
returns.

They are from lone wild places, forest
dingles,

Fresh banks of many a low-voiced
hidden stream,

Where the sweet star of eve looks
down and mingles

Faint lustre with the water-lily's
gleam.

They are from where the soft winds
play in gladness,

Covering the turf with flowery
blossom-showers ;

—Too richly dower'd, O friend! are
we for sadness—

Look on an empire—mind and
nature—ours!

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. CECILIA
ATTENDED BY ANGELS

How rich that forehead's calm expanse!

How bright that heaven-directed glance!

—Waft her to glory, winged powers!

Ere sorrow be renew'd,

And intercourse with mortal hours

Bring back a humbler mood!

WORDSWORTH.

How can that eye, with inspiration
beaming,

Wear yet so deep a calm?—O
child of song!

Is not the music-land a world of
dreaming,

Where forms of sad, bewildering
beauty throng?

Hath it not sounds from voices long
departed ?

Echoes of tones that rung in child-
hood's ear ?

Low haunting whispers, which the
weary-hearted,
Stealing 'midst crowds away, have
wept to hear ?

No, not to thee ! *Thy* spirit, meek, yet
queenly,

On its own starry height, beyond
all this,

Floating triumphantly and yet
serenely,

Breathes no faint undertone
through songs of bliss.

Say by what strain, through cloudless
ether swelling,

Thou hast drawn down those
wanderers from the skies ?

Bright guests ! even such as left of
yore their dwelling,

For the deep cedar shades of
Paradise !

What strain ?—Oh ! not the nightin-
gale's, when, showering

Her own heart's life drops on the
burning lay,

She stirs the young woods in the days
of flowering

And pours her strength, but not her
grief away :

And not the exile's—when, 'midst
lonely billows,

He wakes the Alpine notes his
mother sung,

Or blends them with the sigh of alien
willows,

Where, murmuring to the wind, his
harp is hung :

And not the pilgrim's—though his
thoughts be holy,

And sweet his *Ave* song when day
grows dim ;

Yet, as he journeys, pensively and
slowly,

Something of sadness floats through
that low hymn.

But thou !—the spirit which at eve
is filling

All the hush'd air and reverential
sky,

Founts, leaves, and flowers, with
solemn rapture thrilling,

This is the soul of *thy* rich harmony.

This bears up high those breathings
of devotion

Wherein the currents of thy heart
gush free ;

Therefore no world of sad and vain
emotion

Is the dream-haunted music-land
for *thee*.

THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF EAST-
LAKE'S

DARK chieftain of the heath and
height !

Wild feaster on the hills by night !
See'st thou the stormy sunset's glow

Flung back by glancing spears below ?
Now for one strife of stern despair !

The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of
blood

Hath risen from rock and lonely
wood ;

And in whose dreams a moan should
be,

Not of the water, nor the tree ;
Haply thine own last hour is nigh,—
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one that pale beside thee
stands,

More true than all thy mountain-
bands !

She will not shrink in doubt and
dread,

When the balls whistle round thy
head :

Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh ! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her form and face ;

And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,

Hath perish'd in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon a ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
Of lovely ones to be the last ;
Sad, but unchanged through good and
ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh ! not wholly lost the heart
Where that undying love hath part ;
Not worthless all, though far and
long
From home estranged, and guided
wrong ;
Yet may its depths by Heaven be
stirr'd,
Its prayer for thee be pour'd and
heard !

THE CHILD'S RETURN FROM THE WOODLANDS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF SIR
THOMAS LAWRENCE'S

All good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace,
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.—WILSON.

HAST thou been in the woods with
the honey-bee ?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the
pastures free ?
With the hare through the copses and
dingles wild ?
With the butterfly over the heath,
fair child ?
Yes : the light fall of thy bounding
feet
Hath not startled the wren from her
mossy seat :
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest-
dells
And brought back a treasure of buds
and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by
antique song
Breathed o'er the names of that
flowery throng :
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet
dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's
brim ;
These are old words, that have made
each grove

A dreaming haunt for romance and
love—
Each sunny bank, where faint odours
lie,
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light where-
with fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies
o'er ;
Enough for thee are the dews that
sleep,
Like hidden gems, in the flower-urns
deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that
dwell
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's per-
fumed cell ;
And the scent by the blossoming
sweetbriers shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-
hyacinth's head.

Oh ! happy child, in thy fawnlike
glee,
What is remembrance or thought to
thee ?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts
of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours
fling ;
Bind them in chaplet and wild
festoon—
What if to droop and to perish soon ?
Nature hath mines of such wealth—
and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now !

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou
joyous one !
And to dim thy brow with a touch of
care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless
eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies ;
And to teach thee that grief hath her
needful part,
'Midst the hidden things of each
human heart.

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child ! for
this ?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss !
Such be thy portion !—the bliss to
look,

With a reverent spirit, through nature's book ;
 By fount, by forest, by river's line,
 To track the paths of a love divine ;
 To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
 God in earth's garden—and not to fear !

THE FAITH OF LOVE

Thou hast watch'd beside the bed of death,
 Oh, fearless human Love !
 Thy lip received the last, faint breath,
 Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
 In a low and farewell tone,
 Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—
 —O Love ! thy task is done.

Then turn thee from each pleasant spot
 Where thou wert wont to rove,
 For there the friend of thy soul is not,
 Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love !

Thou wilt meet but mournful Memory there,
 Her dreams in the grove she weaves,
 With echoes filling the summer air,
 With sighs the trembling leaves.

Then turn thee to the world again,
 From those dim haunted bowers,
 And shut thine ear to the wild sweet strain
 That tells of vanish'd hours.

And wear not on thine aching heart
 The image of the dead,
 For the tie is rent that gave thee part
 In the gladness its beauty shed.

And gaze on the pictured smile no more
 That thus can life outlast :
 All between parted souls is o'er :
 —Love ! Love ! forget the past !

“ Voice of vain boding ! away, be still !
 Strive not against the faith

That yet my bosom with light can fill,
 Unquench'd, and undim'd by death :

“ From the pictured smile I will not turn,
 Though sadly now it shine ;
 Nor quit the shades that in whispers mourn
 For the step once link'd with mine :

“ Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,
 Though its notes the pang renew,
 —Such memories deep in my heart I hold,
 To keep it pure and true.

“ By the holy instinct of my heart,
 By the hope that bears me on,
 I have still my own undying part
 In the deep affection gone.

“ By the presence that about me seems
 Through night and day to dwell,
 Voice of vain bodings and fearful dreams !
 —I have breathed no *last* farewell ! ”

THE SISTER'S DREAM

[Suggested by a picture in which a young girl is represented as sleeping, and visited during her slumbers by the spirits of her departed sisters.]

SHE sleeps !—but not the free and sunny sleep

That lightly on the brow of childhood lies :

Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,

Yet, ere it sunk upon her shadow'd eyes,

Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept

Her soul's meek stillness—she had pray'd and wept,

And now in visions to her couch they come,

The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—

That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,

Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled ;

They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,

As from the world where no frail
blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not
of earth—

Not as they were when binding up
the flowers,

Telling wild legends round the winter-
hearth,

Braiding their long fair hair for
festal hours ;

These things are past—a spiritual
gleam,

A solemn glory, robes them in that
dream.

Yet, if the glee of life's fresh budding
years

In those pure aspects may no more
be read,

Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—
and the tears

Which o'er their mother's holy dust
they shed,

Are all effaced ; there earth hath left
no sign

Save its deep love, still touching every
line.

But, oh ! more soft, more tender,
breathing more

A thought of pity, than in vanish'd
days :

While, hovering silently and brightly
o'er

The lone one's head, they meet her
spirit's gaze

With their immortal eyes, that seem
to say,

" Yet, sister, yet we love thee—come
away ! "

'Twill fade, the radiant dream ! And
will she not

Wake with more painful yearning
at her heart ?

Will not her home seem yet a lonelier
spot,

Her task more sad, when those
bright shadows part ?

And the green summer after them
look dim,

And sorrow's tone be in the bird's
wild hymn ?

But let her hope be strong, and let the
dead

Visit her soul in heaven's calm
beauty still,

Be their names utter'd, be their
memory spread

Yet round the place they never
more may fill !

All is not over with earth's broken
tie—

Where, where should sisters love, if
not on high ?

A FAREWELL TO ABBOTSFORD

HOME of the gifted ! fare thee well,
And a blessing on thee rest ;

While the heather waves its purple
bell

O'er moor and mountain-crest ;

While stream to stream around thee
calls

And braes with broom are drest,

Glad be the harping in thy halls—
A blessing on thee rest !

While the high voice from thee sent
forth

Bids rock and cairn reply,

Wakening the spirits of the North,

Like a chieftain's gathering cry ;

While its deep master-tones hold
sway

As a king's o'er every breast,

Home of the Legend and the Lay !
A blessing on thee rest !

Joy to thy hearth, and board, and
bower !

Long honours to thy line !

And hearts of proof, and hands of
power,

And bright names worthy thine !

By the merry step of childhood, still
May thy free sward be press'd !

—While one proud pulse in the land
can thrill,

A blessing on thee rest !

O'CONNOR'S CHILD

[This piece was suggested by a picture in the possession of Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall. It represents the "Hero's Child" of Campbell's Poem, seated beside a solitary tomb of rock, marked with a cross, in a wild and desert place. A tempest seems gathering in the angry skies above her, but the attitude of the drooping figure expresses the utter carelessness of desolation, and the countenance speaks of entire abstraction from all external objects. A bow

and quiver lie beside her, amongst the weeds and wild flowers of the desert.]

I fled the home of grief
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall,
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall;
And took it down, and vow'd to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.

CAMPBELL.

THE sleep of storms is dark upon the
skies,
The weight of omens heavy in the
cloud :—
Bid the lorn huntress of the desert
rise,
And gird the form whose beauty
grief hath bow'd,
And leave the tomb, as tombs are
left—alone,
To the star's vigil, and the wind's
wild moan.

Tell her of revelries in bower and hall,
Where gems are glittering, and
bright wine is pour'd ;
Where to glad measures chiming
footsteps fall,
And soul seems gushing from the
harp's full chord ;
And richer flowers amid fair tresses
wave,
Than the sad "*Love-lies-bleeding*"
of the grave.

Oh ! little know'st thou of the o'er-
mastering spell,
Wherewith love binds the spirit
strong in pain,
To the spot hallow'd by a wild fare-
well,
A parting agony,—intense, yet
vain,
A look—and darkness when its gleam
hath flown,
A voice—and silence when its words
are gone !

She hears thee not ; her full, deep,
fervent heart
Is set in her dark eyes ;—and *they*
are bound
Unto that cross, that shrine, that
world apart,
Where faithful blood hath sanctified
the ground ;

And love with death striven long by
tear and prayer,
And anguish frozen into still despair,

Yet on her spirit hath arisen at last
A light, a joy, of its own wanderings
born ;

Around her path a vision's glow is
cast,

Back, back her lost one comes in
hues of morn !¹

For her the gulf is fill'd—the dark
night fled,

Whose mystery parts the living and
the dead.

And she can pour forth in such con-
verse high,

All her soul's tide of love, the deep,
the strong,

Oh ! lonelier far, perchance, *thy*
destiny,

And more forlorn, amidst the
world's gay throng,

Than hers—the queen of that majestic
gloom,

The tempest, and the desert, and the
tomb !

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE

O SUNSHINE and fair earth !

Sweet is your kindly mirth,

Angel of death ! yet, yet awhile delay !

Too sad it is to part,

Thus in my spring of heart,

With all the light and laughter of the
day.

For me the falling leaf

Touches no chord of grief,

No dark void in the rose's bosom
lies :

Not one triumphal tone,

One hue of hope, is gone

From song or bloom beneath the
summer skies.

Death, Death ! ere yet decay,

Call me not hence away,

Over the golden hours no shade is
thrown ;

The poesy that dwells

Deep in green woods and dells,

Still to my spirit speaks of joy alone.

¹ "A son of light, a lovely form,
He comes, and makes her glad."

CAMPBELL.

Yet not for this, O Death !
 Not for the vernal breath
 Of winds that shake forth music from
 the trees ;
 Not for the splendour given
 To night's dark regal heaven,
 Spoiler ! I ask thee not reprieve for
 these.

But for the happy love
 Whose light, where'er I rove,
 Kindles all nature to a sudden smile,
 Shedding on branch and flower
 A rainbow-tinted shower
 Of richer life—spare, spare me yet
 awhile.

Too soon, too fast thou'rt come !
 Too beautiful is home,
 A home of gentle voices and kind
 eyes !
 And I the loved of all,
 On whom fond blessings fall
 From every lip—oh ! wilt thou rend
 such ties ?

Sweet sisters ! weave a chain
 My spirit to detain ;
 Hold me to earth with strong affec-
 tion back ;
 Bind me with mighty love
 Unto the stream, the grove,
 Our daily paths—our life's familiar
 track.

Stay with me ! gird me round !
 Your voices bear a sound
 Of hope—a light comes with you and
 departs ;
 Hush, my soul's boding swell
 That murmurs of farewell ;
 How can I leave this ring of kindest
 hearts ?

Death ! grave !—and are there
 those
 That woo your dark repose
 'Midst the rich beauty of the glowing
 earth ?
 Surely about them lies
 No world of loving eyes—
 Leave me, oh ! leave me unto home
 and hearth !

THE WELCOME TO DEATH

THOU art welcome, O thou warning
 voice !

My soul hath pined for thee ;
 Thou art welcome as sweet sounds
 from shore
 To wanderer on the sea.
 I hear thee in the rustling woods,
 In the sighing vernal airs ;
 Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
 With a deeper tone than theirs.

The lonely earth ! Since kindred steps
 From its green paths are fled,
 A dimness and a hush have lain
 O'er all its beauty spread.
 The silence of the unanswering soul
 Is on me and around ;
 My heart hath echoes but for *thee*,
 Thou still, small, warning sound !

Voice after voice hath died away,
 Once in my dwelling heard :
 Sweet household - name by name
 hath changed
 To grief's forbidden word !
 From dreams of night on each I call,
 Each of the far removed ;
 And waken to my own wild cry—
 " Where are ye, my beloved ? "

Ye left me ! and earth's flowers were
 dim
 With records of the past :
 And stars pour'd down another light
 Than o'er my youth they cast :
 Birds will not sing as once they sung,
 When ye were at my side,
 And mournful tones are in the wind,
 Which I heard not till ye died !

Thou art welcome, O thou summoner !
 Why should the last remain ?
 What eye can reach my heart of
 hearts,
 Bearing in light again ?
 E'en could this be, too much of fear
 O'er love would now be thrown—
 Away, away ! from time, from change,
 Once more to meet my own !

THE VICTOR

De tout ce qui t'aimoit n'est-il plus rien qui
 t'aime ?—LAMARTINE.

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !
 Ye are the strong in this world of
 ours,
 Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell
 'midst the flowers,

—Which hath the conqueror's
wreath ?

Thou art the victor, Love !
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd,
the free,
The strength of the battle is given to
thee,
The spirit from above !

Thou hast look'd on Death, and
smiled !
Thou hast borne up the reedlike and
fragile form,
Thro' the waves of the fight, thro'
the rush of the storm,
On, field, and flood, and wild !

No !—*Thou* art the victor, Death !
Thou comest, and where is that which
spoke,
From the depths of the eye, when the
spirit woke ?
—Gone with the fleeting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves—yet answers the burning
thought
Of the spirit lone and reft ?

Silence is where thou art !
Silently there must kindred meet,
No smile to cheer, and no voice to
greet,
No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sun-
beam's power,
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and
flower,
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the voice and the lip which he
bids be still :
But the fiery thought and the lofty
will,
Are not for him to chain !

They shall soar his might above !
And thus with the root whence
affection springs,
Though buried, it is not of mortal
things—
Thou art the victor, Love !

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM AT ROSANNA¹

OH ! lightly tread through these deep
chestnut-bowers
Where a sweet spirit once in beauty
moved !

And touch with reverent hand these
leaves and flowers,
Fair things, which well a gentle
heart hath loved !
A gentle heart, of love and grief the
abode,
Whence the bright stream of song
in teardrops flow'd.

And bid its memory sanctify the
scene !
And let the ideal presence of the
dead
Float round, and touch the woods
with softer green,
And o'er the streams a charm, like
moonlight, shed ;
Through the soul's depths in holy
silence felt—
A spell to raise, to chasten, and to
melt !

THE VOICE OF THE WAVES

WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF A
RECENT SHIPWRECK

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood which season takes away or brings ;
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

* * * * *
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne.
WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER, ye chiming waves !
That now in sunshine sweep ;
Speak to me from thy hidden caves,
Voice of the solemn deep !

Hath man's lone spirit here
With storms in battle striven ?
Where all is now so calmly clear,
Hath anguish cried to heaven ?

—Then the sea's voice arose,
Like an earthquake's undertone :
“ Mortal, the strife of human woes
Where hath not nature known ?

¹ A beautiful place in the county of Wicklow,
formerly the abode of the authoress of *Psyche*.

" Here to the quivering mast
Despair hath wildly clung,
The shriek upon the wind hath pass'd,
The midnight sky hath rung.

" And the youthful and the brave,
With their beauty and renown,
To the hollow chambers of the wave
In darkness have gone down.

" They are vanish'd from their
place—
Let their homes and hearths make
moan !
But the rolling waters keep no
trace
Of pang or conflict gone."

—Alas ! thou haughty deep !
The strong, the sounding far !
My heart before thee dies,—I weep
To think on what we are !

To think that so we pass,
High hope, and thought, and
mind,
Even as the breath-stain from the
glass,
Leaving no sign behind !

Saw'st thou nought else, thou main ?
Thou and the midnight sky ?
Nought save the struggle, brief and
vain,
The parting agony !

—And the sea's voice replied,
" Here nobler things have been !
Power with the valiant when they
died,
To sanctify the scene :

" Courage, in fragile form,
Faith, trusting to the last,
Prayer, breathing heavenwards thro'
the storm,
But all alike have pass'd."

Sound on, thou haughty sea !
These have not pass'd in vain ;
My soul awakes, my hope springs
free
On victor wings again.

Thou, from thine empire driven,
Mayst vanish with thy powers ;
But, by the hearts that here have
striven,
A loftier doom is ours !

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I seem like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed. MOORE.

SEE'ST thou yon grey gleaming hall,
Where the deep elm-shadows fall ?
Voices that have left the earth

Long ago,
Still are murmuring round its hearth,
Soft and low :

Ever there ; —yet one alone
Hath the gift to hear their tone.
Guests come thither, and depart,
Free of step, and light of heart ;
Children, with sweet visions bless'd,
In the haunted chambers rest ;
One alone unslumbering lies
When the night hath seal'd all eyes,
One quick heart and watchful ear,
Listening for those whispers clear.

See'st thou where the woodbine
flowers

O'er yon low porch hang in showers?
Startling faces of the dead,

Pale, yet sweet,
One lone woman's entering tread
There still meet !

Some with young, smooth foreheads
fair,

Faintly shining through bright hair ;
Some with reverend locks of snow—
All, all buried long ago !
All, from under deep sea-waves,
Or the flowers of foreign graves,
Or the old and banner'd aisle,
Where their high tombs gleam the
while ;

Rising, wandering, floating by,
Suddenly and silently,
Through their earthly home and
place,
But amidst another race.

Wherefore, unto one alone,
Are those sounds and visions known ?
Wherefore hath that spell of power
Dark and dread,

On *her* soul, a baleful dower,
Thus been shed ?

Oh ! in those deep-seeing eyes,
No strange gift of mystery lies !
She is lone where once she moved,
Fair, and happy, and beloved !
Sunny smiles were glancing round her,

Tendrils of kind hearts had bound
her.

Now those silver chords are broken,
Those bright looks have left no token ;
Not one trace on all the earth,
Save her memory of their mirth.

She is lone and lingering now,
Dreams have gather'd o'er her
brow,

'Midst gay songs and children's play,
She is dwelling far away,
Seeing what none else may see—
Haunted still her place must be !

THE SHEPHERD-POET OF THE ALPS

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein !
COLERIDGE.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
And the wild-flower glens that lie
Far amidst the ancient hills,
Which the fountain-music fills ;
Singing of the snow peaks bright,
And the royal eagle's flight,
And the courage and the grace
Foster'd by the chamois-chase ;
In his fetters, day by day,
So the Shepherd-poet lay,
Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
Did those notes of freedom swell,
Breathing sadness not their own,
Forth with every Alpine tone ?
Wherefore !—can a tyrant's ear
Brook the mountain winds to hear,
When each blast goes pealing by
With a song of liberty ?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land ;
Sounding there the waters gush'd,
While the lip of man was hush'd ;
There the falcon pierced the cloud,
While the fiery heart was bow'd.
But this might not long endure,
Where the mountain homes were
pure ;

And a valiant voice arose,
Thrilling all the silent snows ;
His—now singing far and lone,
Where the young breeze ne'er was
known ;

Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully !

Are none but the wind and the
lämmergeier

To be free where the hills unto
heaven aspire ?

Is the soul of song from the deep
glens past,

Now that their poet is chain'd at
last ?—

Think of the mountains, and deem
not so !

Soon shall each blast like a clarion
blow !

Yes ! though forbidden be every
word

Wherewith that spirit the Alps hath
stirr'd,

Yet even as a buried stream through
earth

Rolls on to another and brighter
birth,

So shall the voice that hath seem'd
to die,

Burst forth with the anthem of
liberty !

And another power is moving

In a bosom fondly loving :—

Oh ! a sister's heart is deep,

And her spirit strong to keep

Each light link of early hours,

All sweet scents of childhood's
flowers !

Thus each lay of Erni sung,

Rocks and crystal caves among,

Or beneath the linden leaves,

Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,

Rapid though as bird-notes gush-
ing,

Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,

Each in young Teresa's breast

Left its fiery words impress'd ;

Treasured there lay every line,

As a rich book on a hidden shrine.

Fair was that lone girl, and meek,

With a pale, transparent cheek,

And a deep-fringed violet eye

Seeking in sweet shade to lie,

Or, if raised to glance above,

Dim with its own dew of love ;

And a pure Madonna brow,

And a silvery voice, and low,

Like the echo of a flute,

Even the last, ere all be mute.

But a loftier soul was seen

In the orphan sister's mien.

From that hour when chains defiled

Him, the high Alps' noble child.
 Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
 As if a harp of battle spoke ;
 Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's
 nest,
 Flash'd from her soft eyes unre-
 press'd ;
 And her form, like a spreading
 water-flower,
 When its frail cup swells with a
 sudden shower,
 Seem'd all dilated with love and
 pride,
 And grief for that brother, her
 young heart's guide.
 Well might they love !—those two
 had grown
 Orphans together and alone :
 The silence of the Alpine sky
 Had hush'd their hearts to piety ;
 The turf, o'er their dead mother
 laid,
 Had been their altar when they
 pray'd ;
 There, more in tenderness than woe,
 The stars had seen their young
 tears flow ;
 The clouds, in spiritlike descent,
 Their deep thoughts by one touch
 had blent,
 And the wild storms link'd them to
 each other—
 How dear can peril make a brother !

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
 The vine waves unpruned o'er their
 mountain cot
 Away, in that holy affection's might,
 The maiden is gone, like a breeze of
 the night ;—
 She is gone forth alone, but her
 lighted face,
 Filling with soul every secret place,
 Hath a dower from Heaven, and a
 gift of sway,
 To arouse brave hearts in its hidden
 way,
 Like the sudden flinging forth on
 high
 Of a banner, that startleth silently !
 She hath wander'd through many a
 hamlet-vale,
 Telling its children her brother's
 tale ;
 And the strains, by his spirit pour'd
 away,

Freely as fountains might shower
 their spray,
 From her fervent lip a new life have
 caught,
 And a power to kindle yet bolder
 thought ;
 While sometimes a melody, all her
 own,
 Like a gush of tears in its plaintive
 tone,
 May be heard 'midst the lonely
 rocks to flow,
 Clear through the water-chimes—
 clear, yet low.

"Thou'rt not where wild flowers
 wave
 O'er crag and sparry cave ;
 Thou'rt not where pines are sound-
 ing,
 Or joyous torrents bounding—
 Alas, my brother !

"Thou'rt not where green, on high,
 The brighter pastures lie ;
 Ev'n those, thine own wild places,
 Bear of our chain dark traces :
 Alas, my brother !

"Far hath the sunbeam spread,
 Nor found thy lonely bed ;
 Long hath the fresh wind sought
 thee,
 Nor one sweet whisper brought
 thee—
 Alas, my brother !

"Thou, that for joy wert born,
 Free as the wings of morn !
 Will aught thy young life cherish,
 Where the Alpine rose would
 perish ?—
 Alas, my brother !

"Canst thou be singing still,
 As once on every hill ?
 Is not thy soul forsaken,
 And the bright gift from thee
 taken ?—
 Alas, alas, my brother !"

And *was* the bright gift from the
 captive fled ?
 Like the fire on his hearth, was his
 spirit dead ?
 Not so !—but as rooted in stillness
 deep,

The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
 Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,
 While the red waves rush down the foaming river
 So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
 Trembling, yet not to be borne away!
 He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,
 And felt that his country no chains might bear;
 He thought of the hunter's haughty life,
 And knew there must yet be noble strife;
 But, oh! when he thought of that orphan maid,
 His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd!
 For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,
 A waker of heroes in every glen,
 With a glance inspired which no grief could tame,
 Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,
 While the strengthening voice of mighty wrongs
 Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs;
 But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,
 Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;
 And his soul was pierced by a mournful eye,
 Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly! [form,
 And there floated past him a fragile
 With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;
 Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove
 In vain with its burden of helpless love!
 —Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
 There flash'd thro' his dungeon a swift strong light;
 He sprang up—he climbed to the grating-bars.
 —It was not the rising of moon or stars,
 But a signal flame from a peak of snow,
 Rock'd through the dark skies to and fro!
 There shot forth another—another still—
 A hundred answers of hill to hill!
 Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
 Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
 And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,
 For the high Alps waving their banners out!
 Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!
 —Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!
 Those free streamers glancing, and thou not there!
 —Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?
 —Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,
 At the gates of the mountain citadel!
 Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds ringing!
 Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet singing?
 “There may not long be fetters,
 Where the cloud is earth's array,
 And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,
 Like a hunter on the prey!”
 “There may not long be fetters,
 Where the white Alps have their towers:
 Unto eagle-homes, if the arrow comes,
 The chain is not for ours!”
 It is she!—She is come like a day-spring beam,
 She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!
 With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,
 She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm;
 And oh! the thrill in that weeping voice!
 “My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!”
 —Poet! the land of thy love is free,
 —Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

TO THE MOUNTAIN WINDS

—How divine

The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps!—Regions consecrate
To oldest time! And reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there.—WORDSWORTH.

MOUNTAIN winds! oh! whither do
ye call me?

Vainly, vainly would my steps
pursue!

Chains of care to lower earth enthrall
me,

Wherefore thus my weary spirit
woo?

Oh! the strife of this divided being!
Is there peace where ye are born on
high?

Could we soar to your proud eyries
fleeing,

In our hearts would haunting
memories die?

Those wild places are not as a dwell-
ing

Whence the footsteps of the loved
are gone!

Never from those rocky hills came
swelling

Voice of kindness in familiar tone!

Surely music of oblivion sweepeth
In the pathway of your wanderings
free;

And the torrent, wildly as it leapeth,
Sings of no lost home amidst its
glee.

There the rushing of the falcon's
pinion

Is not from some hidden pang to
fly;

All things breathe of power and stern
dominion—

Not of hearts that in vain yearn-
ings die.

Mountain winds! oh! is it, is it only
Where man's trace hath been
that so we pine!

Bear me up, to grow in thought less
lonely,

Even at nature's deepest, loneliest
shrine!

Wild, and mighty, and mysterious
singers!

At whose tone my heart within me
burns;

Bear me where the last red sunbeam
lingers,

Where the waters have their secret
urns!

There to commune with a loftier
spirit

Than the troubling shadows of
regret;

There the wings of freedom to in-
herit,

Where the enduring and the wing'd
are met.

Hush, proud voices! gentle be your
falling!

Woman's lot thus chainless may
not be;

Hush! the heart your trumpet
sounds are calling,

Darkly still may grow—but never
free!

THE PROCESSION

"The peace which passeth all understanding,"
disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It
lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed
moonlight.—COLERIDGE.

THERE were trampling sounds of
many feet,

And music rush'd through the
crowded street;

Proud music, such as tells the sky
Of a chief return'd from victory.

There were banners to the winds
unroll'd,

With haughty words on each blazon'd
fold;

High battle-names, which had rung
of yore,

When lances clash'd on the Syrian
shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green
and lone,

There were flowers of the woods on
the pathway strown;

And wheels that crush'd as they
swept along,

Oh! what doth the violet amidst the
throng?

I saw where a bright procession
pass'd
The gates of a minster old and vast ;
And a king to his crowning-place
was led,
Through a sculptured line of the
warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies, on those high tombs
that lay,
And the colour'd light, that wrapp'd
them all,
Rich, deep, and sad, as a royal pall.
But a lowlier grave soon won mine
eye
Away from the ancestral pageantry :
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
Unhonour'd, and yet not desolate.

It was a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head ;
But Love—oh ! lovelier than all
beside !—
That lone place guarded and glorified.

For a gentle form stood watching
there,
Young—but how sorrowfully fair !
Keeping the flowers of the holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane
them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender
cheek,
And her eye, though tearful, serenely
meek ;
And I deem'd, by its lifted gaze of
love,
That her sad heart's treasure was all
above.

For alone she seem'd 'midst the
throng to be,
Like a bird of the waves far away
at sea ;
Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,
And with folded hands, e'en as if
she pray'd.

It faded before me, that mask of
pride,
The haughty swell of the music died ;
Banner, and armour, and tossing
plume,
All melted away in the twilight's
gloom.

But that orphan form, with its
willowy grace,
And the speaking prayer in that
pale, calm face,
Still, still o'er my thoughts in the
night-hour glide—
—Oh ! Love is lovelier than all be-
side.

THE BROKEN LUTE

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not ;
When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute.
SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from
the pictured walls ;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter
thrown.
Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a
lamp may flow ;
Her young, clear cheek, had a change-
ful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul
wrought through ;
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seem'd the bright wakening of
Poesy.

Even thus it was ! From her child-
hood's years—
A being of sudden smiles and tears—
Passionate visions, quick light and
shade,
Such was that high-born Italian
maid !
And the spirit of song in her bosom-
cell,
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,
Or as the sounds in Æolian strings—
Or in aspen leaves the quiverings ;
There, ever there, with the life en-
shrined,
Waiting the call of the faintest
wind,

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian
 sea,
 In the city's hour of moonlight
 glee,
 Oft would that gift of the Southern
 sky
 O'erflow from her lips in melody ;
 Oft amid festal halls it came,
 Like the springing forth of a sudden
 flame—
 Till the dance was hush'd, and the
 silvery tone
 Of her inspiration was heard alone.
 And fame went with her, the bright,
 the crown'd,
 And music floated her steps around ;
 And every lay of her soul was borne
 Through the sunny land, as on wings
 of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice
 blest
 With a power so deep in her youthful
 breast ?
 Could she be happy, o'er whose
 dark eye
 So many changes and dreams went
 by ?
 And in whose cheek the swift crimson
 wrought
 As if but born from the rush of
 thought ?
 Yes ! in the brightness of joy awhile
 She moved as a bark in the sun-
 beam's smile ;
 For her spirit, as over her lyre's
 full chord,
 All, all on a happy love was pour'd !
 How loves a heart, whence the stream
 of song
 Flows, like the life-blood, quick,
 bright, and strong !
 How loves a heart, which hath never
 proved
 One breath of the world ?—Even so
 she loved !
 Bless'd, though the lord of her soul
 afar,
 Was charging the foremost in Mos-
 lem war—
 Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,
 As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
 Proud music breathed in her song,
 when fame
 Gave a tone more thrilling to his
 name ;

And her trust in his love was a
 woman's faith—
 Perfect, and fearing no change but
 death.

But the fields are won from the
 Othman host,
 In the land that quell'd the Persian's
 boast,
 And a thousand hearts in Venice
 burn,
 For the day of triumph and return !
 The day is come ! the flashing deep
 Foams where the galleys of victory
 sweep ;
 And the sceptred city of the wave,
 With her festal splendour greets
 the brave ;
 Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,
 Make the air one stream of exulting
 sound,
 While the beautiful, with their sunny
 smiles,
 Look from each hall of the hundred
 isles.

But happiest and brightest that
 day of all,
 Robed for her warrior's festival,
 Moving a queen 'midst the radiant
 throng,
 Was she, the inspired one, the maid
 of song !
 The lute he loved on her arm she
 bore,
 As she rush'd in her joy to the
 crowded shore ;
 With a hue on her cheek like the
 damask glow
 By the sunset given unto mountain
 snow,
 And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's
 play,
 Like the flash of a gem to the change-
 ful day,
 And her long hair waving in ringlets
 bright—
 So came that being of hope and
 light !
 —One moment, Erminia ! one mo-
 ment more,
 And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er !
 The bark of her lover hath touch'd
 the strand—
 Whom leads he forth with a gentle
 hand ?

—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace
 Accorded well with the Grecian face,
 And the eye, in its clear, soft darkness meek,
 And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose cheek;
 And he look'd on that beauty with tender pride—
 The warrior hath brought back an Eastern bride!

But how stood she, the forsaken, there,
 Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
 Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
 And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,
 And there came from her quivering lip no word,
 Only the fall of her lute was heard,
 As it dropp'd from her hand at her rival's feet,
 Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? her day was done;
 Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
 The light, the vision, the gift of power,
 Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,
 Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,
 Whence the gush of sweetness no more might spring!
 As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
 So was her hope from its radiant height,
 And her song went with it for evermore,
 A gladness taken from sea and shore!
 She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—
 Silently, silently, died her name!
 Silently melted her life away,
 As ye have seen a young flower decay,
 Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd expire,

Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's fire,
 Leaving its channel all dry and mute—
 Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

THE BURIAL IN THE DESERT

How weeps yon gallant band
 O'er him their valour could not save!
 For the bayonet is red with gore,
 And he, the beautiful and brave,
 Now slumbers in Egypt's sand.—Wilson.

In the shadow of the Pyramid
 Our brother's grave we made,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

The blood-red sky above us
 Was darkening into night,
 And the Arab watching silently
 Our sad and hurried rite.

The voice of Egypt's river
 Came hollow and profound,
 And one lone palm tree, where we stood,
 Rock'd with a shivery sound:

While the shadow of the Pyramid
 Hung o'er the grave we made
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

The fathers of our brother
 Were borne to knightly tombs,
 With torchlight and with anthem-note,
 And many waving plumes:

But he, the last and noblest
 Of that high Norman race,
 With a few brief words of soldier-love
 Was gather'd to his place;

In the shadow of the Pyramid,
 Where his youthful form we laid,
 When the battle-day was done,
 And the desert's parting sun
 A field of death survey'd.

But let him, let him slumber
 By the old Egyptian wave!

It is well with those who bear their
fame

Unsullied to the grave!

When brightest names are breathed
on,

When loftiest fall so fast,
We would not call our brother back
On dark days to be cast,—

From the shadow of the Pyramid,
Where his noble heart we laid,
When the battle-day was done,
And the desert's parting sun
A field of death survey'd.

TO A PICTURE OF THE MADONNA

Ave Maria! May our spirits dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?
BYRON.

FAIR vision! thou'rt from sunny
skies,

Born where the rose hath richest
dyes;

To thee a Southern heart hath given
That glow of love, that calm of
heaven,

And round thee cast the ideal gleam,
The light that is but of a dream.

Far hence, where wandering music
fills

The haunted air of Roman hills,
Or where Venetian waves of yore
Heard melodies, they hear no more,
Some proud old minster's gorgeous
aisle

Hath known the sweetness of thy
smile.

Or haply, from a lone, dim shrine,
'Mid forests of the Apennine,
Whose breezy sounds of cave and
dell

Pass like a floating anthem-swell,
Thy soft eyes o'er the pilgrims' way
Shed blessings with their gentle ray.

Or gleaming through a chestnut
wood,

Perchance thine island-chapel stood,
Where from the blue Sicilian sea,
The sailor's hymn hath risen to thee,
And bless'd thy power to guide, to
save,

Madonna! watcher of the wave!

Oh! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty
flow!

Couldst thou but speak of all the
tears,

The conflicts, and the pangs of
years,

Which, at thy secret shrine reveal'd,
Have gush'd from human hearts
unseal'd!

Surely to thee hath woman come,
As a tired wanderer back to home!
Unveiling many a timid guest,
And treasured sorrow of her breast,
A buried love—a wasting care—
Oh! did those griefs win peace from
prayer!

And did the poet's fervid soul
To thee lay bare its inmost scroll?
Those thoughts, which pour'd their
quenchless fire

And passion o'er th' Italian lyre,
Did they to still submission die
Beneath thy calm, religious eye?

And hath the crested helmet bow'd
Before thee, 'midst the incense-
cloud?

Hath the crown'd leader's bosom lone,
To thee its haughty griefs made
known?

Did thy glance break their frozen
sleep,

And win the unconquer'd one to
weep?

Hush'd is the anthem—closed the
vow—

The votive garland wither'd now;
Yet holy still to me thou art,
Thou that hath sooth'd so many a
heart!

And still must blessed influence flow
From the meek glory of thy brow.

Still speak to suffering woman's love,
Of rest for gentle hearts above;

Of hope, that hath its treasure
there,

Of home, that knows no changeful air!
Bright form, lit up with thoughts
divine,

Ave! such power be ever thine!

A THOUGHT OF THE ROSE

How much of memory dwells amidst
thy bloom,
Rose ! ever wearing beauty for thy
dower !

The bridal-day—the festival—the
tomb—

Thou hast thy part in each, thou
stateliest flower !

Therefore with thy soft breath come
floating by

A thousand images of love and
grief,
Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,
Deep thoughts of all things beautiful
and brief.

Not such thy spells o'er those that
hail'd thee first,
In the clear light of Eden's golden
day !

There thy rich leaves to crimson
glory burst,
Link'd with no dim remembrance
of decay.

Rose ! for the banquet gather'd,
and the bier ;
Rose ! colour'd now by human
hope and pain ;

Surely where death is not—nor
change, nor fear,
Yet may we meet thee, joy's
own flower again !

DREAMS OF HEAVEN

We colour Heaven with our own human
thoughts,
Our vain aspirings, fond remembrances,
Our passionate love, that seems unto itself
An Immortality.

DREAM'ST *thou* of Heaven ? What
dreams are thine ?

Fair child, fair gladsome child ?
With eyes that like the dewdrop
shine,
And bounding footsteps wild !

Tell me what hues the immortal
shore

Can wear, my bird ! to thee ?
Ere yet one shadow hath pass'd o'er
Thy glance and spirit free ?

“ Oh ! beautiful is Heaven, and
bright
With long, long summer days ;
I see its lilies gleam in light,
Where many a fountain plays.

“ And there, uncheck'd, methinks, I
rove,
And seek where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die ! ”

Thou poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine !
Say with what solemn glory fraught,
Is heaven in dreams of thine ?

“ Oh ! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know,
The exile thirst no more.

“ The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here alone I bear,
Like the night-shadow shall depart,
With my first waking *there*.

“ And borne on eagle wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power.”

O woman ! with the soft sad eye,
Of spiritual gleam,
Tell me of those bright worlds on
high,
How doth *thy* fond heart dream ?

By the sweet mournful voice I know,
On thy pale brow I see,
That thou hast loved, in fear, and
woe—
Say what is Heaven to thee ?

“ Oh ! Heaven is where no secret
dread
May haunt love's meeting hour,
Where from the past no gloom is
shed
O'er the heart's chosen bower :

“ Where every sever'd wreath is
bound—
Where none has heard the knell
That smites the heart with that deep
sound—
Farewell—beloved, farewell ! ”

THE WISH

COME to me, when my soul
Hath but a few dim hours to linger
here ;

When earthly chains are as a
shrivelled scroll,
Oh ! let me feel thy presence ! be
but near !

That I may look once more
Into thine eyes, which never changed
for me ;

That I may speak to thee of that
bright shore,
Where, with our treasure, we have
longed to be.

Thou friend of many days !
Of sadness and of joy, of home and
hearth !

Will not thy spirit aid me then to
raise
The trembling pinions of my hope
from earth ?

By every solemn thought
Which on our hearts hath sunk in
days gone by,
From the deep voices of the moun-
tains caught,
O'er all the adoring silence of the
sky ;

By every lofty theme
Whereon, in low-toned reverence we
have spoken,
By our communion in each fervent
dream
That sought from realms beyond the
grave a token ;

And by our tears for those
Whose loss hath touch'd our world
with hues of death ;
And by the hopes that with their
dust repose,
As flowers await the south wind's
vernal breath :

Come to me in that day—
The one—the sever'd from all days—
O friend !

Even then, if human thought may
then have sway,
My soul with thine shall yet rejoice to
blend.

Nor then, nor *there* alone :
I ask my heart if all indeed must die ;
All that of holiest feelings it hath
known ?
And my heart's voice replies—
Eternity !

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING A
TOMB

NEAR WOODSTOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF
KILKENNY

Yes ! hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighted, slighted thing :
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

Mrs. Tighe's Poem on the Lily.

I stood where the lip of song lay
low,
Where the dust had gather'd on
Beauty's brow ;
Where stillness hung on the heart of
Love,
And a marble weeper kept watch
above.

I stood in the silence of lonely
thought,
Of deep affections that inly wrought,
Troubled, and dreamy, and dim with
fear—
They knew themselves exiled spirits
here !

Then didst *thou* pass me in radiance
by,
Child of the sunbeam, bright butter-
fly !
Thou that dost bear, on thy fairy
wings,
No burden of mortal sufferings.

Thou wert flitting past that solemn
tomb,
Over a bright world of joy and bloom ;
And strangely I felt, as I saw thee
shine,
The all that sever'd *thy* life and *mine*.

Mine, with its inborn mysterious
things
Of love and grief its unfathom'd
springs ;
And quick thoughts wandering o'er
earth and sky,
With voices to question eternity !

Thine, in its reckless and joyous way,
Like an embodied breeze at play!
Child of the sunlight!—thou wing'd
and free!
One moment, *one* moment, I envied
thee!

Thou art not lonely, though born to
roam,
Thou hast no longings that pine for
home;
Thou seek'st not the haunts of the
bee and bird,
To fly from the sickness of hope
deferr'd:

In thy brief being no strife of mind,
No boundless passion, is deeply
shrined;
While I, as I gazed on thy swift
flight by,
One hour of my soul seem'd infinity!
And she, that voiceless below me
slept,
Flow'd not her song from a heart that
wept?
—O Love and Song! though of
Heaven your powers,
Dark is your fate in this world of
ours.

Yet, ere I turn'd from that silent
place,
Or ceased from watching thy sunny
race,
Thou, even thou, on those glancing
wings,
Didst waft me visions of brighter
things!

Thou that dost image the freed soul's
birth,
And its flight away o'er the mists of
earth,
Oh! fitly thy path is through flowers
that rise
Round the dark chamber where
Genius lies!

EPITAPH

FAREWELL, beloved and mourn'd!
we miss awhile
Thy tender gentleness of voice and
smile,
And that bless'd gift of Heaven, to
cheer us lent—

That thrilling touch, divinely elo-
quent,
Which breathed the soul of prayer,
deep, fervent, high,
Through thy rich strains of sacred
harmony;
Yet from those very memories there
is born
A soft light, pointing to celestial
morn.
Oh! bid it guide us where *thy* foot-
steps trod,
To meet at last "the pure in heart"
with God!

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF FIESCO

AS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
SCHILLER, BY COLONEL D'AGUILAR,
AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE
ROYAL, DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1832

Too long apart, a bright but sever'd
band,
The mighty minstrels of the Rhine's
fair land,
Majestic strains, but not for us, had
sung,—
Moulding to melody a stranger
tongue.
Brave hearts leap'd proudly to their
words of power,
As a true sword bounds forth in
battle's hour;
Fair eyes rain'd homage o'er the
impassion'd lays,
In loving tears, more eloquent than
praise;
While we, far distant, knew not,
dream'd not aught
Of the high marvels by that magic
wrought.

But let the barriers of the sea give
way,
When mind sweeps onward with a
conqueror's sway!
And let the Rhine divide high souls
no more
From mingling on its old heroic
shore,
Which, e'en like ours, brave deeds
through many an age
Have made the Poet's own free heri-
tage!

To us, though faintly, may a wander-
ing tone
Of the far minstrelsy at last be
known ;
Sounds which the thrilling pulse, the
burning tear,
Have sprung to greet, must not be
strangers here.
And if by one, more used on march
and heath
To the shrill bugle than the muse's
breath,
With a warm heart the offering hath
been brought
And in a trusting loyalty of thought,
So let it be received!—a soldier's
hand
Bears to the breast of no ungenerous
land
A seed of foreign shores. O'er this
fair clime,
Since Tara heard the harp of ancient
time,
Hath song held empire ; then, if not
with *fame*,
Let the green isle with kindness
bless his aim,
The joy, the power, of kindred song
to spread,
Where once that harp " the soul of
music shed ! "

TO GIULIO REGONDI

THE BOY GUITARIST

BLESSING and love be round thee still,
fair boy !
Never may suffering wake a deeper
tone,
Than genius now, in its first fearless
joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords
which own
Thy fairy touch ! Oh ! mayst
thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in
troubled thought !
For in the light of those confiding
eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that
clear brow,
A dower, more precious e'en than
genius lies,
A pure mind's worth, a warm
heart's vernal glow !

H.P.

God Who hath graced thee thus, O,
gentle child !
Keep 'midst the world thy brightness
undefiled !

O YE HOURS !

O YE hours ! ye sunny hours !
Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky ?

" Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the wood paths free :
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
Are ye wafting song ?
Doth wild music stream in showers,
All the groves among ?

" Yes, the nightingale is there
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains."

O ye hours ! ye sunny hours !
In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty, mighty powers !
Bring ye bliss or woe ?

" Ask not this—oh ! seek not this !
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heavens' bright smile.

" Throw not shades of anxious
thought
O'er the glowing flowers !
We are come with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours ! "

THE FREED BIRD

RETURN, return, my bird !
I have dress'd thy cage with
flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

" I am free, I am free—I return no
more !

The weary time of the cage is o'er ;
Through the rolling clouds I can soar
on high,
The sky is around me—the blue,
bright sky !

C C

"The hills lie beneath me, spread far
and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and
bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny
shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no
more!"

Alas, alas! my bird!

Why seek'st thou to be free?
Wert thou not bless'd in thy little
bower,
When thy song breathed nought
but glee?

"Did my song of the summer breathe
nought but glee?
Did the voice of the captive seem
sweet to thee?
—Oh! hadst thou known its deep
meaning well,
It had tales of a burning heart to
tell!

"From a dream of the forest that
music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a
torrent rang;
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd
thee best,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy
nest."

Was it with thee thus, my bird?
Yet thine eye flash'd clear and
bright;
I have seen the glance of sudden joy
In its quick and dewy light.

"It flash'd with the fire of a tameless
race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my
native place!
With the spirit that panted through
heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more!

"My home is on high, amidst rocking
trees,
My kindred things are the star and
the breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely
play,
And the odours that wander afar
away!"

Farewell—farewell, then, bird!
I have call'd on spirits gone,
And it may be they joy'd, like *thee*,
to part—
Like thee, that wert all my own!

"If they were captives, and pined
like me,
Though love may guard them, they
joy'd to be free;
They sprang from the earth with a
burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to
their triumph's hour!

"Call them not back when the chain
is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all
through heaven!
Farewell!—with my song through
the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's
no more!"

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE

Thou falcon-hearted dove.—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her
wall
Waved free its lily-flowers.
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its
folds,
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they
met,
The wine-cup round to send,
For each that touch'd it silently,
Then miss'd a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with
dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman, meekly bending
 O'er the slumber of her child,
 With her soft sad eyes of weeping
 love,
 As the Virgin Mother's mild.
 Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe.
 'Midst the clash of spear and
 lance,
 And a strange, wide bower was thine,
 young queen!
 Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
 Like a scene for wizard-spell,
 Deep in the Saracenic gloom
 Of the warrior citadel;
 And there 'midst arms the couch was
 spread,
 And with banners curtain'd o'er,
 For the daughter of the minstrel-land,
 The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright queen of St Louis,
 The star of court and hall!—
 But the deep strength of the gentle
 heart,
 Wakes to the tempest's call!
 Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
 His soul with grief oppress'd,
 Yet calmly lay the desolate,
 With her young babe on her
 breast!

There were voices in the city,
 Voices of wrath and fear—
 "The walls grow weak, the strife is
 vain,
 We will not perish here!
 Yield! yield! and let the Crescent
 gleam
 O'er tower and bastion high!
 Our distant homes are beautiful—
 We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
 To the sad queen where she lay—
 They told a tale of wavering hearts,
 Of treason and dismay;
 The blood rush'd through her pearly
 cheek,
 The sparkle to her eye—
 "Now call me hither those recreant
 knights
 From the bands of Italy!"¹

Then through the vaulted chambers
 Stern iron footsteps rang;
 And heavily the sounding floor
 Gave back the sabre's clang.
 They stood around her—steel-clad
 men,
 Moulded for storm and fight,
 But they quail'd before the loftier
 soul
 In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the falcon shrinks
 The bird of meaner wing,
 So shrank they from th' imperial
 glance
 Of her—that fragile thing!
 And her flutelike voice rose clear and
 high,
 Through the din of arms around,
 Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
 As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
 Is in your hands to keep,
 And the banner of the Cross, for Him
 Who died on Calvary's steep:
 And the city which for Christian
 prayer
 Hath heard the holy bell—
 And is it *these* your hearts would
 yield
 To the godless infidel?"

"Then bring me here a breastplate
 And a helm, before ye fly,
 And I will gird my woman's form,
 And on the ramparts die! [woe,
 And the boy whom I have borne for
 But never for disgrace,
 Shall go within mine arms to death
 Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
 In the shadow of the lance!
 Then go, and with the Cross forsake
 The princely babe of France!
 But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
 To perish undefiled;
 A woman, and a queen, to guard
 Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrill'd, like
 leaves
 When winds are in the wood;
 And a deepening murmur told of men
 Roused to a loftier mood.

¹ The proposal to capitulate is attributed by the French historian to the Knights of Pisa.

And her babe awoke to flashing
swords,
Unsheat'h'd in many a hand,
As they gather'd round the helpless
Again a noble band ! [one

" We are thy warriors, lady !
True to the Cross and thee !
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be !
Rest, with thy fair child on thy
breast,
Rest—we will guard thee well !
St Denis for the Lily-flower,
And the Christian citadel ! "

TO CAROLINE

WHEN thy bounding step I hear,
And thy soft voice, low and clear ;
When thy glancing eyes I meet,
In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
For a path by care unworn !
Thou must be a shelter'd flower,
With but sunshine for thy dower.

Ah, fair child ! not e'en for thee
May this lot of brightness be ;
Yet, if grief must add a tone
To thine accents now unknown ;
If within that cloudless eye
Sadder thought must one day lie,
Still, I trust the signs which tell
On thy life a light shall dwell,
Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
From *within* around thee thrown.

THE TWO MONUMENTS

Oh ! bless'd are they who live and die like
" him,"

Loved with such love, and with such sorrow
mourn'd !

WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on
high

In a dim cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave !

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle-bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,

And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy
pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat ;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound ;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was *that* which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gemlike hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues ; but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for *him* whose
name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown,
From the colour'd light, one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd
there,
Mourning for parted worth
But the very heart of love and
prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had
been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain-source :

Whose young, pure memory, lying
deep
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men
sleep,
A soft light, meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,

Had won for God the earth's en-
thrall'd,
By words of silvery sway.

These were *his* victories—yet en-
roll'd
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to heaven his name.

To heaven, and to the peasant's
hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me
gleam'd
That sainted image still ;
Till one sweet moonlight memory
seem'd
The regal fane to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh !
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like *Him* to live and die !

THE COTTAGE GIRL

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at
play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny
day ;

A gush of waters tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with
their light ;

And a soft gloom beyond, of summer
trees,

Darkening the turf, and shadow'd
o'er by these,

A low, dim, woodland cottage—this
was all !

What had the scene for memory to
recall

With a fond look of love ? What
secret spell

With the heart's pictures made its
image dwell ?

What but the spirit of the joyous
child,

That freshly forth o'er stream and
verdure smiled,

Casting upon the common things of
earth

A brightness, born and gone with
infant mirth !

THE BATTLEFIELD

I LOOK'D on the field where the battle
was spread,

When thousands stood forth in their
glancing array ;

And the beam from the steel of the
valiant was shed

Through the dun-rolling clouds that
o'ershadow'd the fray.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered
they stood,

I heard the stern shout as the foemen
drew near,

Like the storm that lays low the
proud pines of the wood.

Afar the harsh notes of the war-drum
were roll'd,

Uprousing the wolf from the depth
of his lair ;

On high to the gust stream'd the
banner's red fold,

O'er the death-close of hate and the
scowl of despair.

I look'd on the field of contention
again,

When the sabre was sheath'd and the
tempest had pass'd ;

The wild weed and thistle grew rank
on the plain,

And the fern softly sigh'd in the
low wailing blast.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of
repose,

And bright shone the stars through
the sky's deepen'd blue ;

And sweetly the song of the night-
bird arose,

Where the foxglove lay gemm'd with
its pearl-drops of dew.

But where swept the ranks of that
dark frowning host,

As the ocean in might, as the storm-
cloud in speed ?

Where now are the thunders of vic-
tory's boast—

The slayer's dread wrath, and the
strength of the steed ?

Not a time-wasted cross, not a
mouldering stone,

To mark the lone scene of their
shame or their pride ;
One grass-cover'd mound told the
traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their
anguish, and died.

O glory ! behold thy famed guer-
don's extent :
For this, toil thy slaves through
their earth-wasting lot—
A name like the mist, when the
night-beams are spent—
A grave with its tenants unwept and
forgot !

A PENITENT'S RETURN

Can guilt or misery ever enter here ?
Ah ! no, the spirit of domestic peace,
Though calm and gentle as the brooding dove,
And ever murmuring forth a quiet song,
Guards, powerful as the sword of cherubim,
The hallow'd porch. She hath a heavenly
smile,
That sinks into the sullen soul of vice,
And wins him o'er to virtue.—WILSON.

My father's house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty ! Yet
around,
Something, amidst the dewy calm
profound,
Broods, never mark'd before !

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home, so tranquil
and so fair,
O'erwhelming to my sight ?

All solemnized it seems,
And still'd, and darken'd in each
time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my
view,

As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger'd—where my
sisters made
Our mother's bower—I deem'd not
that it cast
So far and dark a shade !

How spiritlike a tone
Sighs through yon tree ! My father's
place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds
waved his hair !

Now those grey locks are gone !

My soul grows faint with fear !
Even as if angel steps had mark'd the
sod.

I tremble where I move—the voice of
God

Is in the foliage here !

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful ?
Faithless-hearted !
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath
departed

The inborn, gladdening light !

No outward thing is changed ;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies
estranged,

Thou hear'st their tones with
dread.

Therefore the calm abode,
By thy dark spirit, is o'erhung with
shade ;
And therefore, in the leaves, the voice
of God

Makes thy sick heart afraid !

The night-flowers round that
door
Still breathe pure fragrance on the
untainted air ;

Thou, thou alone art worthy now no
more

To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away ?—
Hark, hark !—it is my mother's voice
I hear—
Sadder than once it seem'd—yet soft
and clear—

Doth she not seem to pray ?

My name !—I caught the
sound !
Oh ! blessed tone of love—the deep,
the mild—

Mother, my mother ! Now receive
thy child,
Take back the lost and found !

A THOUGHT OF PARADISE

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live ;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud ;
And, would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
 Enveloping the earth;
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element.

COLERIDGE.

GREEN spot of holy ground!
 If thou couldst yet be found,
 Far in deep woods, with all thy starry
 flowers;
 If not one sully'ing breath
 Of time, or change, or death,
 Had touch'd the vernal glory of thy
 bowers;

Might our tired pilgrim feet,
 Worn by the desert's heat,
 On the bright freshness of thy turf
 repose?
 Might our eyes wander there
 Through heaven's transparent
 air,
 And rest on colours of the immortal
 rose?

Say, would thy balmy skies
 And fountain-melodies
 Our heritage of lost delight restore?
 Could thy soft honey-dews
 Through all our veins diffuse
 The early, childlike, trustful sleep
 once more?

And might we, in the shade
 By thy tall cedars made,
 With angel voices high communion
 hold?
 Would their sweet solemn tone
 Give back the music gone,
 Our Being's harmony, so jarr'd of
 old?

Oh! no—thy sunny hours
 Might come with blossom
 showers,
 All thy young leaves to spirit lyres
 might thrill;
 But *we*—should we not bring
 Into thy realms of spring
 The shadows of our souls to haunt us
 still?

What could *thy* flowers and airs
 Do for our earth-born cares?
 Would the world's chain melt off and
 leave us free?
 No!—past each living stream,

Still would some fever dream
 Track the lorn wand'ers, meet no
 more for thee!

Should we not shrink with fear,
 If angel steps were near, 'die?
 Feeling our burden'd souls within us
 How might our passions brook
 The still and searching look,
 The starlike glance of seraph purity?

Thy golden-fruited grove
 Was not for pining love;
 Vain sadness would but dim thy
 crystal skies!
 Oh! *thou* wert but a part
 Of what man's exiled heart
 Hath lost—the dower of *inborn*
 Paradise!

LET US DEPART

[It is mentioned by Josephus, that, a short time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests, going by night into the inner court of the Temple to perform their sacred ministrations at the feast of Pentecost, felt a quaking, and heard a rushing noise, and, after that, a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us depart hence."]

NIGHT hung on Salem's towers,
 And a brooding hush profound
 Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
 High o'er the tents around,

The tents that rose by thousands,
 In the moonlight glimmering pale;
 Like white waves of a frozen sea,
 Filling an Alpine vale.

And the Temple's massy shadow
 Fell broad, and dark, and still,
 In peace, as if the Holy One
 Yet watch'd His chosen hill.

But a fearful sound was heard
 In that old fane's deepest heart,
 As if mighty wings rush'd by,
 And a dread voice raised the cry,
 "Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
 E'en then fierce discord raved,
 Though o'er night's heaven the
 comet sword
 Its vengeful token waved.

There were shouts of kindred warfare
 Through the dark streets ringing
 high,

Though every sign was full which
told
Of the bloody vintage nigh.

Though the wild red spears and
arrows

Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.

And that fearful sound was heard
In the Temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note,
And the blaze of banquet light.

The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.

While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.

And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

ON A PICTURE OF CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

PAINTED BY VELASQUEZ

By the dark stillness brooding in the
sky,

Holiest of sufferers! round Thy
path of woe,

And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on Thy drooping form and
pale meek brow,

My heart was awed: the burden of Thy
pain

Sank on me with a mystery and a
chain.

I look'd once more, and, as the virtue
shed

Forth from Thy robe of old, so fell a
ray

Of victory from Thy mien, and
round Thy head,

The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seem'd of the very soul's bright
rising born,

To glorify all sorrow, shame, and
scorn.

And upwards, through transparent
darkness gleaming,

Gazed in mute reverence, woman's
earnest eye,

Lit, as a vase whence inward light is
streaming,

With quenchless faith, and deep
love's fervency,

Gathering, like incense, round some
dim-veil'd shrine,

About the form, so mournfully
divine!

Oh! let Thine image, so e'en then it
rose,

Live in my soul for ever, calm and
clear,

Making itself a temple of repose,
Beyond the breath of human hope
or fear!

A holy place, where through all
storms may lie

One living beam of dayspring from
on high.

COMMUNINGS WITH THOUGHT

Could we but keep our spirits to that height,
We might be happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal.—BYRON.

RETURN my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and wing'd! what do ye o'er
the deep?

And wherefore thus the abyss of
time o'ersweep,

As birds the ocean foam?

Swifter than shooting star,
Swifter than lances of the Northern
Light,

Upspringing through the purple
heaven of night,

Hath been your course afar!

Through the bright battle-clime,
Where laurel boughs make dim the
Grecian streams,

And reeds are whispering of heroic
themes,

By temples of old time:

Through the North's ancient halls,
Where banners thrill'd of yore—
where harp-strings rung ;
But grass waves now o'er those that
fought and sung—
Hearth-light hath left their walls !

Through forests old and dim,
Where o'er the leaves dread magic
seems to brood ;
And sometimes on the haunted
solitude

Rises the pilgrims' hymn :

Or where some fountain lies,
With lotus-cups through orient spice
woods gleaming !
There have ye been, ye wanderers !
idly dreaming
Of man's lost paradise !

Return, my thoughts, return !
Cares wait your presence in life's
daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you
back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern !

Oh ! no, return ye not !
Still farther, loftier, let your soarings
be !
Go, bring me strength from journey-
ings bright and free,
O'er many a haunted spot,

Go, seek the martyr's grave,
'Midst the old mountains, and the
deserts vast ;
Or, through the ruin'd cities of the
past,
Follow the wise and brave !

Go ! visit cell and shrine !
Where woman hath endured !—
through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheer'd by fame, yet silently up-
borne
By promptings more divine !

Go, shoot the gulf of death !
Track the pure spirit where no chain
can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its
rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath !

Higher, and yet more high !
Shake off the cumbering chain which
earth would lay

On your victorious wings—mount,
mount !—Your way
Is through eternity !

THE WATER-LILY

The water-lilies, that are serene in the
calm clear water, but no less serene among the
black and scowling waves.—*Lights and Shadows*
of *Scottish Life*.

Oh ! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately river-
queen !
Crowning the depths, as with the
light serene
Of a pure heart,

Bright lily of the wave !
Rising in fearless grace with every
swell,
Thou seemst as if a spirit meekly
brave
Dwelt in thy cell :

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure
spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm ? thus bear-
ing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower ?

Oh ! love is most like thee,
The love of woman ! quivering to
the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted
deep and fast,
'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith—Oh ! is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into
light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows'
might,
Through the storm's breath ?

Yes ! link'd with such high
thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom
lie !
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought :

Something yet more divine
 Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre
 shed
 Forth from thy breast upon the
 river's bed,
 As from a shrine.

THE SONG OF PENITENCE

UNFINISHED

HE pass'd from earth
 Without his fame,—the calm, pure,
 starry fame
 He might have won, to guide on
 radiantly
 Full many a noble soul,—he sought
 it not ;
 And e'en like brief and barren light-
 ning pass'd
 The wayward child of genius. And
 the songs
 Which his wild spirit, in the pride of
 life,
 Had shower'd forth recklessly, as
 ocean waves
 Flung up their treasures mingled
 with dark weed,
 They died before him ;—they were
 wing'd seed
 Scatter'd afar, and, falling on the
 rock
 Of the world's heart, had perish'd.
 One alone,
 One fervent, mournful, supplicating
 strain,
 The deep beseeching of a stricken
 breast,
 Survived the vainly-gifted. In the
 souls
 Of the kind few that loved him, with
 a love
 Faithful to even its disappointed
 hope,
 That song of tears found root, and
 by their hearths
 Full oft, in low and reverential tones,
 Fill'd with the piety of tenderness,
 Is murmur'd to their children,
 when his name
 On some faint harp-string of re-
 membrance falls,
 Far from the world's rude voices, far
 away.
 Oh ! hear, and judge him gently ;
 'twas his last.

I come alone, and faint I come,
 To nature's arms I flee ;
 The green woods take their wan-
 derer home,
 But Thou, O Father ! may I turn to
 Thee ?

The earliest odour of the flower,
 The bird's first song is Thine ;
 Father in heaven ! my dayspring's
 hour
 Pour'd its vain incense on another
 shrine.

Therefore my childhood's once-
 loved scene
 Around me faded lies ;
 Therefore, remembering what hath
 been,
 I ask, is this mine early paradise ?

It is, it is—but Thou art gone,
 Or if the trembling shade
 Breathe yet of Thee, with alter'd
 tone
 Thy solemn whisper shakes a heart
 dismay'd.

* * *

TROUBADOUR SONG

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
 They bade no requiem flow ;
 What left they there to tell the brave
 That a warrior sleeps below ?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
 A helm with its white plume torn,
 And a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal
 field,
 Where a chief to his rest was
 borne.

He lies not where his fathers sleep,
 But who hath a tomb more proud ?
 For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
 And a banner is his shroud.

THE ENGLISH BOY

Go, call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were
 born.

AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains
 down,
 My noble English boy !

Thy country's fields around thee
gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's
march
Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;
For well the land hath fealty held
To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
And let thy kindling mind
Drink in the spirit of high thought
From every chainless wind !

There, in the shadow of old Time,
The halls beneath thee lie
Which pour'd forth to the fields of
yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand, 'midst oak and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply
framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good
swords hang
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knighthood, pure from
stain—
Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied
church
Gleams by the antique elm,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free
heart's blood
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful
years,
Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their
trees,
This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom,
song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
My gallant English boy !
Yon blue sea bears thy country's
flag,
The billows' pride and joy !

Those waves in many a fight have
closed
Above her faithful dead ;
That Red Cross flag victoriously
Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to
keep
By hostile tread unstain'd ;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's
light
Along our shore is set,
And many an answering beacon-fire
Shall there be kindled yet !

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !
And pray, like *them* to stand,
Should God so summon *thee*, to
guard
The altars of the land.

TO THE BLUE ANEMONE

FLOWER of starry clearness bright,
Quivering urn of colour'd light,
Hast thou drawn thy cup's rich
dye

From the intenseness of the sky ?
From a long, long fervent gaze
Through the year's first golden
days,

Up that blue and silent deep,
Where, like things of sculptured
sleep,

Alabaster clouds repose,
With the sunshine on their snows ?
Thither was thy heart's love turning,
Like a censer ever burning,
Till the purple heavens in thee
Set their smile, Anemone ?

Or can those warm tints be caught
Each from some quick glow of
thought ?

So much of bright *soul* there seems
In thy bendings and thy gleams,
So much thy sweet life resembles
That which feels, and weeps, and
trembles,

I could deem thee spirit-fill'd,
As a reed by music thrill'd,
When thy being I behold
To each loving breath unfold,

Or like woman's willowy form,
Shrink before the gathering storm ;
I could ask a *voice* from thee,
Delicate Anemone !

Flower ! thou seem'st not born to die
With thy radiant purity,
But to melt in air away,
Mingling with the soft Spring day,
When the crystal heavens are still,
And faint azure veils each hill,
And the lime leaf doth not move,
Save to songs that stir the grove,
And earth all glorified is seen,
As imaged in some lake serene ;
—Then thy vanishing should be,
Pure and meek Anemone !

Flower ! the laurel still may shed
Brightness round the victor's head ;
And the rose in beauty's hair
Still its festal glory wear ;
And the willow leaves drop o'er
Brows which love sustains no more :
But by living rays refined,
Thou, the trembler of the wind,
Thou, the spiritual flower,
Sentient of each breeze and shower,
Thou, rejoicing in the skies,
And transpierced with all their dyes ;
Breathing vase, with light o'er-
flowing,
Gemlike to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shalt be,
Flower of soul, Anemone !

THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY

[The French, who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy, and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its masterpieces from their pedestals, and, dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. . . . But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory.—EUSTACE'S *Classical Tour through Italy*, vol. ii. p. 60.]

Italia, Italia ! O tu cui die la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte ;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.

FILICAJA.

LAND of departed fame ! whose
classic plains
Have proudly echo'd to immortal
strains ;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the
great and brave,
Day-stars of life, a birth-place and a
grave ;
Home of the Arts ! where glory's
faded smile,
Sheds ling'ring light o'er many a
mould'ring pile ;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of
splendour fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead !
Whose grandeur, yet contending
with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy
glorious day ;
Though dimm'd thy brightness,
riveted thy chain,

Yet, fallen Italy ! rejoice again !
Lost, lovely realm ! once more 'tis
thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades ;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery
gloom
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's
tomb ;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely
wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the foun-
tain's cave,
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's num-
bers high,
Those magic strains of love and
chivalry ;
If yet by classic streams ye fondly
rove,

Haunting the myrtle vale, the
laurel grove ;
Oh ! rouse once more the daring soul
of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot
so long,
And hail, with wonted pride, those
works revered
Hallow'd by time, by absence more
endear'd.

And breathe to Those the strain,
whose warrior-might
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd
in every fight ;
Souls of unyielding power, to storms
inured,
Sublimed by peril, and by toil
matured.
Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant
mind
Could rouse the slumbering spirit
of mankind ;
Whose banners track'd the van-
quish'd Eagle's flight
O'er many a plain, and dark sierra's
height ;
Who bade once more the wild, heroic
lay,
Record the deeds of Roncesvalles'
day ;
Who, through each mountain pass
of rock and snow,
An Alpine huntsman, chased the
fear-struck foe ;
Waved his proud standard to the
balmy gales,
Rich Languedoc ! that fan thy glow-
ing vales,
And 'midst those scenes renew'd the
achievements high
Bequeath'd to fame by England's
ancestry,

Yet, when the storm seem'd
hush'd, the conflict past,
One strife remain'd—the mightiest
and the last !
Nerved for the struggle, in that
fateful hour
Untamed Ambition summon'd all his
power ;
Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy
roused, were there,
And the stern might of resolute
Despair.

Isle of the free ! 'twas then thy
champions stood,
Breasting unmoved the combat's
wildest flood ;
Sunbeam of battle ! then thy spirit
shone,
Glow'd in each breast, and sunk
with life alone.

O, hearts devoted ! whose illus-
trious doom
Gave there at once your triumph
and your tomb,
Ye, firm and faithful, in the ordeal
tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom
sanctified ;
Shrined, not entomb'd, ye rest in
sacred earth,
Hallow'd by deeds of more than
mortal worth.
What though to mark where sleeps
heroic dust,
No sculptured trophy rise, or breath-
ing bust,
Yours, on the scene where valour's
race was run, [won !
A prouder sepulchre—the field ye
There every mead, each cabin's
lowly name,
Shall live a watchword blended with
your fame ;
And well may flowers suffice those
graves to crown
That ask no urn to blazon their
renown !
There shall the bard in future ages
tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms
o'er the dead ;
Revere each tree whose sheltering
branches wave
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the
brave ;
Pause o'er each warrior's grass-
grown bed, and hear
In every breeze some name to glory
dear ;
And as the shades of twilight close
around,
With martial pageants people all the
ground.
Thither unborn descendants of the
slain
Still throng as pilgrims to the holy
fane,

While as they trace each spot, whose
records tell
Where fought their fathers, and pre-
vail'd, and fell,
Warm in their souls shall loftiest
feelings glow,
Claiming proud kindred with the dust
below !
And many an age shall see the brave
repair,
To learn the hero's bright devotion
there.

And well, Ausonia ! may that
field of fame,
From thee one song of echoing tri-
umph claim.
Land of the lyre ! 'twas there the
avenging sword,
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes
restored ;
Those precious trophies o'er thy
realms that throw
A veil of riance, hiding half thy
woe,
And bid the stranger for awhile
forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee
glorious yet.

Yes, fair creations ! to perfection
wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending
thought !
Forms of sublimity ! by Genius
traced
In tints that vindicate adoring taste ;
Whose bright originals, to earth un-
known,
Live in the spheres encircling glory's
throne ;
Models of art, to deathless fame con-
sign'd,
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty
of mind ;
Yes, matchless works ! your pre-
sence shall restore
One beam of splendour to your native
shore,
And her sad scenes of lost renown
illumine,
As the bright sunset gilds some
hero's tomb.

Oh ! ne'er, in other climes, though
many an eye

Dwelt on your charms, in beaming
ecstasy ;
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul
expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so
boldly grand,
As in that realm, where each faint
breeze's moan
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages
gone ;
Where 'midst the ruin'd shrines
of many a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock
ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal
blends !

Yes ! in those scenes where every
ancient stream
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty
theme ;
Where every marble deeds of fame
records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed
lords ;
And the deep tones of inspiration
swell
From each wild olive wood, and
Alpine dell ;
Where heroes slumber on their battle
plains,
'Midst prostrate altars and deserted
fanes,
And Fancy communes, in each lonely
spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall
be forgot ;
There was your home, and there your
power imprest,
With tenfold awe, the pilgrim's glow-
ing breast ;
And, as the wind's deep thrills and
mystic sighs
Wake the wild harp to loftiest har-
monies,
Thus at your influence, starting from
repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into gran-
deur rose.

Fair Florence ! queen of Arno's
lovely vale !
Justice and Truth indignant heard
thy tale,
And sternly smiled, in retribution's
hour,

To wrest thy treasures from the
 Spoiler's power.

Too long the spirits of thy noble
 dead

Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd
 in ages fled.

Those classic scenes their pride so
 richly graced,

Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
 Too long, with sad and desolated
 mien,

Reveal'd where Conquest's lawless
 track had been ; *

Reft of each form with brighter light
 imbued,

Lonely they frown'd, a desert soli-
 tude.

Florence ! th' Oppressor's noon of
 pride is o'er,

Rise in thy pomp again, and weep
 no more !

As one, who, starting at the dawn
 of day

From dark illusions, phantoms of
 dismay,

With transport heighten'd by those
 ills of night,

Hails the rich glories of expanding
 light ;

E'en thus, awak'ning from thy dream
 of woe,

While heaven's own hues in radiance
 round thee glow,

With warmer ecstasy 'tis thine to
 trace

Each tint of beauty, and each line
 of grace ;

More bright, more prized, more
 precious, since deplored,

As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be re-
 stored,

Thy grief as hopeless as the teardrop
 shed

By fond affection bending o'er the
 dead.

Athens of Italy ! once more are
 thine

Those matchless gems of Art's ex-
 haustless mine.

For thee bright Genius darts his
 living beam,

Warm o'er thy shrines the tints of
 Glory stream,

And forms august as natives of the
 sky,

Rise round each fane in faultless
 majesty,

So chastely perfect, so serenely
 grand,

They seem creations of no mortal
 hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair Art, with
 eagle glance,

Burst in full splendour from her
 deathlike trance ;

Whose rallying call bade slumb'ring
 nations wake,

And daring Intellect his bondage
 break ;

Beneath whose eye the lords of song
 arose,

And snatch'd the Tuscan lyre from
 long repose,

And bade its pealing energies re-
 sound,

With power electric, through the
 realms around ;

Oh ! high in thought, magnificent in
 soul !

Born to inspire, enlighten, and con-
 trol ;

Cosmo, Lorenzo ! view your reign
 once more,

The shrine where nations mingle
 to adore !

Again th' Enthusiast there, with
 ardent gaze,

Shall hail the mighty of departed
 days :

Those sovereign spirits, whose com-
 manding mind

Seems in the marble's breathing
 mould enshrined ;

Still with ascendant power the world
 to awe,

Still the deep homage of the heart to
 draw ;

To breathe some spell of holiness
 around,

Bid all the scene be consecrated
 ground,

And from the stone, by Inspiration
 wrought,

Dart the pure lightnings of exalted
 thought.

There thou, fair offspring of im-
 mortal Mind !

Love's radiant goddess, idol of man-
 kind !

Once the bright object of Devotion's
vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred
worship now.
Oh! who can tell what beams of
heavenly light,
Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual
sight,
How many a glimpse, reveal'd to
him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds,
his own;
Ere, like some vision sent the earth
to bless,
Burst into life thy pomp of loveli-
ness!

Young Genius there, while dwells
his kindling eye
On forms instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating
in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of
Art;
From scenes by Raphael's gifted
hand array'd,
From dreams of heaven by Angelo
portray'd;
From each fair work of Grecian skill
sublime,
Seal'd with perfection, "sanctified
by time";
Shall catch a kindred glow, and
proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul
shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions
soar,
And worlds of visionary grace ex-
plore,
Till his bold hand give glory's day-
dream birth,
And with new wonders charm ad-
miring earth.

Venice exult! and o'er thy moon-
light seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic
breeze!
What though long fled those years of
martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy
name;
Though to the winds thy streamers
idly play,

And the wild waves another Queen
obey;
Though quench'd the spirit of thine
ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have
left a trace;
Yet still shall Art her splendours round
thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years for ever
past. [dyes,
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates
thy skies,
And scenes that glow in colouring's
richest bloom,
With life's warm flush Palladian halls
illumine.
From thy rich dome again the un-
rival'd steed
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath
of fame,
Panting with ardour, vivified with
flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to
fancy's thought
Burning with spirit, from his essence
caught,
No mortal birth ye seem—but form'd
to bear
Heaven's car of triumph through the
realms of air;
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields
of space,
The winds your rivals in the glorious
race;
Traverse empyreal spheres with
buoyant feet,
Free as the zephyr, as the shot-
star fleet;
And waft through worlds unknown
the vital ray,
The flame that wakes creations into
day.
Creatures of fire and ether! wing'd
with light,
To track the regions of the Infinite!
From purer elements whose life was
drawn,
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring
of the dawn.
What years on years, in silence
gliding by,
Have spared those forms of perfect
symmetry!

Moulded by Art to dignify, alone,
 Her own bright deity's resplendent
 throne,
 Since first her skill their fiery grace
 bestow'd
 Meet for such lofty fate, such high
 abode,
 How many a race, whose tales of
 glory seem
 An echo's voice—the music of a
 dream,
 Whose records feebly from oblivion
 save
 A few bright traces of the wise and
 brave ;
 How many a state, whose pillar'd
 strength sublime
 Defied the storms of war, the waves
 of time,
 Towering o'er earth majestic and
 alone,
 Fortress of power—has flourish'd
 and is gone !
 And they, from clime to clime by
 conquest borne,
 Each fleeting triumph destined to
 adorn,
 They, that of powers and kingdoms
 lost and won,
 Have seen the noontide and the
 setting sun,
 Consummate still in every grace
 remain,
 As o'er *their* heads had ages roll'd in
 vain !
 Ages, victorious in their ceaseless
 flight,
 O'er countless monuments of earthly
 might !
 While she, from fair Byzantium's lost
 domain,
 Who bore those treasures to her
 ocean-reign,
 'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her
 island throne,
 And called the infinitude of waves
 her own ;
 Venice, the proud, the Regent of the
 sea,
 Welcomes in chains the trophies of
 the Free !

And thou, whose Eagle-towering
 plume unfurl'd
 Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal
 world,

Eternal city ! round whose Curule
 throne,
 The lords of nations knelt in ages
 flown ;
 Thou, whose Augustan years have
 left to time
 Immortal records of their glorious
 prime ;
 When deathless bards, thine olive
 shades among,
 Swell'd the high raptures of heroic
 song ;
 Fair, fallen Empress ! raise thy lan-
 guid head
 From the cold altars of the illustrious
 dead,
 And once again, with fond delight
 survey,
 The proud memorials of thy noblest
 day.

Lo ! where thy sons, O, Rome ! a
 godlike train,
 In imaged majesty return again !
 Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower
 with mien august
 O'er scenes that shrine their venerable
 dust.
 Those forms, those features, luminous
 with soul,
 Still o'er thy children seem to claim
 control ;
 With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's
 glance,
 Bind his rapt soul in elevating trance,
 And bid the past, to fancy's ardent
 eyes,
 From time's dim sepulchre in glory
 rise.

Souls of the lofty ! whose undying
 names,
 Rouse the young bosom still to
 noblest aims ;
 Oh ! with your images could fate
 restore,
 Your own high spirit to your sons
 once more ;
 Patriots and Heroes ! could those
 flames return,
 That bade your hearts with freedom's
 ardours burn ;
 Then from the sacred ashes of the
 first,
 Might a new Rome in phoenix gran-
 deur burst !

With one bright glance dispel the
 horizon's gloom,
 With one loud call wake empire
 from the tomb;
 Bind round her brows her own tri-
 umphal crown,
 Lift her dread ægis with majestic
 frown,
 Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide
 his flight
 To bathe his plumage in the fount
 of light.

Vain dream! Degraded Rome!
 thy noon is o'er;
 Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no
 more.
 It sleeps with those, the sons of other
 days,
 Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring
 gaze;
 Those, blest to live, while yet thy
 star was high,
 More blest, ere darkness quench'd its
 beam, to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary
 powers
 Have fled thy shrines, left desolate
 thy towers,
 Still, still to thee shall nations bend
 their way,
 Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
 Oh! what can realms in fame's
 full zenith, boast,
 To match the relics of thy splendour
 lost!
 By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious
 hill,
 Genius and Taste shall love to wander
 still,
 For there has Art survived an em-
 pire's doom,
 And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's
 trophied tomb:
 She from the dust recalls the brave
 and free,
 Peopling each scene with beings
 worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with
 lightning stroke,
 Rend its last honours from the
 shatter'd oak!
 Long be those works, revered by ages,
 thine,

To lend one triumph to thy dim
 decline.

Bright with stern beauty, breath-
 ing wrathful fire,
 In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
 Once more thine own, the immortal
 Archer's form
 Sheds radiance round, with more
 than Being warm!
 Oh! who could view, nor deem that
 perfect frame,
 A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the daystar! how may
 words portray
 Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
 Whate'er the soul could dream, the
 hand could trace,
 Of regal dignity and heavenly grace;
 Each purer effluence of the fair and
 bright,
 Whose fitful gleams have broke on
 mortal sight;
 Each bold idea, borrow'd from the
 sky,
 To vest the embodied form of Deity;
 All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
 Breathe and enchant, transcendently
 combined!
 Son of Elysium! years and ages gone
 Have bow'd, in speechless homage,
 at thy throne,
 And days unborn, and nations yet to
 be,
 Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstasy, on
 thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck, e'en
 yet sublime,
 Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and
 Time:
 Hail to that scene again, where
 Genius caught
 From thee its fervours of diviner
 thought!
 Where he, the inspired one, whose
 gigantic mind
 Lived in some sphere, to him alone
 assign'd;
 Who from the past, the future, and the
 unseen,
 Could call up forms of more than
 earthly mien:
 Unrival'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
 Till his full soul imbibed perfection's
 blaze!

And who but he, that Prince of Art,
might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without
despair?
Emblem of Rome! from power's
meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the
world.

What hadst thou been, ere barb-
rous hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolised by
taste?
'Oh! worthy still of some divine
abode,
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a
god!
Still, like some broken gem, whose
quenchless beam
From each bright fragment pours
its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd, to
dispense
From every part some ray of excel-
lence!
E'en yet, inform'd with essence from
on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!
Within that frame a purer being
glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter
current flows;
Fill'd with immortal life each muscle
swells,
In every line supernal grandeur
dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest
and the last
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign
was past:
Nurse of the mighty, she, while linger-
ing still,
Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic
hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents
breathed,
A hero's image to the world be-
queathed;
Enshrined in thee the imperishable
ray
Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by
her sway,
And bade thee teach, to ages yet
unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers—who
never shall return!

And mark yon group, transfix'd
with many a throe,
Seal'd with the image of eternal
woe:
With fearful truth, terrific power,
express,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonise the
breast,
And the stern combat picture to
mankind
Of suffering nature, and enduring
mind.
Oh, mighty conflict! though his
pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through
every sense;
Though fix'd on him, his children's
suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;
Though with the giant-snake in
fruitless strife,
Heaves every muscle with convul-
sive life,
And in each limb existence writhes,
enroll'd
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd
fold;
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a
cry
Shall own the might of Nature's
agony!
That furrow'd brow unconquer'd
soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry Heaven
appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates
its breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to
death!

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!
With speechless horror to congeal the
heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart through
every vein,
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympa-
thies of pain;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty
power
May brave the pangs of fate's
severest hour.

Turn from such conflicts, and
enraptured gaze
On scenes where Painting all her
skill displays:

Landscapes, by colouring dress'd
in richer dyes,
More mellow'd sunshine, more un-
clouded skies,
Or dreams of bliss to dying martyrs
given,
Descending seraphs robed in beams
of heaven.

O! sovereign Masters of the
Pencil's might,
Its depths of shadow and its blaze of
light;
Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining
every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below,
around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all
your own;
What scenes, what beings bless'd
your favour'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting
eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, un-
controll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms
their splendour shed,
As burst on prophet-bards in ages
fled:
Forms that to trace, no hand but
yours might dare,
Darkly sublime, or exquisitely fair;
These, o'er the walls your magic skill
array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through
melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness
tower,
And breathe and move, the records of
your power.
Inspired of Heaven! what heighten'd
pomp ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the
past!
Round many a marble fane and
classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome;
Round many a work that bids the
world believe
What Grecian Art could image and
achieve;

Again, creative minds, your visions
throw
Life's chasten'd warmth and Beauty's
mellowest glow.
And when the Morn's bright beams
and mantling dyes
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine with purple
smile,
The Parian altar and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance
falls [walls,
On angel groups that hover o'er the
Well may those Temples, where your
hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round
the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and
so fair,
That nought of earth should find
admittance there,
Some sphere, where beings, to man-
kind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp
alone!

Hence, ye vain fictions! fancy's err-
ing theme!
Gods of illusion! phantoms of a
dream!
Frail, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though
sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art
assign'd
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty
mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas
flow'd,
With purer fire her ardent spirit
glow'd.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest
shore;
That realm where first the Light of
Life was sent,
The loved; the punish'd, of the Omni-
potent!
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts in-
spired would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their
lonely way;
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's
deep,¹

¹ Almotana. The name given by the Arabs
to the Dead Sea.

Chain'd in dead silence, and un- broken sleep ; Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted deserts tell Where pass'd the Eternal, where His anger fell ! Where oft His voice the words of fate reveal'd, Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the thunder peal'd, Or, heard by prophets in some palmy vale, Breathed " still small " whispers on the midnight gale. There dwelt her spirit—there her hand portray'd, 'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar shade, Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught, Or patriarch-seers absorb'd in sacred thought, Bards, in high converse with the world of rest, Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest. But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave, Who lived to guide us, and Who died to save ; Him, at Whose glance the powers of evil fled, And soul return'd to animate the dead ; Whom the waves own'd—and sunk beneath His eye, Awed by one accent of Divinity ; To Him she gave her meditative hours, Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified her powers.	O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw, As all around the Godhead's presence knew, And robed the Holy One's benignant mien In beaming mercy, majesty serene. Oh ! mark where Raphael's pure and perfect line Portrays that form ineffably divine ! Where with transcendant skill his hand has shed Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head ; Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued With all the fullness of beatitude, And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight Sinks overpower'd by that excess of light ! Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art, By truth inspired, to elevate the heart ! To bid the soul exultingly possess, Of all her powers, a heighten'd consciousness ; And strong in hope, anticipate the day, The last of life, the first of freedom's ray ; To realise, in some unclouded sphere, Those pictured glories feebly imaged here ! Dim, cold reflections from her native sky, Faint effluence of " the Dayspring from on high ! "
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MODERN GREECE

O Greece ! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
Crown'd with the laurel of assenting Time."

THOMSON'S *Liberty*,

I
Oh ! who hath trod thy consecrated
clime,
Fair land of Phidias ! theme of
lofty strains !
And traced each scene, that, 'midst
the wrecks of time,

The print of Glory's parting step
retains ;
Nor for awhile, in high-wrought
dreams, forgot,
Musing on years gone by in brigh-
ness there, [of his lot,
The hopes, the fears, the sorrows

The hues his fate hath worn, or yet
may wear ;
As when, from mountain heights,
his ardent eye
Of sea and heaven hath track'd the
blue infinity ?

II

Is there who views with cold
unalter'd mien,
His frozen heart with proud in-
difference fraught,
Each sacred haunt, each unfor-
gotten scene,
Where Freedom triumph'd, or
where Wisdom taught ?
Souls that too deeply feel, oh ! envy
not
The sullen calm your fate hath
never known :
Through the dull twilight of that
wint'ry lot
Genius ne'er pierced, nor Fancy's
sunbeam shone,
Nor those high thoughts, that,
hailing Glory's trace,
Glow with the generous flames of
every age and race.

III

But blest the wanderer, whose
enthusiast mind
Each muse of ancient days hath
deep imbued
With lofty lore ; and all his
thoughts refined
In the calm school of silent solitude ;
Pour'd on his ear, 'midst groves
and glens retired,
The mighty strains of each illus-
trious clime,
All that hath lived, while empires
have expired,
To float for ever on the winds of
Time ;
And on his soul indelibly portray'd
Fair visionary forms, to fill each
classic shade.

IV

Is not this mind, to meaner
thoughts unknown,
A sanctuary of beauty and of light ?
There he may dwell in regions all
his own,
A world of dreams, where all is
pure and bright.

For him the scenes of old renown
possess
Romantic charms, all veil'd from
other eyes ;
There every form of nature's
loveliness
Wakes in his breast a thousand
sympathies ;
As music's voice, in some lone
mountain-dell,
From rocks and caves around calls
forth each echo's swell.

V

For him Italia's brilliant skies
illumine
The bard's lone haunts, the warrior's
combat-plains,
And the wild rose yet lives to
breath and bloom
Round Doric Pæstum's solitary
fanés.
But most, fair Greece ! on thy
majestic shore
He feels the fervours of his spirit
rise ;
Thou birthplace of the Muse !
whose voice of yore
Breathed in thy groves immortal
harmonies ;
And lingers still around the well-
known coast,
Murmuring a wild farewell to fame
and freedom lost.

VI

By seas, that flow in brightness as
they lave
Thy rocks, the enthusiast rapt in
thought may stray,
While roves his eye o'er that
deserted wave,
Once the proud scene of battle's
dread array.
—O ye blue waters ! ye, of old
that bore
The free, the conquering, hymn'd
by choral strains,
How sleep ye now around the silent
shore,
The lonely realm of ruins and of
chains !
How are the mighty vanish'd in
their pride !
E'en as their barks have left no traces
on your tide.

VII

Hush'd are the Pæans whose exulting tone
 Swell'd o'er that tide—the sons of battle sleep—
 The wind's wild sigh, the halcyon's voice alone
 Blend with the plaintive murmur of the deep.
 Yet when those waves have caught the splendid hues
 Of morn's rich firmament, serenely bright,
 Or setting suns the lovely shore suffice
 With all their purple mellowness of light,
 Oh! who could view the scene, so calmly fair,
 Nor dream that peace, and joy, and liberty, were there?

VIII

Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
 'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh;
 Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
 Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;
 —Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
 Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
 And ivy boughs their graceful drapery spread
 In green luxuriance o'er the ruin'd pile;
 And mantling woodbine veil the wither'd tree,—
 And thus it is, fair land! forsaken Greece, with thee.

IX

For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
 That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
 Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
 The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm:
 And thou art desolate—thy morn hath pass'd!
 So dazzling in the splendour of its way,

That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
 Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
 Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
 Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair.

X

For thee, lost land! the hero's blood hath flow'd,
 The high in soul have brightly lived and died;
 For thee the light of soaring genius glow'd
 O'er the fair arts it form'd and glorified.
 Thine were the minds whose energies sublime
 So distanced ages in their lightning-race,
 The task they left the sons of later time
 Was but to follow their illumined trace.
 —Now, bow'd to earth, thy children, to be free,
 Must break each link that binds their filial hearts to thee.

XI

Lo! to the scenes of fiction's wildest tales,
 Her own bright East, thy son, Morea! flies,
 To seek repose 'midst rich, romantic vales,
 Whose incense mounts to Asia's vivid skies.
 There shall he rest?—Alas! his hopes in vain
 Guide to the sun-clad regions of the palm,
 Peace dwells not now on oriental plain,
 Though earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm;
 And the sad wanderer finds but lawless foes,
 Where patriarchs reign'd of old in pastoral repose.

XII

Where Syria's mountains rise, or Yemen's groves,

Or Tigris rolls his Genie-haunted
wave,
Life to his eye, as wearily it roves,
Wears but two forms—the tyrant
and the slave!
There the fierce Arab leads his
daring horde,
Where sweeps the sandstorm o'er
the burning wild;
There stern Oppression waves the
wasting sword
O'er plains that smile as ancient
Eden smiled;
And the vale's bosom, and the
desert's gloom,
Yield to the injured there no shelter
save the tomb.

XIII

But thou, fair world! whose fresh
unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the
western wave,
Wilt thou receive the wanderer to
thine arms,
The lost descendant of the immortal
brave?
Amidst the wild magnificence of
shades
That o'er thy floods their twilight
grandeur cast,
In the green depth of thine un-
trodden glades
Shall he not rear his bower of peace
at last?
Yes! thou hast many a lone
majestic scene,
Shrined in primeval woods, where
despot ne'er hath been.

XIV

There, by some lake, whose blue
expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland ocean,
gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely
dress'd
In tints like those that float o'er
poet's dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad
mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in
their foam,
'Midst the rich verdure of its
wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his
sylvan home:

So deeply lone, that round the wild
retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by
Indian huntsman's feet.

XV

The forests are around him in their
pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty
waves;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating
o'er the tide,
That images the fairy worlds it
laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance.—
O'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their
peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful
foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia
towers,
And from those green arcades a
thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice
through Nature's temple moans.

XVI

And there, no traces left by bright-
er days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of
grief,
Some grassy mound, perchance,
may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian
chief.
There man not yet hath mark'd the
boundless plain
With marble records of his fame
and power;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock
his tower.
The eternal torrent and the giant
tree,
Remind him but that they, like him,
are wildly free.

XVII

But doth the exile's heart srenely
there
In sunshine dwell?—Ah! when
was exile blest?
When did bright scenes, clear
heavens, or summer air,
Chase from his soul the fever of
unrest?

—There is a heartsick weariness of mood,
That like slow poison wastes the vital glow,
And shrines itself in mental solitude,
An uncomplaining and a nameless woe,
That coldly smiles 'midst pleasure's brightest ray,
As the chill glacier's peak reflects the flush of day.

XVIII

Such grief is theirs, who, fix'd on foreign shore,
Sigh for the spirit of their native gales,
As pines the seaman, 'midst the ocean's roar,
For the green earth, with all its woods and vales.
Thus feels thy child, whose memory dwells with thee,
Loved Greece! all sunk and blighted as thou art:
Though thought and step in western wilds be free,
Yet thine are still the daydreams of his heart:
The deserts spread between, the billows foam,
Thou, distant and in chains, are yet his spirit's home.

XIX

In vain for him the gay lianes entwined,
Or the green firefly sparkles through the brakes,
Or summer winds waft odours from the pine,
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
Or, at that placid hour, how calm the Ægean deep!

XX

What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)
E'en to the stranger's roving eye, they shine
Soft as a vision of remember'd joy.
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still;
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

XXI

Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil;
And there is language in thy lightest gale,
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale.

XXII

And he, whose heart is weary of the strife
Of meaner spirits, and whose mental gaze
Would shun the dull cold littleness of life,
Awhile to dwell amidst sublimer days,
Must turn to thee, whose every valley teems
With proud remembrances that cannot die

Thy glens are peopled with inspiring dreams,
 Thy winds, the voice of oracles gone by ;
 And, 'midst thy laurel shades the wanderer hears
 The sound of mighty names, the hymns of vanish'd years.

XXIII

Through that deep solitude be his to stray,
 By Faun and Oread loved in ages past,
 Where clear Peneus winds his rapid way
 Through the cleft heights, in antique grandeur vast.
 Romantic Tempe ! thou art yet the same—
 Wild, as when sung by bards of elder time :
 Years, that have changed thy river's classic name,
 Have left thee still in savage pomp sublime ;
 And from thine Alpine clefts and marble caves,
 In living lustre still break forth the fountain waves.

XXIV

Beneath thy mountain battlements and towers,
 Where the rich arbutë's coral berries glow,
 Or 'midst the exuberance of thy forest bowers,
 Casting deep shadows o'er the current's flow,
 Oft shall the pilgrim pause, in lone recess,
 As rock and stream some glancing light have caught,
 And gaze, till Nature's mighty forms impress
 His soul with deep sublimity of thought ;
 And linger oft, recalling many a tale,
 That breeze, and wave, and wood seem whispering through thy dale.

XXV

He, thought-entranced, may wander where of old

From Delphi's chasm the mystic vapour rose,
 And trembling nations heard their doom foretold
 By the dread spirit throned 'midst rocks and snows.
 Though its rich fanes be blended with the dust,
 And silence now the hallow'd haunt possess,
 Still is the scene of ancient rites august,
 Magnificent in mountain loneliness ;
 Still inspiration hovers o'er the ground,
 Where Greece her councils held, her Pythian victors crown'd.

XXVI

Or let his steps the rude grey cliffs explore
 Of that wild pass, once dyed with Spartan blood,
 When by the waves what break on Ceta's shore,
 The few, the fearless, the devoted, stood !
 Or rove where, shadowing Mantinea's plain,
 Bloom the wild laurels o'er the warlike dead,
 Or lone Plataea's ruins yet remain,
 To mark the battlefield of ages fled ;
 Still o'er such scenes presides a sacred power,
 Though Fiction's gods have fled from fountain, grot, and bower.

XXVII

Oh ! still unblamed may fancy fondly deem,
 That, lingering yet, benignant genii dwell
 Where mortal worth has hallow'd grove or stream,
 To sway the heart with some ennobling spell ;
 For mightiest minds have felt their blest control,
 In the wood's murmur, in the zephyr's sigh,
 And these are dreams that lend a voice and soul,
 And a high power, to Nature's majesty !

And who can rove o'er Grecian
shores, nor feel,
Soft o'er his inmost heart, their secret
magic steal?

XXVIII

Yet many a sad reality is there,
That Fancy's bright illusions
cannot veil.
Pure laughs the light, and balmy
breathes the air,
But Slavery's mien will tell its
bitter tale;
And there, not Peace, but Desolation,
throws
Delusive quiet o'er full many a
scene,
Deep as the brooding torpor of
repose
That follows where the earth-
quake's track hath been;
Or solemn calm, on Ocean's breast
that lies,
When sinks the storm, and death has
hush'd the seamen's cries.

XXIX

Hast thou beheld some sovereign
spirit, hurl'd
By Fate's rude tempest from its
radiant sphere,
Doom'd to resign the homage of a
world,
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest
tear?
Oh! hast thou watch'd the awful
wreck of mind,
That weareth still a glory in
decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights
mankind—
Thought, science, genius, to the
storm a prey,
And o'er the blasted tree, the
wither'd ground,
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and
darkly flourish round?

XXX

So mayst thou gaze, in sad and
awestruck thought,
On the deep fall of that yet lovely
clime;
Such there the ruin Time and Fate
have wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid,
the sublime;

There the proud monuments of
Valour's name,
The mighty works Ambition piled
on high,
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd
to Fame—
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength,
and symmetry,
Blend in decay; while all that yet
is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much
hath perish'd there!

XXXI

There, while around lie mingling
in the dust,
The column's graceful shaft, with
weeds o'ergrown,
The mouldering torso, the forgotten
bust,
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy
stone;
Amidst the loneliness of shatter'd
fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other
years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary
plains,
Its Eastern form the minaret
proudly rears;
As on some captive city's ruin'd
wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting
o'er its fall.

XXXII

Still, where that column of the
mosque aspires,
Landmark of slavery, towering o'er
the waste,
There science droops, the Muses
hush their lyres
And o'er the blooms of fancy and
of taste
Spreads the chill blight—as in that
Orient isle
Where the dark upas taints the gale
around,
Within its precincts not a flower
may smile,
Nor dew nor sunshine fertilise the
ground;
Nor wild birds' music float on
zephyr's breath,
But all is silence round, and solitude,
and death.

XXXIII

Far other influence pour'd the
 Crescent's light
 O'er conquer'd realms, in ages
 pass'd away ;
 Full and alone it beam'd, intensely
 bright,
 While distant climes in midnight
 darkness lay.
 Then rose th' Alhambra, with its
 founts and shades,
 Fair marble halls, alcoves, and
 orange bowers :
 Its sculptured lions, richly wrought
 arcades,
 Aërial pillars, and enchanted
 towers ;
 Light, splendid, wild, as some
 Arabian tale
 Would picture fairy domes, that fleet
 before the gale.

XXXIV

Then foster'd genius lent each
 caliph's throne
 Lustre barbaric pomp could ne'er
 attain ;
 And stars unnumber'd o'er the
 Orient shone,
 Bright as that Pleiad, spher'd in
 Mecca's fane,
 From Bagdat's palaces the choral
 strains
 Rose and re-echoed to the desert's
 bound,
 And Science, woo'd on Egypt's
 burning plains,
 Rear'd her majestic head with
 glory crown'd ;
 And the wild Muses breathed
 romantic lore,
 From Syria's palmy groves to Anda-
 lusia's shore.

XXXV

Those years have pass'd in radiance
 —they have pass'd,
 As sinks the daystar in the tropic
 main ;
 His parting beams no soft reflection
 cast,
 They burn—are quench'd—and
 deepest shadows reign.
 And Fame and Science have not
 left a trace
 In the vast regions of the Moslem's
 power,—

Regions, to intellect a desert space,
 A wild without a fountain or a
 flower,
 Where towers Oppression 'midst
 the deepening glooms,
 As dark and lone ascends the cypress
 'midst the tombs.

XXXVI

Alas for thee, fair Greece ! when
 Asia pour'd
 Her fierce fanatics to Byzantium's
 wall,
 When Europe sheath'd, in apathy,
 her sword,
 And head unmoved the fated city's
 call,
 No bold crusaders ranged their
 serried line
 Of spears and banners round a
 falling throne ;
 And thou, O last and noblest
 Constantine !
 Didst meet the storm unshrinking
 and alone.
 Oh ! blest to die in freedom, though
 in vain,
 Thine* Empire's proud exchange the
 grave, and not the chain.

XXXVII

Hush'd is Byzantium—'tis the dead
 of night—
 The closing night of that imperial
 race !
 And all is vigil—but the eye of
 light
 Shall soon unfold, a wilder scene to
 trace :
 There is a murmuring stillness on
 the train
 Thronging the midnight streets, at
 morn to die ;
 And to the Cross, in fair Sophia's
 fane,
 For the last time is raised Devo-
 tion's eye ;
 And, in his heart while faith's
 bright visions rise,
 There kneels the high-soul'd prince,
 the summon'd of the skies.

XXXVIII

Day breaks in light and glory—'tis
 the hour
 Of conflict and of fate—the war-
 note calls—

Despair hath lent a stern, delirious
power
To the brave few that guard the
rampart walls.
Far over Marmora's waves the
artillery's peal
Proclaims an empire's doom in
every note ;
Tambour and trumpet swell the
clash of steel,
Round spire and dome the clouds
of battle float ;
From camp and wave rush on the
Crescent's host,
And the Seven Towers are scaled, and
all is won and lost.

XXXIX

Then, Greece! the tempest rose
that burst on thee,
Land of the bard, the warrior, and
the sage !
Oh ! where were then thy sons, the
great, the free,
Whose deeds are guiding stars from
age to age ?
Though firm thy battlements of
crag and snows,
And bright the memory of thy days
of pride,
In mountain might though Cor-
inth's fortress rose,
On, unresisted, roll'd the invading
tide ?
Oh ! vain the rock, the rampart,
and the tower,
If Freedom guard them not with
Mind's unconquer'd power.

XL

Where were the avengers then,
whose viewless might
Preserved inviolate their awful
fane,
When through the steep defiles, to
Delphi's height,
In martial splendour pour'd the
Persian's train ?
Then did those mighty and mys-
terious Powers,
Arm'd with the elements, to
vengeance wake,
Call the dread storms to darken
round their towers,
Hurl down the rocks, and bid the
thunders break ;

Till far around, with deep and
fearful clang,
Sounds of unearthly war through
wild Parnassus rang.

XLI

Where was the spirit of the victor-
throng
Whose tombs are glorious by
Scamander's tide,
Whose names are bright in ever-
lasting song,
The lords of war, the praised, the
deified ?
Where he, the hero of a thousand
lays,
Who from the dead at Marathon
arose
All arm'd ; and beaming on the
Athenians' gaze,
A battle-meteor, guided to their
foes ?
Or they whose forms to Alaric's
awestruck eye,
Hovering o'er Athens, blazed in airy
panoply ?

XLII

Ye slept, O heroes ! chief ones of
the earth !
High demigods of ancient days ! ye
slept.
There lived no spark of your
ascendant worth
When o'er your land the victor
Moslem swept ;
No patriot then the sons of freedom
led,
In mountain pass devotedly to die ;
The martyr-spirit of resolve was
fled,
And the high soul's unconquer'd
buoyancy ;
And by your graves, and on your
battle-plains,
Warriors ! your children knelt, to
wear the stranger's chains.

XLIII

Now have your trophies vanish'd,
and your homes
Are moulder'd from the earth,
while scarce remain
E'en the faint traces of the ancient
tombs
That mark where sleep the slayers
or the slain.

Your deeds are with the days of
glory flown,
The lyres are hush'd that swell'd
your fame afar,
The halls that echo'd to their
sounds are gone,
Perish'd the conquering weapons of
your war ;
And if a mossy stone your names
retain,
'Tis but to tell your sons, for them ye
died in vain.

XLIV

Yet, where some lone sepulchral
relic stands,
That with those names tradition
hallows yet,
Oft shall the wandering son of
other lands
Linger in solemn thought and
hush'd regret.
And still have legends mark'd the
lonely spot
Where low the dust of Agamemnon
lies ;
And shades of kings and leaders
unforgot,
Hovering around, to fancy's vision
rise.
Souls of the heroes ! seek your rest
again,
Nor mark how changed the realms
that saw your glory's reign.

XLV

Lo, where the Albanian spreads his
despot sway
O'er Thessaly's rich vales and
glowing plains,
Whose sons in sullen abjectness
obey,
Nor lift the hand indignant at its
chains :
Oh ! doth the land that gave
Achilles birth,
And many a chief of old illustrious
line,
Yield not one spirit of unconquer'd
worth
To kindle those that now in bond-
age pine ?
No ! on its mountain air is slavery's
breath,
And terror chills the hearts whose
utter'd plaints were death.

XLVI

Yet if thy light, fair Freedom,
rested there,
How rich in charms were that
romantic clime,
With streams, and woods, and
pastoral valleys fair,
And wall'd with mountains,
haughtily sublime :
Heights that might well be deem'd
the Muses' reign,
Since, claiming proud alliance
with the skies,
They lose in loftier spheres their
wild domain—
Meet home for those retired
divinities
That love, where nought of earth
may e'er intrude,
Brightly to dwell on high, in lonely
sanctitude.

XLVII

There, in rude grandeur, daringly
ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-
clad height ;
He with the clouds his bleak
dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales in woodland
verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated
pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven
Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating
as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal
powers ;
Where far on high the sunbeam
finds repose,
Amidst the eternal pomp of forests
and of snows.

XLVIII

Those savage cliffs and solitudes
might seem
The chosen haunts where Freedom's
foot would roam ;
She loves to dwell by glen and
torrent-stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her
home.
And in the rushing of the mountain
flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,

In sweeping winds that peal
 through cave and wood,
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,
 That swells her spirit to a loftier
 mood
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of
 fortitude.

XLIX

But from those hills the radiance
 of her smile
 Hath vanish'd long, her step hath
 fled afar;
 O'er Suli's frowning rocks she
 paused a while,
 Kindling the watchfires of the
 mountain war;
 And brightly glow'd her ardent
 spirit there,
 Still brightest 'midst privation:
 o'er distress
 It cast romantic splendour, and
 despair
 But fann'd that beacon of the
 wilderness;
 And rude ravine, and precipice,
 and dell,
 Sent their deep echoes forth, her
 rallying voice to swell.

L

Dark children of the hills! 'twas
 then ye wrought
 Deeds of fierce daring, rudely,
 sternly grand;
 As 'midst your craggy citadels ye
 fought,
 And women mingled with your
 warrior-band.
 Then on the cliff the frantic mother
 stood
 High o'er the river's darkly-rolling
 wave,
 And hurl'd, in dread delirium, to
 the flood
 Her free-born infant, ne'er to be a
 slave.
 For all was lost—all, save the
 power to die
 The wild indignant death of savage
 liberty.

LI

Now is that strife a tale of vanish'd
 days,
 With mightier things forgotten
 soon to lie;

Yet oft hath minstrel sung, in lofty
 lays,
 Deeds less adventurous, energies
 less high.
 And the dread struggle's fearful
 memory still
 O'er each wild rock a wilder aspect
 throws;
 Sheds darker shadows o'er the
 frowning hill,
 More solemn quiet o'er the glen's
 repose;
 Lends to the rustling pines a
 deeper moan,
 And the hoarse river's voice a mur-
 mur not its own.

LII

For stillness now—the stillness of
 the dead—
 Hath wrapt that conflict's lone and
 awful scene,
 And man's forsaken homes, in ruin
 spread,
 Tell where the storming of the
 cliffs hath been.
 And there, o'er wastes magnificently
 rude,
 What race may rove, unconscious
 of the chain?
 Those realms have now no desert
 unsubdued,
 Where Freedom's banner may be
 rear'd again:
 Sunk are the ancient dwellings of
 her fame,
 The children of her sons inherit but
 their name.

LIII

Go, seek proud Sparta's monuments
 and fanes!
 In scatter'd fragments o'er the vale
 they lie;
 Of all they were not e'en enough
 remains
 To lend their fall a mournful
 majesty.
 Birthplace of those whose names
 we first revered
 In song and story—temple of the
 free!
 O thou, the stern, the haughty,
 and the fear'd,
 Are such thy relics, and can this
 be thee?

Thou shouldst have left a giant
wreck behind,
And e'en in ruin claim'd the wonder
of mankind.

LIV

For thine were spirits cast in other
mould
Than all beside—and proved by
runder test;
They stood alone—the proud, the
firm, the bold,
With the same seal indelibly
imprest.
Theirs were no bright varieties of
mind,
One image stamp'd the rough,
colossal race,
In rugged grandeur frowning o'er
mankind,
Stern, and disdainful of each milder
grace.
As to the sky some mighty rock
may tower,
Whose front can brave the storm, but
will not rear the flower.

LV

Such were thy sons—their life a
battle-day!
Their youth one lesson how for thee
to die!
Closed is that task, and they have
pass'd away
Like softer beings train'd to aims
less high.
Yet bright on earth *their* fame who
proudly fell,
True to their shields, the cham-
pions of thy cause,
Whose funeral column bade the
stranger tell
How died the brave, obedient to
thy laws!
O lofty mother of heroic worth,
How couldst thou live to bring a
meaner offspring forth?

LVI

Hadst thou but perish'd with the
free, nor known
A second race, when Glory's noon
went by,
Then had thy name in single bright-
ness shone
A watchword on the helm of
liberty!

Thou shouldst have pass'd with all
the light of fame,
And proudly sunk in ruins, not in
chains,
But slowly set thy star 'midst
clouds of shame,
And tyrants rose amidst thy falling
fanés;
And thou, surrounded by thy
warriors' graves,
Hast drain'd the bitter cup once
mingled for thy slaves.

LVII

Now all is o'er—for thee alike are
flown
Freedom's bright noon, and Sla-
very's twilight cloud;
And in thy fall, as in thy pride,
alone,
Deep solitude is round thee, as a
shroud.
Home of Leonidas! thy halls are
low,
From their cold altars have thy
Lares fled,
O'er thee, unmark'd the sunbeams
fade or glow,
And wild flowers wave, unbent by
human tread;
And 'midst thy silence, as the
grave's profound,
A voice, a step, would seem as some
unearthly sound.

LVIII

Taÿgetus still lifts his awful
brow,
High o'er the mouldering city of
the dead,
Sternly sublime; while o'er his
robe of snow
Heaven's floating tints their warm
suffusions spread.
And yet his rippling wave Eurotas
leads
By tombs and ruins o'er the silent
plain,
While, whispering there, his own
wild graceful reeds
Rise as of old, when hail'd by
classic strain;
There the rose-laurels still in
beauty wave,
And a frail shrub survives to bloom
o'er Sparta's grave.

LIX

Oh ! thus it is with man. A tree, a flower,
 While nations perish, still renews
 its race,
 And o'er the fallen records of his
 power
 Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in
 fairy grace.
 The laurel shoots when those have
 pass'd away
 Once rivals for its crown, the brave,
 the free ;
 The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's
 clay,
 The myrtle blows when love hath
 ceased to be ;
 Green waves the bay when song
 and bard are fled,
 And all that round us blooms is
 blooming o'er the dead.

LX

And still the olive spreads its
 foliage round
 Morea's fallen sanctuaries and
 towers,
 Once its green boughs Minerva's
 votaries crown'd,
 Deem'd a meet offering for celestial
 powers.
 The suppliant's hand its holy
 branches bore ;
 They waved around the Olympic
 victor's head ;
 And, sanctified by many a rite of
 yore,
 Its leaves the Spartan's honour'd
 bier o'erspread :
 Those rites have vanish'd—but o'er
 vale and hill
 Its fruitful groves arise, revered and
 hallow'd still.

LXI

Where now thy shrines, Eleusis !
 where thy fane
 Of fearful visions, mysteries wild
 and high ?
 The pomp of rites, the sacrificial
 train,
 The long procession's awful
 pageantry ?
 Quench'd is the torch of Ceres—all
 around
 Decay hath spread the stillness of
 her reign,

H.P.

There never more shall choral
 hymns resound,
 O'er the hush'd earth and solitary
 main ;
 Whose wave from Salamis deserted
 flows,
 To bathe a silent shore of desolate
 repose.

LXII

And oh ! ye secret and terrific
 powers,
 Dark oracles ! in depth of groves
 that dwelt,
 How are they sunk, the altars of
 your bowers,
 Where Superstition trembled as
 she knelt !
 Ye, the unknown, the viewless ones !
 that made
 The elements your voice, the wind
 and wave ;
 Spirits ! whose influence darken'd
 many a shade,
 Mysterious visitants of fount and
 cave !
 How long your power the awe-
 struck nations sway'd,
 How long earth dreamt of you, and
 shudderingly obey'd !

LXIII

And say, what marvel, in those
 early days,
 While yet the light of heaven-born
 truth was not ;
 If man around him cast a fearful
 gaze,
 Peopling with shadowy powers each
 dell and grot ?
 Awful is nature in her savage forms,
 Her solemn voice commanding in
 its might,
 And mystery then was in the rush
 of storms,
 The gloom of woods, the majesty
 of night ;
 And mortals heard Fate's lan-
 guage in the blast,
 And rear'd your forest-shrines, ye
 phantoms of the past !

LXIV

Then through the foliage not a
 breeze might sigh
 But with prophetic sound—a wav-
 ing tree,

E E

A meteor flashing o'er the summer sky,
 A bird's wild flight reveal'd the things to be.
 All spoke of unseen natures, and convey'd,
 Their inspiration; still they hover'd round,
 Hallow'd the temple, whisper'd through the shade,
 Pervaded loneliness, gave soul to sound;
 Of them the fount, the forest, murmur'd still,
 Their voice was in the stream, their footstep on the hill.

LXV

Now is the train of Superstition flown,
 Unearthly Beings walk on earth no more;
 The deep wind swells with no portentous tone,
 The rustling wood breathes no fatidic lore.
 Fled are the phantoms of Livadia's cave,
 There dwell no shadows, but of crag and steep;
 Fount of Oblivion! in thy gushing wave,
 That murmurs nigh, those powers of terror sleep.
 Oh! that such dreams alone had fled that clime,
 But Greece is changed in all that could be changed by time!

LXVI

Her skies are those whence many a mighty bard
 Caught inspiration, glorious as their beams;
 Her hills the same that heroes died to guard,
 Her vales, that foster'd Art's divinest dreams!
 But that bright spirit o'er the land that shone,
 And all around pervading influence pour'd,
 That lent the harp of Æschylus its tone,
 And proudly hallow'd Lacedæmon's sword,

And guided Phidias o'er the yielding stone,
 With them its ardours lived—with them its light is flown.

LXVII

Thebes, Corinth, Argos!—ye, renown'd of old;
 Where are your chiefs of high romantic name?
 How soon the tale of ages may be told!
 A page, a verse, records the fall of fame,
 The work of centuries. We gaze on you,
 O cities! once the glorious and the free,
 The lofty tales that charm'd our youth renew,
 And wondering ask, if these their scenes could be?
 Search for the classic fane, the regal tomb,
 And find the mosque alone—a record of their doom!

LXVIII

How oft hath war his host of spoilers pour'd,
 Fair Elis! o'er thy consecrated vales!
 There have the sunbeams glanced on spear and sword,
 And banners floated on the balmy gales.
 Once didst thou smile, secure in sanctitude,
 As some enchanted isle 'mid stormy seas;
 On thee no hostile footstep might intrude,
 And pastoral sounds alone were on thy breeze.
 Forsaken home of peace! that spell is broke,
 Thou too hast heard the storm, and bow'd beneath the yoke.

LXIX

And through Arcadia's wild and lone retreats
 Far other sounds have echo'd than the strain
 Of faun and dryad, from their woodland seats,

Or ancient reed of peaceful mountain swain !
 There, though at times Alpheus yet surveys,
 On his green banks renew'd, the classic dance,
 And nymphlike forms, and wild melodious lays,
 Revive the sylvan scenes of old romance ;
 Yet brooding fear and dark suspicion dwell
 'Midst Pan's deserted haunts, by fountain, cave, and dell.

LXX

But thou, fair Attica ! whose rocky bound
 All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumined round
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind ;
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
 Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray ;
 Oh ! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
 The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

LXXI

Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more !
 Hark !—hymns of triumph swell on every gale !
 Lo ! bright processions move along thy shore !
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise ;
 And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies ;
 And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
 In their calm beauty smile around the sunbright scene.

LXXII

Again renew'd by Thought's creative spells,
 In all her pomp thy city, Theseus ! towers :
 Within, around, the light of glory dwells
 On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
 There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
 The pencil's world of life and beauty glows ;
 Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes ;
 And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,
 The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide.

LXXIII

Bright as that fairy vision of the wave,
 Raised by the magic of Morgana's wand,
 On summer seas that undulating lave
 Romantic Sicily's Arcadian strand ;
 That pictured scene of airy colonnades,
 Light palaces, in shadowy glory drest,
 Enchanted groves, and temples, and arcades,
 Gleaming and floating on the ocean's breast ;
 Athens ! thus fair the dream of thee appears,
 As Fancy's eye pervades the veiling cloud of years.

LXXIV

Still be that cloud withdrawn—oh ! mark on high,
 Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
 That fane, august in perfect symmetry,
 The purest model of Athenian taste.
 Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars rise
 In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
 Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,

That round thee spread their deep
ethereal blue ;
And art o'er all thy light propor-
tions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of
repose.

LXXV

And lovely o'er thee sleeps the
sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil
splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as they
smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in
vain.
Then the fair forms by Phidias
wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in
light,
Catch from soft clouds of purple
and of gold,
Each tint that passes, tremulously
bright ;
And seem indeed whate'er devotion
deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so
mingling with its beams.

LXXVI

But oh ! what words the vision
may portray,
The form of sanctitude that guards
thy shrine ?
There stands thy goddess, robed
in war's array,
Supremely glorious, awfully divine !
With spear and helm she stands,
and flowing vest,
And sculptured ægis, to perfection
wrought,
And on each heavenly lineament
imprest,
Calmly sublime, the majesty of
thought ;
The pure intelligence, the chaste
repose,—
All that a poet's dream around
Minerva throws.

LXXVII

Bright age of Pericles ! let fancy
still
Through time's deep shadows all
thy splendour trace,
And in each work of art's consum-
mate skill

Hail the free spirit of thy lofty race.
That spirit, roused by every proud
reward
That hope could picture, glory
could bestow,
Foster'd by all the sculptor and the
bard
Could give of immortality below.
Thus were thy heroes form'd, and
o'er their name
Thus did thy genius shed imperishable
fane.

LXXVIII

Mark in the throng'd Ceramicus,
the train
Of mourners weeping o'er the
martyr'd brave :
Proud be the tears devoted to the
slain,
Holy the amaranth strew'd upon
their grave !
And hark—unrivall'd eloquence
proclaims
Their deeds, their trophies, with
triumphant voice !
Hark—Pericles records their hon-
our'd names !
Sons of the fallen, in their lot
rejoice :
What hath life brighter than so
bright a doom ?
What power hath fate to soil the
garlands of the tomb ?

LXXIX

Praise to the valiant dead ! for
them doth art
Exhaust her skill, their triumphs
bodying forth ;
Theirs are enshrined names, and
every heart
Shall bear the blazon'd impress of
their worth.
Bright on the dreams of youth their
fame shall rise,
Their fields of fight shall epic song
record ;
And, when the voice of battle rends
the skies,
Their name shall be their country's
rallying word !
While fane and column rise august
to tell
How Athens honours those for her
who proudly fell.

LXXX

City of Theseus ! bursting on the
mind,
Thus dost thou rise, in all thy glory
fled !
Thus guarded by the mighty of
mankind,
Thus hallow'd by the memory of
the dead :
Alone in beauty and renown—a
scene
Whose tints are drawn from free-
dom's loveliest ray.
'Tis but a vision now—yet thou has
been
More than the brightest vision
might portray ;
And every stone, with but a vestige
fraught
Of thee, hath latent power to wake
some lofty thought.

LXXXI

Fall'n are thy fabrics, that so oft
have rung
To choral melodies, and tragic lore ;
Now is the lyre of Sophocles un-
strung,
The song that hail'd Harmodius
peals no more.
Thy proud Piræus is a desert strand,
Thy stately shrines are mouldering
on their hill,
Closed are the triumphs of the
sculptor's hand,
The magic voice of eloquence is
still ;
Minerva's veil is rent—her image
gone,
Silent the sage's bower—the warrior's
tomb o'erthrown.

LXXXII

Yet in decay thine exquisite remains
Wond'ring we view, and silently
revere,
As traces left on earth's forsaken
plains
By vanish'd beings of a nobler
sphere !
Not all the old magnificence of
Rome,
All that dominion there hath left
to time ;
Proud Coliseum, or commanding
dome,
Triumphal arch, or obelisk sublime,

Can bid such reverence o'er the
spirit steal,
As aught by thee imprest with
beauty's plastic seal.

LXXXIII

Though still the empress of the
sunburnt waste,
Palmyra rises, desolately grand—
Though with rich gold and massy
sculpture graced,
Commanding still, Persepolis may
stand
In haughty solitude—though
sacred Nile
The first-born temples of the world
surveys,
And many an awful and stupendous
pile
Thebes of the hundred gates e'en
yet displays ;
City of Pericles ! Oh ! who, like thee,
Can teach how fair the works of
mortal hand may be ?

LXXXIV

Thou ledst the way to that illu-
mined sphere
Where sovereign beauty dwells ;
and thence didst bear,
Oh, still triumphant in that high
career !
Bright archetypes of all the grand
and fair.
And still to thee the enlighten'd
mind hath flown
As to her country ;—thou hast been
to earth
A cynosure ;—and, e'en from
victory's throne,
Imperial Rome gave homage to thy
worth ;
And nations, rising to their fame
afar,
Still to thy model turn, as seamen
to their star.

LXXXV

Glory to those whose relics thus
arrest
The gaze of ages ! Glory to the
free !
For they, they only, could have
thus imprest
Their mighty image on the years to
be !
Empires and cities in oblivion lie,

Grandeur may vanish, conquest be
forgot :—
To leave on earth renown that
cannot die,
Of high-soul'd genius is the un-
rivall'd lot.
Honour to thee, O Athens ! thou
hast shown
What mortals may attain, and seized
the palm alone.

LXXXVI

Oh ! live there those who view
with scornful eyes
All that attests the brightness of
thy prime ?
Yes ; they who dwell beneath thy
lovely skies,
And breathe the inspiring ether of
thy clime !
Their path is o'er the mightiest of
the dead,
Their homes are 'midst the works
of noblest arts ;
Yet all around their gaze, beneath
their tread,
Not one proud thrill of loftier
thought imparts.
Such are the conquerors of Min-
erva's land,
Where Genius first reveal'd the
triumphs of his hand !

LXXXVII

For them in vain the glowing light
may smile
O'er the pale marble, colouring's
warmth to shed,
And in chaste beauty many a
sculptured pile
Still o'er the dust of heroes lift its
head.
No patriot feeling binds them to the
soil,
Whose tombs and shrines their
fathers have not rear'd,
Their glance is cold indifference,
and their toil
But to destroy what ages have
revered,
As if exulting sternly to erase
Whate'er might prove *that* land had
nursed a nobler race.

LXXXVIII

And who may grieve that, rescued
from their hands,

Spoilers of excellence and foes to
art,
Thy relics, Athens ! borne to other
lands,
Claim homage still to thee from
every heart ?
Though now no more the exploring
stranger's sight,
Fix'd in deep reverence on
Minerva's fane,
Shall hail, beneath their native
heaven of light,
All that remain'd of forms adored
in vain ;
A few short years—and, vanish'd
from the scene,
To blend with classic dust their
proudest lot had been.

LXXXIX

Fair Parthenon ! yet still must
Fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler
spirits flown.
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er
thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine
is gone !
Empires have sunk since thou wert
first revered,
And varying rights have sanctified
thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race
that rear'd
Thy walls ; and thou—their fate
must soon be thine !
But when shall earth again exult
to see
Visions divine like theirs renew'd in
aught like thee ?

XC

Lone are thy pillars now—each
passing gale
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice,
which moan'd
That loneliness, and told the plain-
tive tale
Of the bright synod once above
them throned.
Mourn, graceful ruin ! on thy
sacred hill,
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate
have shared :
Yet art thou honour'd in each
fragment still

That wasting years and barbarous
hands had spared ;
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's
fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in
ages yet unborn.

XCI

Yes ; in those fragments, though
by time defaced
And rude insensate conquerors, yet
remains
All that may charm the enlighten'd
eye of taste,
On shores where still inspiring
freedom reigns.
As vital fragrance breathes from
every part
Of the crush'd myrtle, or the
bruised rose,
E'en thus the essential energy of art
There in each wreck imperishably
glows !
The soul of Athens lives in every
line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of
her shrine.

XCII

Mark—on the storied frieze the
graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal
throng,
In fair procession to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move
along.
There every shade of bright exist-
ence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of
age ;
The matron's calm austerity of
grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant
sage ;
The nymph's light symmetry, the
chief's proud mien ;
Each ray of beauty caught and
mingled in the scene.

XCIII

Art unobtrusive there ennobles
form,
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely
flows ;
There e'en the steed, with bold
expression warm,

Is clothed with majesty, with being
glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonised
the whole ;
Those varied groups the same
bright impress bear ;
One beam and essence of exalting
soul
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the
fair ;
And well that pageant of the
glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier
spirits fled.

XCIV

O conquering Genius ! that
couldst thus detain
The subtle graces, fading as they
rise,
Eternalise expression's fleeting
reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy
glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and
create
Powers half divine : while nations
are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine hath
vanquish'd fate !
And when thy hand first gave its
wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now scarce
claim'd a name on earth.

XCV

Wert thou some spirit of a purer
sphere
But once beheld, and never to
return ?
No—we may hail again thy bright
career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall
burn !
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin,
bear
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath
been renew'd—
A light inherent—let not man
despair :
Still be hope ardent, patience
unsubdued ;
For still is nature fair, and thought
divine,
And art hath won a world in models
pure as thine.

XCVI

Gaze on yon forms, corroded and
defaced—
Yet there the germ of future glory
lies !
Their virtual grandeur could not be
erased ;
It clothes them still, though veil'd
from common eyes.
They once were gods and heroes—
and beheld
As the blest guardians of their
native scene ;
And hearts of warriors, sages, bards,
have swell'd
With awe that own'd their sove-
reignty of mien.
—Ages have vanish'd since those
hearts were cold,
And still those shatter'd forms retain
their godlike mould.

XCVII

'Midst their bright kindred, from
their marble throne
They have look'd down on thou-
sand storms of time ;
Surviving power, and fame, and
freedom flown, [sublime !
They still remain'd, still tranquilly
Till mortal hands the heavenly
conclave marr'd.
The Olympian groups have sunk,
and are forgot ;
Not e'en their dust could weeping
Athens guard—
But these were destined to a nobler
lot !
And they have borne, to light
another land,
The quenchless ray that soon shall
gloriously expand.

XCVIII

Phidias ! supreme in thought !
what hand but thine,
In human works thus blending
earth and heaven,
O'er nature's truth hath spread
that grace divine,
To mortal form immortal grandeur
given ?
What soul but thine, infusing all
its power
In these last monuments of match-
less days,

Could, from their ruins, bid young
Genius tower,
And Hope aspire to more exalted
praise ?
And guide deep Thought to that
secluded height
Where excellence is throned, in purity
of light ?

XCIX

And who can tell how pure, how
bright a flame,
Caught from these models, may
illumine the West ?
What British Angelo may rise to
fame,
On the free isle what beams of art
may rest ?
Deem not, O England ! that by
climes confined, [ray ;
Genius and taste diffuse a partial
Deem not the eternal energies of
mind
Sway'd by that sun whose doom
is but decay !
Shall thought be foster'd but by
skies serene ?
No ! thou hast power to be what
Athens e'er hath been.

C

But thine are treasures oft un-
prized, unknown,
And cold neglect hath blighted
many a mind,
O'er whose young ardours had thy
smile but shone,
Their soaring flight had left a world
behind !
And many a gifted hand, that
might have wrought
To Grecian excellence the breathing
stone,
Or each pure grace of Raphael's
pencil caught,
Leaving no record of its power, is
gone !
While thou hast fondly sought, on
distant coast,
Gems far less rich than those, thus
precious, and thus lost.

CI

Yet rise, O Land, in all but art
alone,
Bid the sole wreath that is not
thine be won !

Fame dwells around thee—Genius
is thine own ;
Call his rich blooms to life—be thou
their sun !
So, should dark ages o'er thy glory
sweep,
Should *thine* e'er be as now are
Grecian plains,

Nations unborn shall track thine
own blue deep
To hail thy shore, to worship thy
remains ;
Thy mighty monuments with
reverence trace,
And cry, " This ancient soil hath
nursed a glorious race ! "

WALLACE'S INVOCATION TO BRUCE

Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !

THE morn rose bright on scenes
renown'd,
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,
Where the bold sons of other days
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,
And fell—but not till Carron's tide
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.
The morn rose bright—and heard the
cry
Sent by exulting hosts on high,
And saw the white-cross banner
float
(While rung each clansman's gather-
ing note)
O'er the dark plumes and serried
spears
Of Scotland's daring mountaineers ;
As, all elate with hope, they stood,
To buy their freedom with their blood.

The sunset shone—to guide the
flying,
And beam a farewell to the dying !
The summer moon, on Falkirk's field,
Streams upon eyes in slumber seal'd ;
Deep slumber—not to pass away
When breaks another morning's ray,
Nor vanish when the trumpet's voice
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice :
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's
breath,
May chase the still cold sleep of
death ?
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd
plaid,
Low are her mountain warriors laid ;
They fell, on that proud soil whose
mould
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,
And, guarded by the free and brave,
Yielded the Roman—but a grave !

Nobly they fell ; yet with them died
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.
Vainly they fell—that martyr host—
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.
Blest are the slain ! *they* calmly sleep,
Nor hear their bleeding country weep !
The shouts of England's triumph
telling,
Reach not their dark and silent
dwelling ;
And those surviving to bequeath
Their sons the choice of chains or
death,
May give the slumberer's lowly bier
An envying glance—but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !
No vassal spirit, form'd to bow
When storms are gathering, clouds
thy brow ;
No shade of fear, or weak despair,
Blends with indignant sorrow there !
The ray which streams on yon red
field, [shield,
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and
Glitters not *there* alone, to shed
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead ;
But where smooth Carron's rippling
wave
Flows near that deathbed of the brave,
Illuming all the midnight scene,
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.
But other beams, O Patriot ! shine
In each commanding glance of thine,
And other light hath fill'd thine eye
With inspiration's majesty,
Caught from the immortal flame
divine,
Which makes thine inmost heart a
shrine !

Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,
 The grandeur Freedom lends her son ;
 Thy bearing a resistless power,
 The ruling genius of the hour !
 And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,
 Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,
 Whose haughty gesture fain would seek
 To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,
 Feels his reluctant mind controll'd
 By thine of more heroic mould ;
 Though, struggling all in vain to war
 With that high soul's ascendant star,
 He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,
 Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice ?—
 " Proud Victor ! in thy fame rejoice !
 Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,
 The harvest of the battle plain,
 And bathed thy sword in blood,
 whose spot
 Eternity shall cancel not ?
 Rejoice !—with sounds of wild lament,
 O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,
 With dying moan and dirge's wail,
 Thy ravaged country bids thee hail !
 Rejoice !—while yet exulting cries
 From England's conquering host arise,
 And strains of choral triumph tell,
 Her Royal Slave hath fought too well !
 Oh ! dark the clouds of woe that rest,
 Brooding, o'er Scotland's mountain crest ;
 Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,
 O'er martyr'd chiefs her daughters mourn,
 And not a breeze, but wafts the sound
 Of wailing through the land around.
 Yet deem not thou, till life depart,
 High hope shall leave the patriot's heart ;
 Or courage to the storm inured,
 Or stern resolve by woes matured,
 Oppose, to Fate's severest hour.
 Less than unconquerable power !
 No ! though the orbs of heaven expire,
Thine, Freedom ! is a quenchless fire ;
 And woe to him whose might would dare

The energies of *thy* despair !
 No !—when thy chain, O Bruce ! is cast
 O'er thy land's charter'd mountain blast,
 Then in my yielding soul shall die
 The glorious faith of Liberty ! "

" Wild hopes ! o'er dreamer's mind that rise ! "
 With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries
 (Yet his dark cheek is flush'd with shame,
 And his eye fill'd with troubled flame) ;
 " Vain, brief illusions ! doom'd to fly
 England's red path of victory !
 Is not her sword unmatch'd in might ?
 Her course, a torrent in the fight ?
 The terror of her name gone forth
 Wide o'er the regions of the north ?
 Far hence, 'midst other heaths and snows,
 Must freedom's footstep now repose.
 And thou—in lofty dreams elate,
 Enthusiast ! strive no more with Fate !
 'Tis vain—the land is lost and won—
 Sheathed be the sword—its task is done.
 Where are the chiefs that stood with thee,
 First in the battles of the free ?
 The firm in heart, in spirit high ?—
 They sought yon fatal field to die.
 Each step of Edward's conquering host
 Hath left a grave on Scotland's coast. "

" Vassal of England, yes ! a grave
 Where sleep the faithful and the brave ;
 And who the glory would resign,
 Of death like theirs, for life like thine ?
 They slumber—and the stranger's tread
 May spurn thy country's noble dead ;
 Yet, on the land they loved so well,
 Still shall their burning spirit dwell,
 Their deeds shall hallow minstrel's theme,
 Their image rise on warrior's dream,
 Their names be inspiration's breath,
 Kindling high hope and scorn of death,
 Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,

The flame that shall avenge their
doom!

This is no land for chains—away!
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway;
Think'st thou the mountain and the
storm

Their hardy sons for bondage form?
Doth our stern wintry blast instil
Submission to a despot's will?
No! *we* were cast in other mould
Than theirs by lawless power con-
troll'd;

The nurture of our bitter sky
Calls forth resisting energy,
And the wild fastnesses are ours,
The rocks with their eternal towers;
The soul to struggle and to dare,
Is mingled with our northern air,
And dust beneath our soil is lying
Of those who died for fame undying.
Tread'st thou that soil! and can it be,
No loftier thought is roused in thee?
Doth no high feeling proudly start
From slumber in thine inmost heart?
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,
For thine own Scotland pleading still?
Oh! wake thee yet—indignant,
claim

A nobler fate, a purer fame,
And cast to earth thy fetters riven,
And take thine offer'd crown from
Heaven.

Wake! in that high majestic lot
May the dark past be all forgot;
And Scotland shall forgive the field
Where, with her blood thy shame was
seal'd.

E'en I—though on that fatal plain
Lies my heart's brother with the slain;
Though, reft of his heroic worth,
My spirit dwells alone on earth;
And when all other grief is past,
Must *this* be cherish'd to the last,
Will lead thy battles, guard thy
throne,

With faith unspotted as his own,
Nor in thy noon of fame recall,
Whose was the guilt that wrought his
fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern dis-
dain?
Are Freedom's warning accents vain?
No! royal Bruce! within thy breast
Wakes each high thought, too long
suppress'd.

And thy heart's noblest feelings live,
Blent in that suppliant word—
"Forgive!"

"Forgive the wrongs to Scotland
done!

Wallace! thy fairest palm is won;
And, kindling at my country's shrine,
My soul hath caught a spark from
thine,

Oh! deem not, in the proudest hour
Of triumph and exulting power—
Deem not the light of peace could find
A home within my troubled mind.
Conflicts by mortal eye unseen,
Dark, silent, secret, there have been,
Known but to Him Whose glance can
trace
Thought to its deepest dwelling-
place!

—'Tis past—and on my native shore
I tread, a rebel son no more.
Too blest, if yet my lot may be,
In glory's path to follow thee;
If tears, by late repentance pour'd,
May lave the blood-stains from my
sword!"

Far other tears, O Wallace! rise
From the heart's fountain to thine
eyes;
Bright, holy, and uncheck'd they
spring, [King!]

While thy voice falters, "Hail! my
Be every wrong, by memory traced,
In this full tide of joy effaced:
Hail! and rejoice!—thy race shall
claim

A heritage of deathless fame,
And Scotland shall arise, at length,
Majestic in triumphant strength,
An eagle of the rock, that won
A way through tempests to the sun!
Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,
The prophet-spirit of thy land:
By torrent-wave, in desert vast,
Those visions o'er my thought have
pass'd;

Where mountain vapours darkly roll,
That spirit hath possess'd my soul;
And shadowy forms have met mine
eye,

The beings of futurity;
And a deep voice of years to be
Hath told that Scotland shall be free!
He comes! exult, thou Sire of Kings!
From thee the chief, the avenger
springs!

Far o'er the land he comes to save,
 His banners in their glory wave,
 And Albyn's thousand harps awake
 On hill and heath, by stream and
 lake,
 To swell the strains that far around
 Bid the proud name of Bruce resound !
 And I—but wherefore now recall
 The whisper'd omens of my fall ?
 They come not in mysterious gloom—
 There is no bondage in the tomb !
 O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,
 And earth alone for man hath chains !
 What though I perish ere the hour
 When Scotland's vengeance wakes in
 power ?
 If shed for her, my blood shall stain
 The field or scaffold not in vain :
 Its voice to efforts more sublime
 Shall rouse the spirit of her clime ;
 And in the noontide of her lot,
 My country shall forget me not ! ”

Art thou forgot ? and hath thy
 worth
 Without its glory pass'd from earth ?
 Rest with the brave, whose names
 belong
 To the high sanctity of song !
 Charter'd our reverence to control,
 And traced in sunbeams on the soul,
Thine, Wallace ! while the heart hath
 still
 One pulse a generous thought can
 thrill—
 While youth's warm tears are yet the
 meed
 Of martyr's death or hero's deed,
 Shall brightly live from age to age,

Thy country's proudest heritage !
 'Midst her green vales thy fame is
 dwelling,
 Thy deeds her mountain winds are
 telling,
 Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,
 Thy step hath hallow'd rock and cave,
 And cold the wanderer's heart must be
 That holds no converse there with
 thee !
 Yet, Scotland ! to thy champion's
 shade,
 Still are thy grateful rites delay'd ;
 From lands of old renown, o'erspread
 With proud memorials of the dead,
 The trophied urn, the breathing bust,
 The pillar guarding noble dust,
 The shrine where art and genius high
 Have laboured for eternity—
 The stranger comes—his eye explores
 The wilds of thy majestic shores,
 Yet vainly seeks one votive stone
 Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel
 lore !
 Withhold that guerdon now no more.
 On some bold height of awful form,
 Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,
 Sublimely mingling with the skies,
 Bid the proud Cenotaph arise :
 Not to *record* the name that thrills
 Thy soul, the watchword of thy hills ;
 Not to assert, with needless claim,
 The bright *for ever* of its fame ;
 But, in the ages yet untold,
 When *ours* shall be the days of old,
 To rouse high hearts, and speak thy
 pride
 In him, for thee who lived and died.

THE SCEPTIC

Leur raison, qu'ils prennent pour guide, ne présente à leur esprit que des conjectures et des embarras ; les absurdités où ils tombent en niant la Religion deviennent plus insoutenables que les vérités dont la hauteur les étonne ; et pour ne vouloir pas croire des mystères incompréhensibles, ils suivent l'une après l'autre d'incompréhensibles erreurs.—BOSSUET.

WHEN the young Eagle, with exulting
 eye,
 Has learn'd to dare the splendour of
 the sky,
 And leave the Alps beneath him in his
 course,
 To bathe his crest in morn's empyreal
 source ;

Will his free wing, from that majestic
 height,
 Descend to follow some wild meteor's
 light,
 Which, far below, with evanescent
 fire,
 Shines to delude, and dazzles to ex-
 pire ?

No ! still through clouds he wins his
upward way,
And proudly claims his heritage of
day !
—And shall the spirit, on whose
ardent gaze
The dayspring from on high hath
pour'd its blaze,
Turn from that pure effulgence to the
beam
Of earth-born light, that sheds a
treacherous gleam,
Luring the wanderer, from the star
of faith,
To the deep valley of the shades of
death ?
What bright exchange, what treasure
shall be given,
For the high birthright of its hope
in Heaven ?
If lost the gem which empires could
not buy,
What yet remains ?—a dark eternity !

Is earth still Eden ?—might a
seraph guest,
Still 'midst its chosen bowers de-
lighted rest ?
Is all so cloudless and so calm below,
We seek no fairer scenes than *life* can
show ?
That the cold Sceptic, in his pride
elate,
Rejects the promise of a brighter
state,
And leaves the rock no tempest shall
displace,
To rear his dwelling on the quick-
sand's base ?

Votary of doubt ! then join the
festal throng,
Bask in the sunbeam, listen to the
song,
Spread the rich board, and fill the
wine-cup high,
And bind the wreath ere yet the
roses die !
'Tis well, thine eye is yet undimm'd
by time,
And thy heart bounds, exulting in its
prime ;
Smile then unmoved at Wisdom's
warning voice,
And in the glory of thy strength
rejoice !

But life hath sterner tasks ; e'en
youth's brief hours
Survive the beauty of their loveliest
flowers ;
The founts of joy, where pilgrims
rest from toil,
Are few and distant on the desert soil ;
The soul's pure flame the breath of
storms must fan,
And pain and sorrow claim their
nursling—Man !
Earth's noblest sons the bitter cup
have shared—
Proud child of reason ! how art *thou*
prepared ?
When years, with silent might, thy
frame have bow'd,
And o'er thy spirit cast their wintry
cloud,
Will Memory soothe thee on thy bed
of pain
With the bright images of pleasure's
train ?

Yes ! as the sight of some far-
distant shore,
Whose well-known scenes his foot
shall tread no more,
Would cheer the seaman, by the eddy-
ing wave
Drawn, vainly struggling, to the
unfathom'd grave !
Shall Hope, the faithful cherub, hear
thy call,
She who, like heaven's own sunbeam,
smiles for all !
Will *she* speak comfort ?—Thou hast
shorn her plume,
That might have raised thee far above
the tomb,
And hush'd the only voice whose
angel tone
Soothes when all melodies of joy are
flown !

For she was born beyond the stars
to soar,
And kindling at the source of life,
adore ;
Thou couldst not, mortal ! rivet to
the earth
Her eye, whose beam is of celestial
birth ;
She dwells with those who leave her
pinion free,
And sheds the dews of heaven on all
but thee.

Yet few there are so lonely, so bereft,
 But some true heart, that beats to theirs, is left;
 And, haply, one whose strong affection's power
 Unchanged may triumph through misfortune's hour,
 Still with fond care supports thy languid head,
 And keeps unwearied vigils by thy bed.

But thou whose thoughts have no blest home above!
 Captive of earth! and canst thou dare to *love*?
 To nurse such feelings as delight to rest,
 Within that hallow'd shrine—a parent's breast,
 To fix each hope, concentrate every tie,
 On one frail idol—destined but to die;
 Yet mock the faith that points to worlds of light,
 Where sever'd souls, made perfect, re-unite?
 Then tremble! cling to every passing joy,
 'Twined with the life a moment may destroy!
 If there be sorrow in a parting tear,
 Still let "*for ever*" vibrate on thine ear!
 If some bright hour on rapture's wing hath flown,
 Find more than anguish in the thought—'tis gone!

Go! to a voice such magic influence give,
 Thou canst not lose its melody, and live;
 And make an eye the lode-star of thy soul,
 And let a glance the springs of thought control;
 Gaze on a mortal form with fond delight,
 Till the fair vision mingles with thy sight;
 There seek thy blessings, there repose thy trust,
 Lean on the willow, idolize the dust!
 Then, when thy treasure best repays thy care,

Think on that dread "*for ever*"—and despair!

And oh! no strange, unwonted storm there needs
 To wreck at once thy fragile ark of reeds.
 Watch well its course—explore with anxious eye
 Each little cloud that floats along the sky—
 Is the blue canopy serenely fair?
 Yet may the thunderbolt unseen be there,
 And the bark sink when peace and sunshine sleep
 On the smooth bosom of the waveless deep!
 Yes! ere a sound, a sign, announce thy fate,
 May the blow fall which makes thee desolate!
 Not always Heaven's destroying angel shrouds
 His awful form in tempests and in clouds;
 He fills the summer air with latent power,
 He hides his venom in the scented flower,
 He steals upon thee in the zephyr's breath,
 And festal garlands veil the shafts of death!

Where art thou *then*, who thus didst rashly cast
 Thine all upon the mercy of the blast,
 And vainly hope the tree of life to find
 Rooted in sands that flit before the wind?
 Is not that earth thy spirit loved so well
 It wish'd not in a brighter sphere to dwell,
 Become a desert *now*, a vale of gloom,
 O'ershadow'd with the midnight of the tomb?
 Where shalt thou turn?—It is not thine to raise
 To yon pure heaven thy calm confiding gaze,
 No gleam reflected from that realm of rest
 Steals on the darkness of thy troubled breast;

Not for thine eye shall Faith divinely
shed
Her glory round the image of the
dead ;
And if, when slumber's lonely couch
is press'd,
The form departed be thy spirit's
guest,
It bears no light from purer worlds
to this ;
Thy future lends not e'en a dream of
bliss.

But who shall dare the gate of life
to close,
Or say, *thus far* the stream of mercy
flows ?
That fount unseal'd, whose boundless
waves embrace
Each distant isle, and visit every race,
Pours from the throne of God its
current free,
Nor yet denies the immortal draught
to thee.
Oh ! while the doom impends, not yet
decreed,
While yet the Atoner hath not ceased
to plead,
While still, suspended by a single hair,
The sharp bright sword hangs quiver-
ing in the air,
Bow down thy heart to Him Who will
not break
The bruised reed ; e'en yet, awake,
awake !
Patient, because Eternal, He may
hear
Thy prayer of agony with pitying ear,
And send His chastening Spirit from
above
O'er the deep chaos of thy soul to
move.

But seek thou mercy through His
name alone,
To Whose unequal'd sorrows none
was shown.
Through Him, Who here in mortal
garb abode,
As man to suffer, and to heal as God ;
And, born the sons of utmost time to
bless,
Endured all scorn, and aided all dis-
tress.

Call thou on Him—for He, in human
form,

Hath walk'd the waves of life, and
still'd the storm.
He, when her hour of lingering grace
was past,
O'er Salem wept, relenting to the
last,
Wept with such tears as Judah's
monarch pour'd
O'er his lost child, ungrateful, yet
deplored ;
And, offering guiltless blood that
guilt might live,
Taught from His Cross the lesson—to
forgive !

Call thou on Him—His prayer e'en
then arose,
Breathed in unpitied anguish for His
foes.
And haste !—ere bursts the lightning
from on high,
Fly to the City of thy Refuge, fly !
So shall the Avenger turn his steps
away,
And sheathe his falchion, baffled of its
prey.

Yet must long days roll on, ere
peace shall brood,
As the soft halcyon, o'er thy heart
subdued ;
Ere yet the dove of Heaven descend,
to shed
Inspiring influence o'er thy fallen
head.
—He, who hath pined in dungeons,
'midst the shade
Of such deep night as man for man
hath made,
Through lingering years ; if call'd at
length to be,
Once more, by nature's boundless
charter, free,
Shrinks feebly back, the blaze of noon
to shun,
Fainting at day, and blasted by the
sun.

Thus, when the captive soul hath
long remain'd
In its own dread abyss of darkness
chain'd,
If the Deliverer, in his might, at last,
Its fetters, born of earth, to earth
should cast,
The beam of truth o'erpowers its
dazzled sight,

Trembling it sinks, and finds no joy
 in light.
 But this will pass away—that spark
 of mind,
 Within thy frame unquenchably
 enshrined,
 Shall live to triumph in its bright-
 'ning ray,
 Born to be foster'd with ethereal day.
 Then wilt thou bless the hour, when
 o'er thee pass'd,
 On wing of flame, the purifying blast,
 And sorrow's voice, through paths
 before untrod,
 Like Sinai's trumpet, call'd thee to
 thy God !

But hopest thou, in thy panoply
 of pride,
 Heaven's messenger, affliction, to
 deride ?
 In thine own strength unaided to
 defy,
 With Stoic smile, the arrows of the
 sky ?
 Torn by the vulture, fetter'd to the
 rock,
 Still, demigod ! the tempest wilt thou
 mock ?
 Alas ! the tower that crests the moun-
 tain's brow
 A thousand years may awe the vale
 below,
 Yet not the less be shatter'd on its
 height,
 By one dread moment of the earth-
 quake's might !
 A thousand pangs thy bosom may
 have borne,
 In silent fortitude or haughty scorn,
 Till comes the one, the master-
 anguish, sent
 To break the mighty heart that ne'er
 was bent.

Oh ! what is nature's strength ?
 The vacant eye,
 By mind deserted, hath a dread reply !
 The wild delirious laughter of despair,
 The mirth of frenzy—seek an answer
 there !
 Turn not away, though pity's cheek
 grow pale,
 Close not thine ear against their awful
 tale.
 They tell thee Reason, wandering
 from the ray

Of Faith, the blazing pillar of her way,
 In the mid-darkness of the stormy
 wave,
 Forsook the struggling soul she could
 not save !
 Weep not, sad moralist ! o'er desert
 plains,
 Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur
 —mouldering fanes,
 Arches of triumph, long with weeds
 o'ergrown,
 And regal cities, now the serpent's
 own :
 Earth has more awful ruins—one lost
 mind,
 Whose star is quench'd, hath lessons
 for mankind,
 Of deeper import than each prostrate
 dome,
 Mingling its marble with the dust of
 Rome.

But who, with eye unshrinking,
 shall explore
 That waste, illumed by reason's
 beam no more ?
 Who pierce the deep, mysterious
 clouds that roll
 Around the shatter'd temple of the
 soul,
 Curtain'd with midnight ? Low its
 columns lie,
 And dark the chambers of its imag'ry,
 Sunk are its idols now—and God
 alone
 May rear the fabric by their fall o'er-
 thrown !
 Yet, from its inmost shrine, by storms
 laid bare,
 Is heard an oracle that cries—" Be-
 ware !
 Child of the dust ! but ransomed of
 the skies !
 One breath of Heaven, and thus thy
 glory dies !
 Haste, ere the hour of doom—draw
 nigh to Him
 Who dwells above between the
 cherubim ! "

Spirit dethroned ! and check'd in
 mid-career,
 Son of the morning ! exiled from thy
 sphere,
 Tell us thy tale !—Perchance thy race
 was run

With science, in the chariot of the sun ;
 Free as the winds the paths of space
 to sweep,
 Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of
 the deep,
 And search the laws that Nature's
 springs control,
 There tracing all—save Him Who
 guides the whole !

Haply thine eye its ardent glance
 had cast
 Through the dim shades, the portals
 of the past ;
 By the bright lamp of thought thy
 care had fed
 From the far beacon-lights of ages fled,
 The depths of time exploring, to
 retrace
 The glorious march of many a van-
 ish'd race.

Or did thy power pervade the living
 lyre,
 Till its deep chords became instinct
 with fire, [on high,
 Silenced all meaner notes, and swell'd
 Full and alone, their mighty harinony,
 While woke each passion from its cell
 profound,
 And nations started at the electric
 sound ?

Lord of the ascendant ! what avails
 it now,
 Though bright the laurels waved upon
 thy brow ?
 What, though thy name, through
 distant empires heard,
 Bade the heart bound, as doth a
 battle-word ?
 Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye
 Kept vigil with the watchfires of the
 sky,
 To make the secrets of all ages thine,
 And commune with majestic thoughts
 that shine
 O'er Time's long shadowy pathway ?
 —hath thy mind
 Sever'd its lone dominions from
 mankind,
 For *this* to woo their homage ?—
 Thou hast sought
 All, save the wisdom with salvation
 fraught,

Won every wreath—but that which
 will not die,
 Nor aught neglected—save eternity !

And did all fail thee in the hour of
 wrath,
 When burst the o'erwhelming vials
 on thy path ?

Could not the voice of Fame inspire
 thee then,

O spirit ! sceptr'd by the sons of men,
 With an immortal's courage, to sustain
 The transient agonies of earthly pain ?

—One, one there was, all-powerful to
 have saved,

When the loud fury of the billow
 raved ;

But him thou knew'st not—and the
 light he lent

Hath vanish'd from its ruin'd tene-
 ment,

But left thee breathing, moving,
 lingering yet,

A thing we shrink from—vainly to
 forget !

—Lift the dread veil no further—
 hide, oh ! hide

The bleeding form, the couch of
 suicide !

The dagger, grasp'd in death—the
 brow, the eye,

Lifeless, yet stamp'd with rage and
 agony ;

The soul's dark traces left in many
 a line

Graved on *his* mien, who died,—
 “ and made no sign ! ”

Approach not, gaze not—lest thy
 fever'd brain

Too deep that image of despair re-
 tain ;

Angels of slumber ! o'er the mid-
 night hour,

Let not such visions claim unhallow'd
 power,

Lest the mind sink with terror, and
 above

See but the Avenger's arm, forget the
 Atoner's love !

O Thou ! the Unseen, the All-seeing !
 —Thou Whose ways,

Mantled with darkness, mock all
 finite gaze,

Before Whose eyes the creatures of
 Thy hand,

Seraph and man, alike in weakness
stand,
And countless ages, trampling into
clay
Earth's empires on their march, are
but a day ;
Father of worlds unknown, un-
number'd !—Thou,
With Whom all time is one eternal
now,
Who know'st no past, nor future—
Thou Whose breath
Goes forth, and bears to myriads life
or death !
Look on us, guide us !—wanderers of
a sea
Wild and obscure, what are we, reft
of Thee ?
A thousand rocks, deep-hid, elude
our sight,
A star may set—and we are lost in
night ;
A breeze may waft us to the whirl-
pool's brink,
A treach'rous song allure us—and we
sink !

Oh ! by *His* love, Who, veiling
Godhead's light,
To moments circumscribed the In-
finite,
And Heaven and Earth disdain'd not
to ally
By that dread union—Man with
Deity ; [shed,
Immortal tears o'er mortal woes Who
And, ere He raised them, wept above
the dead ;
Save, or we perish !—Let Thy word
control
The earthquakes of that universe—
the soul ;
Pervade the depths of passion—speak
once more
The mighty mandate, guard of every
shore,
" Here shall thy waves be stay'd ; "
in grief, in pain,
The fearful poise of reason's sphere
maintain,
Thou, by Whom suns are balanced !
—thus secure
In Thee shall Faith and Fortitude
endure ;
Conscious of Thee, unfaltering, shall
the just

Look upward still, in high and holy
trust,
And by affliction guided to Thy
shrine,
The first, last thought of suffering
hearts be Thine.

And oh ! be near, when, clothed
with conquering power,
The King of Terrors claims his own
dread hour :
When, on the edge of that unknown
abyss,
Which darkly parts us from the realm
of bliss,
Awestruck alike the timid and the
brave,
Alike subdued the monarch and the
slave,
Must drink the cup of trembling—
when we see
Nought in the universe but Death
and Thee,
Forsake us not—if still, when life
was young,
Faith to thy bosom, as her home,
hath sprung,
If Hope's retreat hath been, through
all the past,
The shadow by the Rock of Ages cast,
Father, forsake us not !—When
tortures urge
The shrinking soul to that mysterious
verge ;
When from Thy justice to Thy love
we fly,
On Nature's conflict look with pity-
ing eye,
Bid the strong wind, the fire, the
earthquake cease,
Come in the still small voice, and
whisper—peace !
For oh ! 'tis awful—He that hath
beheld
The parting spirit, by its fears re-
pell'd,
Cling in weak terror to its earthly
chain,
And from the dizzy brink recoil, in
vain ;
He that hath seen the last convulsive
throe
Dissolve the union form'd and closed
in woe,
Well knows that hour is awful. In
the pride

Of youth and health, by sufferings yet
untried,
We talk of Death, as something, which
'twere sweet

In Glory's arms exultingly to meet,
A closing triumph, a majestic scene,
Where gazing nations watch the
hero's mien,
As, undismay'd amidst the tears of
all,
He folds his mantle, regally to fall !

Hush, fond enthusiast!—still, ob-
scure, and lone,
Yet not less terrible because unknown,
Is the last hour of thousands—they
retire

From life's throng'd path, unnoticed
to expire ;

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin
bears

Some trembling insect's little world
of cares,

Descends in silence—while around
waves on

The mighty forest, reckless what is
gone !

Such is man's doom—and, ere an hour
be flown,

—Start not, thou trifler !—such may
be thine own.

But, as life's current in its ebb
draws near

The shadowy gulf, there wakes a
thought of fear,

A thrilling thought, which haply
mock'd before,

We fain would stifle—but it sleeps no
more !

There are who fly its murmurs 'midst
the throng,

That join the masque of revelry and
song ;

Yet still Death's image, by its power
restored,

Frowns 'midst the roses of the festal
board,

And when deep shades o'er earth and
ocean brood,

And the heart owns the might of
solitude,

Is its low whisper heard ?—a note
profound,

But wild and startling as the trumpet
sound,

That bursts, with sudden blast, the
dead repose
Of some proud city, storm'd by
midnight foes !

Oh ! vainly Reason's scornful
voice would prove

That life had nought to claim such
lingering love,

And ask if e'er the captive, half
unchain'd,

Clung to the links which yet his step
restrain'd ?

In vain Philosophy, with tranquil
pride,

Would mock the feelings she per-
chance can hide,

Call up the countless armies of the
dead,

Point to the pathway beaten by their
tread,

And say—"What wouldst thou ?
Shall the fix'd decree,

Made for creation, be reversed for
thee ?"

—Poor, feeble aid !—Proud Stoic !
—ask not why,

It is enough, that nature shrinks to
die !

Enough, *that* horror, which thy words
upbraid,

Is her dread penalty, and must be
paid !

—Search thy deep wisdom, solve the
scarce defined

And mystic questions of the parting
mind,

Half check'd, half utter'd—tell her,
what shall burst,

In whelming grandeur, on her vision
first,

When freed from mortal films ?—
what viewless world !

Shall first receive her wing, but half
unfurl'd ?

What awful and unbodied beings
guide

Her timid flight through regions yet
untried ?

Say, if at once, her final doom to hear,
Before her God the trembler must

appear,
Or wait that day of terror, when the
sea

Shall yield its hidden dead, and
heaven and earth shall flee ?

Hast thou no answer? Then
 deride no more
 The thoughts that shrink, yet cease
 not to explore
 The unknown, the unseen, the future
 —though the heart,
 As at unearthly sounds, before them
 start;
 Though the frame shudder, and the
 spirit sigh,
 They have their source in immor-
 tality!
 Whence, then, shall strenght, which
 reason's aid denies,
 An equal to the mortal conflict rise?
 When, on the swift pale horse, whose
 lightning pace,
 Where'er we fly, still wins the dread-
 ful race,
 The mighty rider comes—Oh! whence
 shall aid
 Be drawn, to meet his rushing, un-
 dismay'd?
 —Whence, but from thee, Messiah!
 —Thou hast drain'd
 The bitter cup, till not the dregs
 remain'd;
 To Thee the struggle and the pang
 were known,
 The mystic horror—all became Thine
 own!

But did no hand celestial succour
 bring,
 Till scorn and anguish haply lost their
 sting?
 Came not the Archangel, in the final
 hour,
 To arm Thee with invulnerable
 power?
 No, Son of God! upon Thy sacred
 head
 The shafts of wrath their tenfold fury
 shed,
 From man averted—and Thy path on
 high
 Pass'd through the strait of fiercest
 agony;
 For thus the Eternal, with propitious
 eyes,
 Received the last, the almighty
 sacrifice!

But wake! be glad, ye nations!
 from the tomb
 Is won the victory, and is fled the
 gloom!

The vale of death in conquest hath
 been trod,
 Break forth in joy, ye ransom'd!
 saith your God!
 Swell ye the raptures of the song afar,
 And hail with harps your bright and
 Morning Star.

He rose! The everlasting gates of
 day
 Received the King of Glory on His
 way!
 The hope, the comforter of those who
 wept,
 And the first-fruits of them in Him
 that slept.
 He rose, He triumph'd! He will yet
 sustain
 Frail nature sinking in the strife of
 pain.
 Aided by Him, around the martyr's
 frame
 When fiercely blazed a living shroud
 of flame,
 Hath the firm soul exulted, and the
 voice
 Raised the victorious hymn, and
 cried, "Rejoice!"
 Aided by Him, though none the bed
 attend
 Where the lone sufferer dies without
 a friend,
 He whom the busy world shall miss
 no more
 Than morn one dewdrop from her
 countless store,
 Earth's most neglected child, with
 trusting heart,
 Call'd to the hope of glory, shall
 depart!

And say, cold Sophist! if by thee
 bereft
 Of that high hope, to misery what
 were left?
 But for the vision of the days to be,
 But for the Comforter, despised by
 thee,
 Should we not wither at the Chas-
 tener's look,
 Should we not sink beneath our God's
 rebuke,
 When o'er our heads the desolating
 blast,
 Fraught with inscrutable decrees,
 hath pass'd.

And the stern power who seeks the
 noblest prey,
 Hath call'd our fairest and our best
 away ?
 Should we not madden when our eyes
 behold
 All that we loved in marble stillness
 cold,
 No more responsive to our smile or
 sigh,
 Fix'd—frozen—silent—all mortality ?
 But for the promise, all shall yet be
 well,
 Would not the spirit in its pangs rebel,
 Beneath such clouds as darken'd,
 when the hand
 Of wrath lay heavy on our prostrate
 land ;
 And thou, just lent thy gladden'd
 isles to bless,
 Then snatch'd from earth with all thy
 loveliness,
 With all a nation's blessings on thy
 head,
 O England's flower ! wert gather'd
 to the dead ?
 But thou didst teach us. Thou to
 every heart,
 Faith's lofty lesson didst thyself
 impart !
 When fled the hope through all thy
 pangs which smiled,
 When thy young bosom, o'er thy
 lifeless child,
 Yearn'd with vain longing—still thy
 patient eye,
 To its last light, beam'd holy con-
 stancy !
 Torn from a lot in cloudless sunshine
 cast,
 Amidst those agonies—thy first and
 last,
 Thy pale lip, quivering with convul-
 sive throes,
 Breathed not a plaint—and settled
 in repose ;
 While bow'd thy royal head to Him,
 Whose power
 Spoke in the fiat of that midnight
 hour,
 Who from the brightest vision of a
 throne,
 Love, glory, empire, claim'd thee for
 His own,
 And spread such terror o'er the sea-
 girt coast,

As blasted Israel, when her ark was
 lost !
 “ It is the will of God ! ”—yet, yet
 we hear
 The words which closed thy beautiful
 career ;
 Yet should we mourn thee in thy
 blest abode,
 But for that thought—“ It is the will
 of God ! ”
 Who shall arraign the Eternal's dark
 decree,
 If not one murmur then escaped from
 thee ?
 Oh ! still, though vanishing without
 a trace,
 Thou hast not left one scion of thy
 race,
 Still may thy memory bloom our
 vales among,
 Hallow'd by freedom, and enshrined
 in song !
 Still may thy pure, majestic spirit
 dwell,
 Bright on the isles which loved thy
 name so well,
 E'en as an angel, with presiding care,
 To wake and guard thine own high
 virtues there.
 For lo ! the hour when storm-
 presaging skies
 Call on the watchers of the land to rise,
 To set the sign of fire on every height,
 And o'er the mountains rear, with
 patriot might,
 Prepared, if summon'd, in its cause to
 die,
 The banner of our faith, the Cross of
 victory !
 By this hath England conquer'd.
 —Field and flood
 Have own'd her sov'reignty—alone
 she stood,
 When chains o'er all the scepter'd
 earth were thrown,
 In high and holy singleness, alone,
 But mighty in her God—and shall she
 now
 Forget before the Omnipotent to bow ?
 From the bright fountain of her glory
 turn,
 Or bid strange fire upon His altars
 burn ?
 No ! sever'd land, 'midst rocks and
 billows rude,

Throned in thy majesty of solitude,
Still in the deep asylum of thy breast
Shall the pure elements of greatness
rest,
Virtue and faith, the tutelary powers,
Thy hearths that hallow, and defend
thy towers !

Still, where thy hamlet-vales, O
chosen isle !
In the soft beauty of their verdure
smile,
Where yew and elm o'ersshade the
lowly fanes,
That guard the peasant's records and
remains,
May the blest echoes of the Sabbath
bell
Sweet on the quiet of the woodlands
swell,
And from each cottage dwelling of thy
glades,
When starlight glimmers through the
deep'ning shades,
Devotion's voice in choral hymns arise,

And bear the land's warm incense to
the skies.

There may the mother, as with
anxious joy,
To Heaven her lessons consecrate her
boy,
Teach his young accent still the
immortal lays
Of Zion's bards, in inspiration's
days,
When angels, whispering through the
cedar shade,
Prophetic tones to Judah's harp
convey'd ;
And as, her soul all glistening in her
eyes,
She bids the prayer of infancy arise,
Tell of His name who left His Throne
on high,
Earth's lowliest lot to bear and
sanctify,
His love divine, by keenest anguish
tried,
And fondly say—" My child, for thee
He died ! "

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE THE THIRD

Among many nations was there no King like him.—*Nehemiah.*

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?—*Samuel.*

ANOTHER warning sound ! The funeral
bell,
Startling the cities of the isle once
more
With measured tones of melancholy
swell,
Strikes on the awaken'd heart from
shore to shore.
He at whose coming monarchs sink
to dust,
The chambers of our palaces hath
trod,
And the long-suffering spirit of the
just,
Pure from its ruins, hath return'd
to God !
Yet may not England o'er her father
weep :
Thoughts to her bosom crowd, too
many, and too deep.

Vain voice of Reason, hush !—they
yet must flow,
The unrestrain'd, involuntary
tears ;
A thousand feelings sanctify the woe,
Roused by the glorious shades of
vanish'd years.
Tell us no more 'tis not the time for
grief, [past,
Now that the exile of the soul is
And Death, blest messenger of
Heaven's relief,
Hath borne the wanderer to his
rest at last ;
For him, eternity hath tenfold day,
We feel, we know, 'tis thus—yet
nature will have way.
What though amidst us, like a blasted
oak,

Sadd'ning the scene where once it
 nobly reign'd,
 A dread memorial of the lightning
 stroke,
 Stamp'd with its fiery record, he
 remain'd ;
 Around that shatter'd tree still
 fondly clung
 The undying tendrils of our love,
 which drew
 Fresh nurture from its deep decay,
 and sprung
 Luxuriant thence, to Glory's ruin
 true ;
 While England hung her trophies on
 the stem,
 That desolately stood, unconscious
 e'en of THEM.
 Of *them* unconscious ! Oh, mys-
 terious doom !
 Who shall unfold the counsels of
 the skies ?
 His was the voice which roused, as
 from the tomb,
 The realm's high soul to loftiest
 energies !
 His was the spirit, o'er the isles which
 threw
 The mantle of its fortitude ; and
 wrought
 In every bosom, powerful to renew
 Each dying spark of pure and
 generous thought ;
 The star of tempests ! beaming on
 the mast,
 The seaman's torch of Hope, 'midst
 perils deepening fast.
 Then from the unslumbering influence
 of his worth,
 Strength, as of inspiration, fill'd
 the land ;
 A young, but quenchless flame went
 brightly forth,
 Kindled by him—who saw it not
 expand !
 Such was the will of heaven. The
 gifted seer,
 Who with his God had communed,
 face to face,
 And from the house of bondage, and
 of fear,
 In faith victorious, led the chosen
 race ;
 He through the desert and the waste
 their guide,

Saw dimly from afar the promised
 land—and died.
 Oh ! full of days and virtues ! on thy
 head
 Centred the woes of many a bitter
 lot ;
 Fathers have sorrow'd o'er their
 beauteous dead,
 Eyes, quench'd in night, the sun-
 beam have forgot ;
 Minds have striven buoyantly with
 evil years,
 And sunk beneath their gathering
 weight at length ;
 But Pain for thee had fill'd a cup of
 tears,
 Where every anguish mingled all its
 strength ;
 By thy lost child we saw thee weeping
 stand,
 And shadows deep around fell from
 the Eternal's hand.
 Then came the noon of glory, which
 thy dreams
 Perchance of yore had faintly
 prophesied ;
 But what to *thee* the splendour of its
 beams ?
 The ice-rock glows not 'midst the
 summer's pride !
 Nations leap'd up to joy—as streams
 that burst,
 At the warm touch of spring, their
 frozen chain,
 And o'er the plains, whose verdure
 once they nursed,
 Roll in exulting melody again ;
 And bright o'er earth the long majes-
 tic line
 Of England's triumphs swept, to
 rouse all hearts—but thine.
 Oh ! what a dazzling vision, by the
 veil
 That o'er thy spirit hung, was shut
 from thee,
 When sceptred chieftains throng'd
 with palms to hail
 The crowning isle, the anointed of
 the sea !
 Within thy palaces the lords of
 earth
 Met to rejoice—rich pageants
 glitter'd by,

And stately revels imaged, in their
mirth,
The old magnificence of chivalry.
They reach'd not thee—amidst them,
yet alone,
Stillness and gloom begirt one dim
and shadowy throne.

Yet there was mercy still—if joy no
more
Within that blasted circle might
intrude,

Earth had no grief whose footstep
might pass o'er
The silent limits of its solitude !

If all unheard the bridal song awoke
Our hearts' full echoes, as it swell'd
on high ;

Alike unheard the sudden dirge,
that broke

On the glad strain, with dread
solemnity !

If the land's rose unheeded wore its
bloom,

Alike unfelt the storm that swept it
to the tomb.

And she, who, tried through all the
stormy past,

Severely, deeply proved, in many
an hour,

Watch'd o'er thee, firm and faithful
to the last,

Sustain'd, inspired, by strong
affection's power ;

If to thy soul her voice no music
bore—

If thy closed eye and wandering
spirit caught

No light from looks, that fondly
would explore

Thy mien, for traces of responsive
thought ;

Oh ! thou wert spared the pang that
would have thrill'd

Thine inmost heart, when death that
anxious bosom still'd.

Thy loved ones fell around thee,
Manhood's prime,

Youth with its glory, in its fulness
age,

All, at the gates of their eternal
clime,

Lay down, and closed their mortal
pilgrimage ;

The land wore ashes for its perish'd
flowers,

The grave's imperial harvest.
Thou, meanwhile,

Didst walk unconscious through thy
royal towers,

The one that wept not in the tear-
ful isle !

As a tired warrior, on his battle-
plain,

Breathes deep in dreams amidst the
mourners and the slain.

And who can tell what visions might
be thine ?

The stream of thought, though
broken, still was pure !

Still o'er that wave the stars of heaven
might shine,

Where earthly image would no more
endure !

Though many a step, of once familiar
sound,

Came as a stranger's o'er thy
closing ear,

And voices breathed forgotten tones
around,

Which that paternal heart once
thrill'd to hear ;

The mind hath senses of its own, and
powers

To people boundless worlds, in its
most wandering hours.

Nor might the phantoms to thy
spirit known

Be dark or wild, creations of
remorse ;

Unstain'd by thee, the blameless past
had thrown

No fearful shadows o'er the future's
course :

For thee no cloud, from memory's
dread abyss,

Might shape such forms as haunt
the tyrant's eye ;

And, closing up each avenue of bliss,
Murmur their summons, to "despair
and die !"

No ! e'en though joy depart, though
reason cease,

Still virtue's ruin'd home is redolent
of peace.

They might be with thee still—the
loved, the tried,

The fair, the lost—they might be with thee still ! More softly seen, in radiance purified From each dim vapour of terres- trial ill ; Long after earth received them, and the note Of the last requiem o'er their dust was pour'd, As passing sunbeams o'er thy soul might float Those forms, from us withdrawn— to thee restored ! Spirits of holiness, in light reveal'd, To commune with a mind whose source of tears was seal'd. Came they with tidings from the worlds above, Those viewless regions where the weary rest ? Sever'd from earth, estranged from mortal love, Was thy mysterious converse with the blest ? Or shone their visionary presence bright With human beauty ?—did their smiles renew Those days of sacred and serene delight, When fairest beings in thy pathway grew ? Oh ! heaven hath balm for every wound it makes, Healing the broken heart ; it smites, but ne'er forsakes. These may be fantasies—and this alone, Of all we picture in our dreams, is sure ; That rest, made perfect, is at length thine own, Rest in thy God immortally secure ! Enough for tranquil faith ; released from all The woes that graved Heaven's lessons on thy brow, No cloud to dim, no fetter to en- thral, Haply thine eye is on thy people now ; Whose love around thee still its offerings shed,	Though vainly sweet, as flowers, grief's tribute to the dead. But if the ascending, disembodied mind, Borne, on the wings of morning, to the skies, May cast one glance of tenderness behind On scenes once hallow'd by its mortal ties, How much hast thou to gaze on ! All that lay By the dark mantle of thy soul conceal'd, The might, the majesty, the proud array Of England's march o'er many a noble field, All spread beneath thee, in a blaze of light, Shine like some glorious land view'd from an Alpine height. Away, presumptuous thought !—De- parted saint ! To thy freed vision what can earth display Of pomp, of royalty, that is not faint, Seen from the birthplace of cele- stial day ? Oh ! pale and weak the sun's reflected rays, E'en in their fervour of meridian heat, To him, who in the sanctuary may gaze On the bright cloud that fills the mercy-seat ! And thou mayst view, from thy divine abode, The dust of empires flit before a breath of God. And yet we mourn thee ! Yes ! thy place is void Within our hearts—there veil'd thine image dwelt, But cherish'd still ; and o'er that tie destroy'd, Though faith rejoice, fond nature still must melt. Beneath the long-loved sceptre of thy sway, Thousands were born, who now in dust repose,
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And many a head, with years and sorrows grey,
Wore youth's bright tresses when thy star arose ;

And many a glorious mind, since that fair dawn,
Hath fill'd our sphere with light, now to its source withdrawn.

Earthquakes have rock'd the nations :—things revered,
The ancestral fabrics of the world, went down

In ruins, from whose stones Ambition rear'd

His lonely pyramid of dread renown.

But when the fires that long had slumber'd, pent

Deep in men's bosoms, with volcanic force,

Bursting their prison-house, each bulwark rent,

And swept each holy barrier from their course,

Firm and unmoved, amidst that lava flood,

Still, by thine arm upheld, our ancient landmarks stood.

Be they eternal!—be thy children found

Still to their country's altars true like thee !

And, while " the name of Briton " is a sound

Of rallying music to the brave and free,

With the high feelings at the word which swell,

To make the breast a shrine for Freedom's flame,

Be mingled thoughts of him, who loved so well,

Who left so pure, its heritage of fame !

Let earth with trophies guard the conqueror's dust,

Heaven in our souls embalms the memory of the just.

All else shall pass away—the thrones of kings,

The very traces of their tombs depart ;

But number not with perishable things

The holy records Virtue leaves the heart,

Heirlooms from race to race. And oh ! in days

When, by the yet unborn, thy deeds are blest,

When our sons learn " as household words," thy praise,

Still on thine offspring may thy spirit rest !

And many a name of that imperial line,

Father and patriot ! blend, in England's songs, with thine !

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

TO VENUS

OD. LIB. I., 30.

O Venus, Regina Cnidi Paphque,

OH ! leave thine own loved isle,
Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian shores !

And here in Glycera's fair temple smile,

Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son ;
Bring Hermes ; let the Nymphs thy path surround,

And youth unlovely till thy gifts be won,

And the light Graces with the zone unbound.

TO HIS ATTENDANT

OD. LIB. I., 38.

Pescos odi, puer, apparatus,

I HATE the Persian's costly pride—
The wreaths with bands of linden tied—

These, boy, delight me not ;

Nor where the lingering roses bide,
Seek thou for me the spot,

For me be nought but myrtle
twined—
The modest myrtle, sweet to bind
Alike thy brows and mine ;
While thus I quaff the bowl, reclined
Beneath the o'erarching vine.

TO DELIUS

OD. LIB. II., 3.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis.

FIRM be thy soul !—serene in power,
When adverse fortune clouds the
sky ;
Undazzled by the triumph's hour,
Since, Delius, thou must die !

Alike, if still to grief resign'd,
Or if, through festal days, 'tis thine
To quaff, in grassy haunts reclined,
The old Falernian wine :

Haunts where the silvery poplar
boughs

Love with the pine's to blend on
high,
And some clear fountain brightly
flows

In graceful windings by.

There be the rose with beauty fraught,
So soon to fade, so brilliant now,
There be the wine, the odours brought,
While time and fate allow !

For thou, resigning to thine heir
Thy halls, thy bowers, thy trea-
sured store,

Must leave that home, those wood-
lands fair,

On yellow Tiber's shore.

What then avails it if thou trace
From Inachus thy glorious line ?
Or, sprung from some ignoble race,
If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap
Forth from the dark revolving urn,
And we must tempt the gloomy deep,
Whence exiles ne'er return.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF
BANDUSIA

OD. LIB. III. 13.

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro.

OH ! worthy fragrant gifts of flowers
and wine,

Bandusian fount, than crystal far
more bright !

To-morrow shall a sportive kid be
thine,

Whose forehead swells with horns
of infant might :

Ev'n now of love and war he dreams
in vain,

Doom'd with his blood thy gelid wave
to stain.

Let the red dog-star burn !—his
scorching beam,

Fierce in resplendence shall molest
not thee !

Still shelter'd from his rays, thy
banks, fair stream,

To the wild flock around thee
wandering free,

And the tired oxen from the furrow'd
field

The genial freshness of their breath
shall yield.

And thou, bright fount ! ennobled
and renown'd

Shalt by the poet's votive song be
made ;

Thou and the oak with deathless
verdure crown'd

Whose boughs, a pendent canopy,
o'ershade

Those hollow rocks, whence, mur-
muring many a tale,

Thy chiming waters pour upon the
vale.

TO FAUNUS

OD. LIB. III., 18

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator.

FAUNUS, who lov'st the flying
nymphs to chase,

Oh ! let thy steps with genial in-
fluence tread

My sunny fields, and be thy fostering
grace,

Soft on my nursling groves and
borders, shed.

If, at the mellow closing of the year
A tender kid in sacrifice be thine ;

Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus
dear ;

Nor clouds of incense to thine
antique shrine.

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage
 plays,
 When the December feast returns
 to thee;
 Calmly the ox along the pasture
 strays,
 When festal villagers from toil set
 free.

Then from the wolf no more the lambs
 retreat,
 Then shower the woods to thee their
 foliage round;
 And the glad labourer triumphs that
 his feet
 In triple dance have struck the
 hated ground,

DARTMOOR

A PRIZE POEM

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime.
 Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

CAMPBELL.

May ne'er
 That true succession fail of English hearts,
 That can perceive, not less than heretofore
 Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
 the charm

Of pious sentiment, diffused afar,
 And human charity, and social love.

WORDSWORTH.

AMIDST the peopled and the regal Isle,
 Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty,
 smile;
 Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler,
 tower,
 And send on every breeze a voice of
 power;
 Hath Desolation rear'd herself a
 throne,
 And mark'd a pathless region for her
 own?
 Yes! though thy turf no stain of
 carnage wore,
 When bled the noble hearts of many
 a shore,
 Though not a hostile step thy heath-
 flowers bent,
 When empires totter'd, and the earth
 was rent;
 Yet lone, as if some trampler of man-
 kind
 Had still'd life's busy murmurs
 on the wind,
 And, flush'd with power in daring
 pride's excess,
 Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of bar-
 renness;
 For thee in vain descend the dews of
 heaven,

In vain the sunbeam and the shower
 are given;
 Wild Dartmoor! thou that, 'midst
 thy mountains rude,
 Hast robed thyself with haughty
 solitude
 As a dark cloud on summer's clear
 blue sky,
 A mourner, circled with festivity!
 For all beyond is life!—the rolling
 sea,
 The rush, the swell, whose echoes
 reach not thee.
 Yet who shall find a scene so wild
 and bare,
 But man has left his lingering traces
 there?
 E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless
 plains,
 Where noon with attributes of mid-
 night reigns, [found,
 In gloom and silence, fearfully pro-
 As of a world unwaked to soul or
 sound.
 Though the sad wand'rer of the burn-
 ing zone
 Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
 And naught of life be near; his
 camel's tread

Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!	Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould;
Some column, rear'd by long-for- gotten hands,	But still these nameless chronicles of death,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—	'Midst the deep silence of the un- peopled heath,
Some mouldering shrine still conse- crates the scene,	Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.	The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
There hath the spirit of the mighty pass'd,	The eternity of nature, with the forms
Not without record; though the desert blast,	Of the crown'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away	Yet what avails it, if each moss- grown heap
The proud creations rear'd to brave decay.	Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
But <i>thou</i> , lone region! whose un- noticed name	Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,	(Nor needs such care) from each cold season's breath?
Who shall unfold thine annals?— who shall tell	Where is the voice to tell <i>their</i> tale who rest,
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell, In those far ages, which have left no trace,	Thus rudely pillow'd, on the desert's breast?
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?	Doth the sword sleep beside them? Hath there been
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days	A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
Of kings and chiefs who pass'd without their praise,	Where now the flocks repose?—did the scythed car
Thou mightst have rear'd the valiant and the free;	Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
In history's page there is no tale of thee.	And rise these piles in memory of the slain, And the red combat of the mountain plain?
Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild	It may be thus:—the vestiges of strife,
Still rise the cairns of yore all rudely piled,	Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
But hallow'd by that instinct which reveres	And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
Things fraught with characters of elder years.	How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,	To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne,	The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died.
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,	But other scenes, from their un- troubled sphere,
With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust;	The eternal stars of night have wit- ness'd here.
Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold	

There stands an altar of unsculptured
stone,
Far on the moor, a thing of ages
gone,
Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence
the rains
And pure bright dews, have laved
the crimson stains
Left by dark rites of blood : for
here, of yore,
When the bleak waste a robe of
forest wore,
And many a crested oak, which now
lies low,
Waved its wild wreath of sacred
mistletoe ;
Here, at dead midnight, through the
haunted shade,
On Druid harps the quivering moon-
beam play'd,
And spells were breath'd, that fill'd
the deepening gloom
With the pale, shadowy people of the
tomb.
Or, haply, torches waving through
the night,
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from
every height,
Like battle-signals, whose unearthly
gleams
Threw o'er the desert's hundred hills
and streams,
A savage grandeur ; while the starry
skies
Rang with the peal of mystic har-
monies,
As the loud harp its deep-toned
hymns sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-
gods of the North.

But wilder sounds were there : the
imploring cry
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's !—Unmoved, the
wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and
in vain
His prayer for mercy rose ; in vain
his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue
expanse,
Where, in their calm, immortal
beauty, shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint
and fainter moan,

Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he
lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd
away ;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly
red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on
the dead.
Have such things been, and here ?—
where stillness dwells
'Midst the rude barrows and the moor-
land swells,
Thus undisturb'd ?—Oh ! long the
gulf of time
Hath closed in darkness o'er those
days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path
retains,
Save such as these, which strew her
loneliest plains
With records of man's conflicts and
his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and
the tomb.

But ages roll'd away : and Eng-
land stood,
With her proud banner streaming o'er
the flood ;
And with a lofty calmness in her
eye,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every
breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own
blue seas ;
And other lands, redeem'd and joy-
ous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they
sank
On the red fields they won ; whose
wild flowers wave,
Now in luxuriant beauty, o'er their
grave.

'Twas then the captives of Brit-
annia's war
Here for their lovely Southern climes
afar
In bondage pined ; the spell-deluded
throng
Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels
so long
To die—because a despot could not
clasp
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless
grasp !

Yes ! they whose march had rock'd
 the ancient thrones
 And temples of the world ; the
 deepening tones
 Of whose advancing trumpet from
 repose
 Had startled nations, wakening to
 their woes ;
 Were prisoners here.—And there
 were some whose dreams
 Were of sweet homes, by chainless
 mountain streams,
 And of the vine-clad hills, and many
 a strain,
 And festal melody of Loire or Seine,
 And of those mothers who had
 watch'd and wept,
 When on the field the unshelter'd
 conscript slept,
 Bathed with the midnight dews.
 And some were there
 Of sterner spirits, harden'd by
 despair ;
 Who, in their dark imaginings, again
 Fired the rich palace and the stately
 fane,
 Drank in their victim's shriek, as
 music's breath,
 And lived o'er scenes, the festivals
 of death !

And there was mirth, too !—strange
 and savage mirth,
 More fearful far than all the woes of
 earth !
 The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs
 that spring
 From minds for which there is no
 sacred thing,
 And transient bursts of fierce, exult-
 ing glee—
 The lightning's flash upon its blasted
 tree !

But still, howe'er the soul's dis-
 guise were worn,
 If, from wild revelry, or haughty
 scorn,
 Or buoyant hope, it won an outward
 show,
 Slight was the mask, and all beneath
 it—woe.

Yet, was this all?—amidst the
 dungeon-gloom,
 The void, the stillness of the captive's
 doom,

Were there no deeper thoughts?—
 And that dark power
 To whom guilt owes one late but
 dreadful hour,
 The mighty debt through years of
 crime delay'd,
 But, as the grave's, inevitably paid ;
 Came *he* not thither, in his burning
 force,
 The lord, the tamer of dark souls—
 Remorse ?

Yes ! as the night calls forth from
 sea and sky,
 From breeze and wood, a solemn
 harmony,
 Lost, when the swift, triumphant
 wheels of day,
 In light and sound, are hurrying on
 their way :
 Thus, from the deep recesses of the
 heart,
 The voice which sleeps, but never
 dies, might start,
 Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to
 thrill
 With accents heard not, save when
 all is still !

The voice, inaudible when havoc's
 strain
 Crush'd the red vintage of devoted
 Spain ;
 Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop
 rung,
 And the broad light of conflagration
 sprung
 From the South's marble cities ;—
 hush'd 'midst cries
 That told the heavens of mortal
 agonies ;
 But gathering silent strength, to wake
 at last
 In concentrated thunders of the past !

And there, perchance, some long-
 bewilder'd mind,
 Torn from its lowly sphere, its path
 confined
 Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
 Where nature cast its lot, 'midst
 peasant men ;
 Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce
 ruler blent
 The earthquake power of each wild
 element,

To lend the tide, which bore his
throne on high,
One impulse more of desperate
energy ;
Might—when the billow's awful rush
was o'er,
Which toss'd its wreck upon the
stormbeat shore,
Won from its wand'rings past, by
suffering tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish
purified—
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled
hopes and fears,
On the far world, seen brightest
through our tears,
And, in that hour of triumph or
despair,
Whose secrets all must learn—but
none declare,
When, of the things to come, a
deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling peni-
tence,
Have turn'd to Him Whose bow is in
the cloud,
Around life's limits gathering as a
shroud ;—
The fearful mysteries of the heart
Who knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to
repose !

Who visited that deathbed ?—Who
can tell
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul
might dwell,
And learn immortal lessons ?—Who
beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by
doubt repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting
tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty
years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their
might ?
He, through the storm Who look'd,
and there was light !

That scene is closed !—that wild,
tumultuous breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at
rest !
He too is fallen, the master-power
of strife,

Who woke those passions to delirious
life ;
And days, prepared a brighter
course to run,
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the
sun !

It is a glorious hour when Spring
goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the
shadowy north,
And with one radiant glance, one
magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep
of death ;
While the glad voices of a thousand
streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in
her beams !

But *Peace* hath nobler changes !
O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of man-
kind,
Her influence breathes, and bids the
blighted heart,
To life and hope from desolation
start !
She, with a look, dissolves the cap-
tive's chain,
Peopling with beauty widow'd homes
again ;
Around the mother, in her closing
years,
Gathering her sons once more, and
from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer
light,
To make the present more serenely
bright.

Nor rests that influence here,
From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of
time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards,
as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles
and seas :
And, as Heaven's breath call'd forth,
with genial power,
From the dry wand, the almond's
living flower ;
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret
move
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of
love ;

While round its pathway nature
softly glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the
rose.

Yes ! let the waste lift up the ex-
ulting voice !
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice !
And thou, lone moor ! where no
blithe reaper's song
E'er lightly sped the Summer hours
along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each moun-
tain source
Rushing in joy, make music on their
course !
Thou, whose sole records of existence
mark
The scene of barbarous rites in ages
dark,
And of some nameless combat ;
hope's bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of pro-
phesy !
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy cul-
ture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy
breast !
Yet shall thy cottage smoke, at dewy
morn,
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the
flowering thorn,
And, 'midst thy hamlet shades, the
embosom'd spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens
their earliest fire.

Thee, too, that hour shall bless, the
balmy close
Of labour's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace ;
while social mirth
Basks in the blaze of each free village
hearth ;
While peasant-songs are on the joyous
gales,
And merry England's voice floats up
from all her vales.
Yet are there sweeter sounds ; and
thou shalt hear
Such as to Heaven's immortal host
are dear.
Oh ! if there still be melody on earth,
Worthy the sacred bowers where man
drew birth,
When angel-steps their paths rejoic-
ing trod,

And the air trembled with the breath
of God ;
It lives in those soft accents, to the
sky
Borne from the lips of stainless in-
fancy,
When holy strains, from life's pure
fount which sprung,
Breathed with deep reverence, falter
on its tongue.

And such shall be *thy* music, when
the cells,
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless
Misery, dwells
(And, to wild strength by despera-
tion wrought,
In silence broods o'er many a fearful
thought),
Resound to pity's voice ; and child-
hood thence,
Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its
innocence,
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be
fled,
Which vice but breathes on and its
hues are dead,
Shall at the call press forward, to be
made
A glorious offering, meet for Him Who
said,
" Mercy, not sacrifice ! " and when,
of old,
Clouds of rich incense from his
altars roll'd,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes,
and laid bare
The heart's deep folds, to read its
homage there !

When some crown'd conqueror,
o'er a trampled world
His banner, shadowing nations, hath
unfurled,
And, like those visitations which
deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the
storm
His pathway to dominion's lonely
sphere,
Silence behind—before him, flight
and fear ;
When kingdoms rock beneath his
rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse
feels,

And earth is moulded but by one
proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters,
and are still ;
Shall the free soul of song bow down
to pay,
The earthquake homage on its baleful
way ?
Shall the glad harp send up exulting
strains,
O'er burning cities and forsaken
plains ?
And shall no harmony of softer close
Attend the stream of mercy as it
flows,
And, mingling with the murmur
of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle
currents lave ?

Oh ! there are loftier themes, for
him whose eyes
Have search'd the depths of life's
realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied
car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast
and far ;
There are more noble strains than
those which swell
The triumphs ruin may suffice to
tell !

Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder
days

Beneath the palms of Judah ! Ye
whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their
source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality !
Oh ! not alone, those haunted
groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires
crush'd, ye sung,
But of that spirit, destined to explore
With the bright dayspring every
distant shore, [reed,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken
To make the home of peace in hearts
that bleed ;
With beams of hope to pierce the
dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal starlight o'er the
tomb.

And bless'd and hallow'd be its
haunts ! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued
from despair !
There hath the immortal spark for
Heaven been nursed ;
There from the rock the springs of
life have burst
Quenchless and pure ! and holy
thoughts that rise,
Warm from the source of human
sympathies—
Where'er its path of radiance may be
traced, [waste.
Shall find their temple in the silent

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

Oh ! blest art thou whose step may
rove
Through the green paths of vale and
grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow ;

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fanes,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can show thee naught so
fair,
As Nature's varied marvels there ;

And if thy pure and artless breast,
Can feel their grandeur, thou art
blest !

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows ;
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him Who made the whole.
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power :

If, in whate'er is bright or grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless
hand,

If Nature's music bids thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise ;

If heaven and earth, with beauty
 fraught,

Lead to His throne thy raptured
 thought ;

If there thou lov'st *His* love to read ;

Then, wand'rer ! thou art blest
 indeed !

THE RAINBOW

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall
 be for a token of a covenant between me and
 the earth.—*Genesis ix. 13.*

SOFT falls the mild reviving shower
 From April's changeful skies,
 And raindrops bend each trembling
 flower

They tinge with richer dyes,

Soon shall their genial influence call
 A thousand buds to day,
 Which, waiting but that balmy fall,
 In hidden beauty lay.

E'en now full many a blossom's bell
 With fragrance fills the shade ;
 And verdure clothes each grassy dell,
 In brighter tints array'd,

But mark ! what arch of varied hue
 From heaven to earth is bow'd ?
 Haste, ere it vanish, haste to view
 The Rainbow in the cloud !

How bright its glory ! there behold
 The emerald's verdant rays,
 The topaz blends its hue of gold
 With the deep ruby's blaze.

Yet not alone to charm thy sight
 Was given the vision fair—
 Gaze on that arch of colour'd light,
 And read God's mercy there.

It tells us that the mighty deep,
 Fast by the Eternal chain'd,
 No more o'er earth's domain shall
 sweep,
 Awful and unrestrain'd.

It tells that seasons, heat and cold,
 Fix'd by His sovereign will,
 Shall, in their course, bid man behold
 Seed-time and harvest still.

That still the flower shall deck the
 field,

When vernal zephyrs blow ;
 That still the vine its fruit shall yield,
 When autumn sunbeams glow.

Then, child of that fair earth ! which
 yet

Smiles with each charm endow'd,
 Bless thou His name, Whose mercy set
 The Rainbow in the cloud !

THE SUN

THE Sun comes forth ;—each moun-
 tain height

Glow with a tinge of rosy light,
 And flowers, that slumber'd through
 the night,

Their dewy leaves unfold ;
 A flood of splendour bursts on high,
 And ocean's breast gives back a sky
 All steep'd in molten gold.

Oh ! thou art glorious, orb of day ;
 Exulting nations hail thy ray,
 Creation swells a choral lay,
 To welcome thy return ;

From thee all nature draws her hues,
 Thy beams the insect's wing suffuse,
 And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade ;—when earth
 and heaven

By fire and tempest shall be riven,
 Thou, from thy sphere of radiance
 driven,

O Sun ! must fall at last ;
 Another heaven, another earth,
 New power, new glory shall have
 birth,

When all we see is past.

But He Who gave the word of might,
 " Let there be light,"—and there *was*
 light,

Who bade thee chase the gloom of
 night,

And beam the world to bless ;—
 For ever bright, for ever pure,
 Alone unchanging shall endure,
 The Sun of Righteousness !

THE RIVERS

Go ! trace the unnumber'd streams,
 o'er earth

That wind their devious course

That draw from Alpine heights their
birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary tide,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie;
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades
they flow,
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life,
Through sunshine or through
gloom,
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief whose mighty deeds we
hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale—
All journey on—to die.

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence Thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave!

THE STARS

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the
firmament sheweth his handywork.—*Psalms*
xix. 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on
high,

And, set in azure, every star
Shines; a pure gem of heaven, afar!

Child of the earth! oh! lift thy
glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak to every sense,
The marvels of Omnipotence?
Seest thou not there the Almighty
name
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er these lamps of quenchless
light,
That sparkle through the shades of
night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:
Each is a world, by Him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of
Kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, or tear of woe;
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dewdrop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not—the sovereign
hand

Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace!—the all-seeing Eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance which none may
flee,

Is still in mercy turned on thee.

THE OCEAN

They that go down to the sea in ships that
do business in great waters; these see the works
of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.—
Psalms cvii. 23, 24.

He that in venturous barks hath been
A wand'rer on the deep,

Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms for ever sweep.

For many a fair, majestic sight
Hath met his wand'ring eye,
Beneath the streaming Northern
Light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

Go ! ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rush'd along the shore
An army's chariot wheels ;

Of icebergs, floating o'er the main,
Or fix'd upon the coast,
Like glitt'ring citadel or fane,
'Mid the bright realms of frost ;

Of coral rocks, from waves below
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with peril, daily grow,
Form'd by an insect's power ;

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make the expanse of ocean
bright,
As heaven, with many a star.

O God ! Thy name *they* well may
praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of Thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown !

If glorious be that awful deep
No human power can bind,
What then art *Thou*, Who bid'st it
keep
Within its bounds confined !

Let heaven and earth in praise unite,
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's
might,
Or still the raging sea !

THE THUNDER-STORM

DEEP, fiery clouds o'er cast the sky,
Dead stillness reigns in air,
There is not e'en a breeze, on high
The gossamer to bear.

The woods are hush'd, the waves at
rest,
The lake is dark and still,

Reflecting on its shadowy breast
Each form of rock and hill.

The lime leaf waves not in the grove,
The rosetree in the bower ;
The birds have ceased their songs of
love,
Awed by the threatening hour.

'Tis noon ;—yet nature's calm pro-
found
Seems as at midnight deep ;
But hark ! what peal of awful sound
Breaks on creation's sleep ?

The thunder burst !—its rolling might
Seems the firm hills to shake ;
And in terrific splendour bright,
The gather'd lightnings break.

Yet fear not, shrink not thou, my
child !
Though by the bolt's descent
Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,
And the wide forests rent.

Doth not thy God behold thee still,
With all-surveying eye ?
Doth not His power all nature fill,
Around, beneath, on high ?

Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions free,
To track the realms of air,
Thou couldst not reach a spot where
He
Would not be with thee there !

In the wide city's peopled towers,
On the vast ocean's plains,
'Midst the deep woodland's loneliest
bowers,
Alike the Almighty reigns !

Then fear not, though the angry sky
A thousand darts should cast ;
Why should we tremble, e'en to die,
And be with *Him* at last ?

THE BIRDS

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings,
and not one of them is forgotten before God ?
—*St Luke* xii, 6.

TRIBES of the air ! whose favour'd
race
May wander through the realms of
space,

Free guests of earth and sky ;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your
throng
With bright variety !

Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
And the wild haunts ye love ;
Birds of the gentle beak ! how dear
Your wood-note to the wand'rer's ear,
In shadowy vale or grove !

Far other scenes, remote, sublime,
Where swain or hunter may not
climb,

The mountain-eagle seeks ;
Alone he reigns a monarch there,
Scarce will the chamois' footstep dare
Ascend his Alpine peaks,

Others there are, that make their
home
Where the white billows roar and
foam,

Around the o'erhanging rock ;
Fearless they skim the angry wave,
Or shelter'd in their sea-beat cave,
The tempest's fury mock.

Where Afric's burning realm expands,
The ostrich haunts the desert sands,
Parch'd by the blaze of day ;
The swan, where northern rivers glide,
Through the tall reeds that fringe
their tide
Floats graceful on her way.

The condor, where the Andes tower,
Spreads his broad wing of pride and
power,
And many a storm defies ;
Bright in the orient realms of morn,
All beauty's richest hues adorn
The bird of paradise.

Some, amidst India's groves of palm,
And spicy forests breathing balm,
Weave soft their pendent nest ;
Some deep in Western wilds, display
Their fairy form and plumage gay,
In rainbow colours drest.

Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear ;
Yet, know, our Heavenly Father
guides

The least of these, and well provides
For each, with tenderest care.

Shall He not then *thy* guardian be ?
Will not His aid extend to *thee* ?

Oh ! safely may'st thou rest !—
Trust in His love, and e'en should
pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to com-
plain,
Know what He wills is best !

THE SKY-LARK

CHILD'S MORNING HYMN

THE sky-lark, when the dew of morn:
Hang tremulous on flower and thorn,
And violets round his nest exhale
Their fragrance on the early gale,
To the first sunbeam, spreads his
wings,
Buoyant with joy, and soars and
sings.

He rests not on the leafy spray,
To warble his exulting lay ;
But high above the morning cloud
Mounts in triumphant freedom proud,
And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.

Thus, my Creator ! thus the more
My spirit's wing to Thee can soar,
The more she triumphs to behold
Thy love in all Thy works unfold,
And bids her hymns of rapture be,
Most glad, when rising most to
Thee !

THE NIGHTINGALE

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WHEN twilight's grey and pensive
hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the
flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar.

When gathering shades the landscape
veil,
And peasants seek their village-dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies.

When evening's primrose opes to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed ;

When glow-worms in the wood-walk
light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's
sight ;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely nightingale ;
And from a hermitage of shade
Fills with her voice the forest glade ;

And sweeter far that melting voice
Than all which through the day
rejoice ;
And still shall bard and wand'rer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven ! oh ! thus when
day

With all its cares hath pass'd away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth ;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and
prayer

To Thee my spirit's offering bear ;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper hymns of piety.

So may Thy mercy and Thy power
Protect me through the midnight
hour ;

And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on Thy servant's bed of rest.

THE NORTHERN SPRING

WHEN the soft breath of Spring goes
forth

Far o'er the mountains of the North,
How soon those wastes of dazzling
snow

With life, and bloom, and beauty
glow !

Then bursts the verdure of the plains,
Then break the streams from icy
chains ;

And the glad reindeer seeks no more
Amidst deep snows his mossy store.

Then the dark pine wood's boughs
are seen

Fringed tenderly with living green ;
And roses, in their brightest dyes,
By Lapland's founts and lakes arise.

Thus, in a moment, from the gloom
And the cold fetters of the tomb,

Thus shall the blest Redeemer's voice
Call forth His servants to rejoice.

For He Whose word is truth hath
said,

His power to life shall wake the dead,
And summon those He loves on high,
To " put on immortality ! "

Then, all its transient sufferings o'er,
On wings of light the soul shall soar,
Exulting, to that blest abode,
Where tears of sorrow never flow'd.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from
the heavens : praise him in the heights.

PRaise ye the Lord ! on every height
Songs to His glory raise !

Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Join in immortal praise !

O heaven of heavens ! let praise far-
swelling

From all thine orbs be sent !
Join in the strain, ye waters, dwelling
Above the firmament !

For His the word which gave you
birth,

And majesty and might ;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite !

O fire and vapour, hail and snow !
Ye servants of His will !

O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil ;

Mountains and rocks, to heaven that
rise ;

Fair cedars of the wood ;
Creatures of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food ;

Judges of nations ! kings, whose
hand

Waves the proud sceptre high !
O youths and virgins of the land,
O age and infancy !

Praise ye His name, to Whom alone
All homage should be given ;
Whose glory from the eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and
heaven !

JUVENILE POEMS

ON MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

CLAD in all their brightest green,
This day the verdant fields are seen ;
The tuneful birds begin their lay,
To celebrate thy natal day.

The breeze is still, the sea is calm,
And the whole scene combines to
charm ;
The flowers revive, this charming
May,
Because it is thy natal day.

The sky is blue, the day serene,
And only pleasure now is seen ;
The rose, the pink, the tulip gay,
Combine to bless thy natal day.

A PRAYER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF NINE

O GOD ! my Father and my Friend,
Ever Thy blessings to me send ;
Let me have Virtue for my guide,
And Wisdom always at my side.
Thus cheerfully through life I'll go,
Nor ever feel the sting of woe ;
Contented with the humblest lot—
Happy, though in the meanest cot.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

THE infant muse, Jehovah ! would
aspire
To swell the adoration of the lyre :
Source of all good ! oh, teach my
voice to sing
Thee, from Whom Nature's genuine
beauties spring ;
Thee, God of truth, omnipotent and
wise,
Who saidst to Chaos, " let the earth
arise."
O Author of the rich luxuriant year !
Love, Truth, and Mercy in Thy works
appear :
Within their orbs the planets dost
Thou keep,

And e'en hast limited the mighty
deep.

Oh ! could I number Thy inspiring
ways,
And wake the voice of animated
praise !

Ah, no ! the theme shall swell a
cherub's note ;

To Thee celestial hymns of rapture
float.

'Tis not for me in lowly strains to sing
Thee, God of mercy,—heaven's im-
mortal King !

Yet to that happiness I'd fain aspire—
Oh ! fill my heart with elevated
fire :

With angel songs an artless voice
shall blend,

The grateful offering shall to Thee
ascend.

Yes ! Thou wilt breathe a spirit o'er
my lyre,

And " fill my beating heart with
sacred fire ! "

And when to Thee my youth, my
life, I've given,

Raise me to join Eliza, blest in
Heaven.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

To thee, maternal guardian of my
youth,

I pour the genuine numbers free
from art—

The lays inspired by gratitude and
truth ;

For thou wilt prize the effusion
of the heart.

Oh ! be it mine, with sweet and
pious care,

To calm thy bosom in the hour of
grief ;

With soothing tenderness to chase
the tear,

With fond endearments to impart
relief :

Be mine thy warm affection to repay
With dutious love in thy delcining
hours ;

My filial hand shall strew unfading
flowers,
Perennial roses, to adorn thy way :
Still may thy grateful children round
thee smile—
Their pleasing care affliction shall
beguile.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN
'Tis sweet to think the spirits of the
blest

May hover round the virtuous man's
repose ;
And oft in visions animate his breast,
And scenes of bright beatitude
disclose.

The ministers of Heaven, with pure
control,

May bid his sorrow and emotion
cease,
Inspire the pious fervour of his soul,
And whisper to his bosom hallow'd
peace.

Ah, tender thought ! that oft with
sweet relief

May charm the bosom of a weeping
friend,

Beguile with magic power the tear of
grief,

And pensive pleasure with devo-
tion blend ;

While oft he fancies music, sweetly
faint,

The airy lay of some departed saint.

RURAL WALKS

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

OH ! may I ever pass my happy hours
In Cambrian valleys and romantic
bowers ;

For every spot in sylvan beauty drest,
And every landscape, charms my
youthful breast.

And much I love to hail the vernal
morn,

When flowers of spring the mossy
seat adorn ;

And sometimes through the lonely
wood I stray,

To cull the tender rosebuds in my
way ;

And seek in every wild secluded dell,

The weeping cowslip and the azure
bell ;

With all the blossoms, fairer in the
dew,

To form the gay festoon of varied hue.
And oft I seek the cultivated green,
The fertile meadow, and the village
scene ;

Where rosy children sport around the
cot,

Or gather woodbine from the garden
spot.

And there I wander by the cheerful
rill,

That murmurs near the osiers and the
mill ;

To view the smiling peasants turn the
hay,

And listen to their pleasing festive lay.
I love to loiter in the spreading grove,
Or in the mountain scenery to rove,
Where summits rise in awful grace
around,

With hoary moss and tufted verdure
crown'd ;

Where cliffs in solemn majesty are
piled,

" And frown upon the vale " with
grandeur wild :

And there I view the mouldering
tower sublime,

Array'd in all the blending shades of
Time.

The airy upland and the woodland
green,

The valley, and romantic mountain
scene ;

The lowly hermitage, or fair domain,
The dell retired, or willow-shaded
lane

And every spot in sylvan beauty
drest,

And every landscape, charms my
youthful breast.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

I LOVE to hail the mild and balmy
hour

When evening spreads around her
twilight veil ;

When dews descend on every languid
flower,

And sweet and tranquil is the summer gale.
 Then let me wander by the peaceful tide,
 While o'er the wave the breezes lightly play;
 To hear the waters murmur as they glide,
 To mark the fading smile of closing day.
 There let me linger, blest in visions dear,
 Till the soft moonbeams tremble on the seas;
 While melting sounds decay on fancy's ear,
 Of airy music floating on the breeze.
 For still when evening sheds the genial dews,
 That pensive hour is sacred to the muse.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN; OR, VALOUR AND PATRIOTISM

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

—His sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.

POPE.

Too long have Tyranny and Power combined
 To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
 Long has Oppression worn the imperial robe,
 And Rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!
 O'er Europe's cultured realms, and climes afar,
 Triumphant Gaul has poured the tide of war:
 To her fair Austria veil'd the standard bright;
 Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might;
 While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
 Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field!

O gallant Frederic! could thy parted shade
 Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd,
 How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,

Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame!
 When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK'S doom,
 And nursed with tears the laurels on his tomb;
 When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
 Invoked his spirit to descend and save;
 Then set her glories—then expir'd her sun,
 And fraud achiev'd e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms that smiled with plenty gay,
 Has desolation spread her ample sway;
 Thy blast, O Ruin! on tremendous wings,
 Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!
 Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force
 With dark destruction marks its whelming course,
 Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,
 Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!
 —Rise, Freedom, rise! and, breaking from thy trance,
 Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance!
 With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
 And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
 How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?
 How long shall despots and usurpers reign?
 Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?
 Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
 Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
 No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?
 Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
 Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;
 Once more, 'tis thine, invincible, to wield

The beamy spear and adamantine shield ?

Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,

Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes ;

Thy kindling eyebeam darts unconquer'd fires,

Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires ;

And, while to guard thy standard and thy right,

Castilians rush, intrepid, to the fight,

Lo ! Britain's gen'rous host their aid supply,

Resolved for thee to triumph or to die !

And Glory smiles to see Iberia's name

Enroll'd with Albion's in the book of fame !

Illustrious names ! still, still united beam,

Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme :

So, when two radiant gems together shine,

And in one wreath their lucid light combine ;

Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,

Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze.

Descend, O Genius ! from thy orb descend !

Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend !

As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)

With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,

So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,

And swell a louder note, a nobler tone ;

Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,

The seraph Ecstasy, with lightning eye,

Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,

And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre !

Hail, Albion ! hail, thou land of freedom's birth !

Pride of the main, and Phœnix of the earth !

Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,

Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel !

Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans brave,

Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave ;

In classic elegance and arts divine, To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine ;

For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,

And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,

Where Science mounts in radiant car sublime

To other worlds beyond the sphere of time !

Hail, Albion, hail ! to thee has fate denied

Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride,

The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,

And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast :

For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine ;

No glowing suns mature the blush-
No light Arabian gales their wings expand,

To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land ;

No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,

No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils ;

Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,

And far from thee the scented cassia blows :

Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,

Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own ;

From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,

She bids thy ensigns float above the main ;

Unfurls her streamers to the fav'ring gale,

And shows to other worlds her
daring sail :
Then wafts their gold, their varied
stores to thee,
Queen of the trident ! empress of the
sea !

For this thy noble sons have
spread alarms,
And bade the zones resound with
Britain's arms !
Calpè's proud rock, and Syria's
palmy shore,
Have heard and trembled at their
battle's roar ;
The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile
Have seen the triumphs of the con-
quering isle ;
For this, for this, the Samiel-blast
of war
Has roll'd o'er Vincent's Cape and
Trafalgar !
Victorious RODNEY spread thy thun-
der's sound,
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal
crown'd ;
Blest if their perils and their blood
could gain,
To grace thy hand, the sceptre of the
main !
The milder emblems of the virtues
calm,
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's
palm ;
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage
twine,
And round thy brows a deathless
wreath combine :
Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic
tide,
Are hallow'd more than Avon's
haunted side ;
Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring
theme
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's
stream.

Bright in the annals of the impar-
tial page,
Britannia's heroes live from age to
age !
From ancient days, when dwelt her
savage race,
Her painted natives, foremost in the
chase,
Free from all cares for luxury or
gain,

Lords of the wood and monarchs of
the plain ;
To these Augustan days, when social
arts
Refine and meliorate her manly
hearts ;
From doubtful Arthur, hero of
romance,
King of the circled board, the spear,
the lance ;
To those whose recent trophies grace
her shield,
The gallant victors of Vimeira's field ;
Still have her warriors borne th' un-
fading crown,
And made the British flag the ensign
of renown.

Spirit of ALFRED ! patriot soul sub-
lime !
Thou morning-star of error's darkest
time !
Prince of the lion-heart ! whose arm
in fight,
On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's
might !
EDWARD ! for bright heroic deeds
revered,
By Cressy's fame to Britain still en-
dear'd !
Triumphant HENRY ! thou, whose
valour proud,
The lofty plume of crested Gallia
bow'd !
Look down, look down, exalted
shades ! and view
Your Albion still to freedom's banner
true !
Behold the land, ennobled by your
fame,
Supreme in glory, and of spotless
name :
And, as the Pyramid indignant rears
Its awful head, and mocks the waste
of years ;
See her, secure in pride of virtue, tower,
While prostrate nations kiss the rod
of power !

Lo ! where her pennons, waving
high, aspire,
Bold Victory hovers near, " with eyes
of fire ! "
While Lusitania hails, with just
applause,
The brave defenders of her injured
cause ;

Bids the full song, the note of triumph
rise,
And swells the exulting pæan to the
skies !

And they, who late with anguish,
hard to tell,
Breathed to their cherish'd realms a
sad farewell !

Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the
tide,
Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and
sigh'd ;

Gazed on the shore, till tears obscured
their sight,
And the blue distance melted into
light ;

The Royal exiles, forced by Gallia's
hate

To fly for refuge in a foreign state :
They, soon returning o'er the western
main,

Ere long may view their clime be-
loved again ;

And, as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel o'er the desert
coast ;

So may Britannia guide the noble
band,

O'er the wild ocean, to their native
land.

O, glorious isle !—O, sov'reign of
the waves !

Thine are the sons who never " will be
slaves ! "

See them once more, with ardent
hearts advance,

And rend the laurels of insulting
France ;

To brave Castile their potent aid
supply,

And wave, O Freedom ! wave thy
sword on high !

Is there no bard of heavenly power
possess'd

To thrill, to rouse, to animate the
breast ?

Like Shakespeare o'er the secret
mind to sway,

And call each wayward passion to
obey ?

Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd
fire,

To wake the chords of Ossian's magic
lyre ;

Whose numbers breathing all his
flame divine,
The patriot's name to ages might con-
sign ?

Rise ! Inspiration ! rise ! be this thy
theme,

And mount, like Uriel, on the golden
beam !

Oh ! could my muse on seraph
pinion spring,

And sweep with rapture's hand the
trembling string !

Could she the bosom energies con-
trol,

And pour impassion'd fervour o'er
the soul !

Oh ! could she strike the harp to Milton
given,

Brought by a cherub from the empy-
rean heaven !

Ah, fruitless wish ! ah, prayer pre-
ferr'd in vain !

For her—the humblest of the wood-
land train ;

Yet shall her feeble voice essay to
raise

The hymn of liberty, the song of
praise !

Iberian bands ! whose noble ar-
dour glows

To pour confusion on oppressive foes ;
Intrepid spirits, hail ! 'tis yours to
feel

The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike
zeal !

Not to secure dominion's boundless
reign,

Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the
slain ;

No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson
car.

No, brave Castilians ! yours a nobler
end,

Your land, your laws, your monarch
to defend !

For these, for these, your valiant
legions rear

The floating standard, and the lofty
spear !

The fearless lover wields the conquer-
ing sword,

Fired by the image of the maid
adored !

His best beloved, his fondest ties, to
aid,
The father's hand unsheathes the
glitt'ring blade !
For each, for all, for every sacred
right,
The daring patriot mingles in the
fight !
And e'en if love or friendship fail
to warm,
His country's name alone can nerve
his dauntless arm !

He bleeds ! he falls ! his deathbed
is the field !
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the
shield !
His closing eyes the beam of valour
speak,
The flush of ardour lingers on his
cheek ;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing
eyes,
Then for his country breathes a
prayer—and dies !
Oh ! ever hallow'd be his verdant
grave,
There let the laurel spread, the cy-
press wave !
Thou, lovely Spring ! bestow, to
grace his tomb,
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy
earliest bloom ;
There let the tears of heaven descend
in balm,
There let the poet consecrate his
palm !
Let honour, pity, bless the holy
ground,
And shades of sainted heroes watch
around !
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his
thrilling knell,
Thy chief, O Thebes ! at Mantinea
fell ;
Smiled undismay'd within the arms
of death,
While Victory, weeping nigh, re-
ceived his breath ! -

O thou, the sovereign of the noble
soul !
Thou source of energies beyond con-
trol !
Queen of the lofty thought, the
gen'rous deed,

Whose sons unconquer'd fight, un-
daunted bleed,—
Inspiring Liberty ! thy worshipp'd
name
The warm enthusiast kindles to a
flame ;
Thy charms inspire him to achieve-
ments high,
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of
harmony ;
More blest, with thee to tread peren-
nial snows,
Where ne'er a flower expands, a
zephyr blows ;
Where Winter, binding nature in his
chain,
In frost-work palace holds perpetual
reign ;
Than, far from thee, with frolic step
to rove
The green savannas and the spicy
grove ;
Scent the rich balm of India's per-
fumed gales,
In citron woods and aromatic vales :
For, oh ! fair Liberty, when thou art
near,
Elysium blossoms in the desert
drear !

Where'er thy smile its magic power
bestows,
There arts and taste expand, there
fancy glows ;
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment
gives,
And every chord to swelling trans-
port lives ;
There ardent Genius bids the pencil
trace
The soul of beauty, and the lines of
grace ;
With bold Promethean hand, the
canvas warms,
And calls from stone expression's
breathing forms.
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'er-
flows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance
round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile
sands,
And rich profusion clothe deserted
lands.
Immortal Freedom ! daughter of
the skies !

To thee shall Britain's grateful incense
 rise.
 Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy
 fav'rite isle,
 Still be thy Albion brighten'd with
 thy smile!
 Long had thy spirit slept in dead
 repose,
 While proudly triumph'd thine in-
 sulting foes;
 Yet, though a cloud may veil Apollo's
 light,
 Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks
 to sight:
 Once more we see thy kindling soul
 return,
 Thy vestal flame with added radiance
 burn;
 Lo! in Iberian hearts thine ardour
 lives,
 Lo! in Iberian hearts thy spark
 revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm, un-
 daunted band!
 Still sure to conquer, if combined ye
 stand!
 Though myriads flashing in the eye
 of day,
 Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long
 array;
 Though tyrant Asia pour'd un-
 number'd foes,
 Triumphant still the arm of Greece
 arose:
 For every state in sacred union stood,
 Strong to repel invasion's whelming
 flood;
 Each heart was glowing in the general
 cause,
 Each hand prepared to guard their
 hallow'd laws;
 Athenian valour join'd Laconia's
 might,
 And but contended to be first in
 fight;
 From rank to rank the warm con-
 tagion ran,
 And Hope and Freedom led the
 flaming van.
 Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his
 glories lost,
 As wild confusion wing'd his flying
 host;
 Then Attic bards the hymn of victory
 sung,

The Grecian harp to notes exulting
 rung!
 Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone
 record
 The high achievements of the con-
 quering sword.
 Thus, brave Castilians! thus may
 bright renown
 And fair success your valiant efforts
 crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early
 days
 Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
 Whose faded splendours fancy oft
 recalls,
 The floating banners, and the lofty
 halls;
 The gallant feats thy festivals dis-
 play'd,
 The tilt, the tournament, the long
 crusade;
 Whose ancient pride Romance de-
 lights to hail,
 In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:
 Those times are fled, when stern thy
 castles frown'd,
 Their stately towers with feudal
 grandeur crown'd;
 Those times are fled, when fair Iberia's
 clime
 Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp
 sublime;
 And all thy glories, all thy deeds of
 yore,
 Live but in legends wild, and poet's
 lore.
 Lo! where thy silent harp neglected
 lies,
 Light o'er its chords the murm'ring
 zephyr sighs;
 Thy solemn courts, where once the
 minstrel sung,
 The choral voice of mirth and music
 rung;
 Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken,
 lone,
 Hear but the breeze and echo to its
 moan:
 Thy lonely towers deserted fall away,
 Thy broken shield is mould'ring in
 decay.
 Yet, though thy transient pagean-
 tries are gone,
 Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly
 flown;

Genius of chivalry ! thy noble train,
 Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain !
 Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,
 Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light ;
 Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
 Still darting forward to the wreath of fame ;
 And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
 At awful honour's consecrated shrine ;
 Ardour, with eagle-wing and fiery glance ;
 And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance ;
 And loyalty, by perils unsubdued ;
 Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude ;
 And patriot energy, with heart of flame—
 These, in Iberia's sons are yet the same !
 These from remotest days their souls have fired,
 "Nerved every arm," and every breast inspired !
 When Moorish bands their suffering land possess'd,
 And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest,
 The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
 In Eastern gems and purple splendour shone ;
 Theirs was the proud magnificence that vied
 With stately Bagdat's Oriental pride ;
 Theirs were the courts in regal pomp array'd,
 Where arts and luxury their charms display'd ;
 'Twas theirs to rear the Zehrar's costly towers, [bowers ;
 Its fairy-palace and enchanted
 There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell
 Of potent genii or of wizard spell ;
 All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
 One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wond'ring sight !
 Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
 It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand !

Yet vain their pride, their wealth,
 and radiant state,
 When freedom waved on high the sword of fate !
 When brave Ramiro bade the des-pots fear,
 Stern retribution frowning on his spear ;
 And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
 O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
 Burning with zeal against his country's foes ;
 His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,
 His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd ;
 And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
 Inspiring theme of patriotic verse !
 High in the temple of recording fame,
 Iberia points to great Gonsalvo's name ;
 Victorious chief ! whose valour still defied
 The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride ;
 With splendid trophies graced his sov'reign's throne,
 And bade Granada's realms his prowess own.
 Nor were his deeds thy only boast, O Spain !
 In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign ;
 'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,
 Unfurl'd his flag before the eastern gale ;
 Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventured to explore
 Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before.
 Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
 Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the daring helm ;
 While on the mast, with ardour-flashing eye,
 Courageous enterprise still hover'd nigh : [main
 The hoary genius of the Atlantic

Saw man invade his wide majestic
 reign ;
 His empire, yet by mortal unsub-
 dued,
 The throne, the world of awful soli-
 tude !
 And e'en when shipwreck seem'd to
 rear his form,
 And dark destruction menaced in the
 storm ;
 In every shape, when giant peril rose,
 To daunt his spirit and his course
 oppose ;
 O'er every heart when terror sway'd
 alone,
 And hope forsook each bosom, but
 his own :
 Moved by no dangers, by no fears
 repell'd,
 His glorious track the gallant sailor
 held ;
 Attentive still to mark the sea-birds
 lave,
 Or high in air their snowy pinions
 wave.
 Thus princely Jason, launching from
 the steep,
 With dauntless prow explored the
 untravell'd deep ;
 Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful
 sight
 View'd every star and planetary
 light.
 Sublime COLUMBUS ! when, at length,
 descried,
 The long-sought land arose above the
 tide :
 How every heart with exultation
 glow'd,
 How from each eye the tear of
 transport flow'd !
 Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew,
 When Canaan's fertile plains appear'd
 in view.
 Then rose the choral anthem on the
 breeze,
 Then martial music floated o'er the
 seas ;
 Their waving streamers to the sun
 display'd,
 In all the pride of warlike pomp
 array'd ;
 Advancing nearer still, the ardent
 band
 Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd
 the stranger land ;

Admired its palmy groves and pros-
 pects fair,
 With rapture breathed its pure
 ambrosial air :
 Then crowded round its free and
 simple race,
 Amazement pictured wild on every
 face ;
 Who deem'd that beings of celestial
 birth,
 Sprung from the sun, descended to
 the earth—
 Then first another world, another sky,
 Beheld Iberia's banner blaze on high !

Still prouder glories beam on
 history's page,
 Imperial CHARLES ! to mark thy
 prosperous age :
 Those golden days of arts and fancy
 bright,
 When Science pour'd her mild, re-
 fulgent light :
 When Painting bade the glowing
 canvas breathe,
 Creative Sculpture claim'd the living
 wreath :
 When roved the Muses in Ausonian
 bowers,
 Weaving immortal crowns of fairest
 flowers ;
 When angel-truth dispersed, with
 beam divine,
 The clouds that veil'd religion's
 hallow'd shrine ;
 Those golden days beheld Iberia
 tower
 High on the pyramid of fame and
 power ;
 Vain all the efforts of her numerous
 foes,
 Her might, superior still, triumphant
 rose.
 Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted
 brow,
 The cedar, frowning o'er the plains
 below,
 Though storms assail, its regal pomp
 to rend,
 Majestic, still aspires, disdaining
 e'er to bend !

When Gallia pour'd to Pavia's
 trophied plain,
 Her youthful knights, a bold, im-
 petuous train ;

When, after many a toil and danger
 past,
 The fatal morn of conflict rose at
 last ;
 That morning saw her glittering host
 combine,
 And form in close array the threat-
 'ning line ;
 Fire in each eye, and force in every
 arm,
 With hope exulting, and with ardour
 warm ;
 Saw to the gale their streaming
 ensigns play,
 Their armour flashing to the beam of
 day ;
 Their gen'rous chargers panting,
 spurn the ground,
 Roused by the trumpet's animating
 sound ;
 And heard in air their warlike music
 float,
 The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring
 note !

Pale set the sun—the shades of
 evening fell,
 The mournful night-wind rung their
 funeral knell ;
 And the same day beheld their
 warriors dead,
 Their sovereign captive, and their
 glories fled !
 Fled, like the lightning's evanescent
 fire,
 Bright, blazing, dreadful—only to
 expire !
 Then, then, while prostrate Gaul
 confess'd her might,
 Iberia's planet shed meridian's light !
 Nor less, on famed St. Quintin's death-
 ful day,
 Castilian spirit bore the prize away ;
 Laurels that still their verdure shall
 retain,
 And trophies beaming high in glory's
 fane !
 And lo ! her heroes, warm with
 kindred flame,
 Still proudly emulate their fathers'
 fame ;
 Still with the soul of patriot-valour
 glow,
 Still rush impetuous to repel the foe ;
 Wave the bright falchion, lift the
 beamy spear,

And bid oppressive Gallia learn to
 fear !
 Be theirs, be theirs, unfading honour's
 crown,
 The living amaranths of bright re-
 nown !
 Be theirs the inspiring tribute of
 applause,
 Due to the champions of their coun-
 try's cause !
 Be theirs the purest bliss that virtue
 loves ;
 The joy when conscience whispers
 and approves !
 When every heart is fired, each pulse
 beats high,
 To fight, to bleed, to fall, for liberty ;
 When every hand is dauntless and
 prepared
 The sacred charter of mankind to
 guard ;
 When Britain's valiant sons their
 aid unite,
 Fervent and glowing still for freedom's
 right,
 Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
 And ancient wrongs forgotten sleep
 in peace ;
 When, firmly leagued, they join the
 patriot band,
 Can venal slaves their conquering
 arms withstand ?
 Can fame refuse their gallant deeds
 to bless ?
 Can victory fail to crown them with
 success ?
 Look down, O Heaven ! the right-
 eous cause maintain,
 Defend the injured, and avenge the
 slain !
 Despot of France ! destroyer of man-
 kind !
 What spectre-cares must haunt thy
 sleepless mind !
 Oh ! if at midnight round thy regal
 bed,
 When soothing visions fly thine
 aching head ;
 When sleep denies thy anxious cares
 to calm,
 And lull thy senses in his opiate
 balm ;
 Invoked by guilt, if airy phantoms
 rise,
 And murder'd victims bleed before
 thine eyes ;

Loud let them thunder in thy troubled
 ear,
 "Tyrant! the hour, the avenging
 hour is near!"
 It is, it is! thy star withdraws its
 ray,
 Soon will its parting lustre fade away;
 Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure
 its light,
 And veil thy splendours in eternal
 night!
 Oh! when accusing conscience wakes
 thy soul,
 With awful terrors and with dread
 control,
 Bids threat'ning forms, appalling,
 round thee stand,
 And summons all her visionary band;
 Calls up the parted shadows of the
 dead,
 And whispers peace and happiness
 are fled;
 E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
 Paints the dire poniard menacing thy
 breast;
 Is then thy cheek with guilt and
 horror pale?
 Then dost thou tremble, does thy
 spirit fail?
 And wouldst thou yet by added
 crimes provoke
 The bolt of heaven to launch the
 fatal stroke?
 Bereave a nation of its rights revered,
 Of all to morals sacred and endear'd?
 And shall they tamely liberty resign,
 The soul of life, the source of bliss
 divine?
 Canst thou, supreme destroyer? hope
 to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the noble
 mind?
 Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate
 hear,
 Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd
 career!
 No, tyrant! no, thy utmost force is
 vain,
 The patriot-arm of freedom to re-
 strain:
 Then bid thy subject-bands in armour
 shine,
 Then bid thy legions all their power
 combine!
 Yet couldst thou summon myriads at
 command,

Did boundless realms obey thy
 sceptr'd hand,
 E'en then her soul thy lawless might
 would spurn,
 E'en then, with kindling fire, with
 indignation burn!

 Ye sons of Albion! first in danger's
 field,
 The sword of Britain and of truth to
 wield!
 Still prompt the injured to defend and
 save,
 Appal the despot, and assist the
 brave;
 Who' now intrepid lift the gen'rous
 blade,
 The cause of Justice and Castile to
 aid!
 Ye sons of Albion! by your country's
 name,
 Her crown of glory, her unsullied
 fame;
 Oh! by the shades of Cressy's mar-
 tial dead,
 By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who
 bled;
 By honours gain'd on Blenheim's
 fatal plain,
 By those in Victory's arms at Minden
 slain;
 By the bright laurels WOLFE immor-
 tal won, [son!
 Undaunted spirit! valour's fav'rite
 By Albion's thousand, thousand deeds
 sublime,
 Renown'd from zone to zone, from
 clime to clime;
 Ye British heroes! may your trophies
 raise
 A deathless monument to future
 days!
 Oh! may your courage still trium-
 phant rise,
 Exalt the "lion banner" to the skies!
 Transcend the fairest names in
 hist'ry's page,
 The brightest actions of a former age;
 The reign of Freedom let your arms
 restore,
 And bid oppression fall—to rise no
 more!
 Then soon returning to your native
 isle,
 May love and beauty hail you with
 their smile;

For you may conquest weave the
undying wreath,
And fame and glory's voice the song
of rapture breathe!

Ah! when shall mad ambition
cease to rage?
Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath
assuage?
When, when, supplanting discord's
iron reign,
Shall mercy wave her olive wand
again?
Not till the despot's dread career is
closed,
And might restrain'd and tyranny
deposed!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form
benign!
Fair blue-ey'd seraph! balmy power
divine!
Descend once more! thy hallow'd
blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread
thy downy wing!
Luxuriant plenty, laughing in thy
train,
Shall crown with glowing stores the
desert-plain;
Young smiling Hope, attendant on
thy way,
Shall gild thy path with mild
celestial ray,
Descend once more, thou daughter of
the sky!
Cheer every heart, and brighten every
eye;
Justice, thy harbinger, before thee
send,
Thy myrtle-sceptre o'er the globe
extend:
Thy cherub look again shall soothe
mankind,
Thy cherub hand the wounds of
discord bind,
Thy smile of heaven shall every muse
inspire,
To thee the bard shall strike the
silver lyre.
Descend once more! to bid the world
rejoice—
Let nations hail thee with exulting
voice;
Around thy shrine with purest
incense throng,

Weave the fresh palm, and swell the
choral song!

Then shall the shepherd's flute, the
woodland reed,

The martial clarion and the drum
succeed;

Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest
flowers,

And music warble in Idalian bowers.

Where war and carnage blew the blast
of death,

The gale shall whisper with Favonian
breath;

And golden Ceres bless the festive
swain,

Where the wild combat redden'd o'er
the plain.

These are thy blessings, fair benig-
nant maid!

Return, return, in vest of light
array'd!

Let angel forms and floating sylphids
bear

Thy car of sapphire through the
realms of air:

With accents milder than Æolian
lays,

When o'er the harp the fanning
zephyr plays,

Be thine to charm the raging world
to rest,

Diffusing round the heaven—that
glows within thy breast!

O Thou! whose fiat lulls the storm
asleep!

Thou, at whose nod subsides the
rolling deep!

Whose awful word restrains the
whirlwind's force,

And stays the thunder in its vengeful
course;

Fountain of life! Omnipotent
Supreme!

Robed in perfection! crown'd with
glory's beam!

Oh! send on earth thy consecrated
dove,

To bear the sacred olive from above;
Restore again the blest, the halcyon

time,
The festal harmony of nature's prime!

Bid truth and justice once again
appear,

And spread their sunshine o'er this
mundane sphere;

Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,
 Transcendent light their hallow'd fane illumine;
 Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
 And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of Peace;

Brothers once more, let men her empire own,
 And realms and monarchs bend before the throne;
 While circling rays of angel-mercy shed [head!
 Eternal haloes round her sainted

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS, AND OTHER POEMS

THE SILVER LOCKS

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED FRIEND

THOUGH youth may boast the curls that flow
 In sunny waves of auburn glow;
 As graceful on thy hoary head.
 Has Time the robe of honour spread,
 And there, oh! softly, *softly* shed
 His wreath of snow!

As frost-work on the trees display'd
 When weeping Flora leaves the shade,
 E'en more than Flora, charms the sight;
 E'en so thy locks of purest white
 Survive, in age's frost-work bright,
 Youth's vernal rose decay'd!

To grace the nymph whose tresses play
 Light on the sportive breeze of May,
 Let other bards the garland twine,
 Where sweets of every hue combine;
 Those locks revered, that silvery shine,
 Invite my lay!

Less white the summer cloud sublime,
 Less white the winter's fringing rime;
 Nor do Belinda's lovelier seem
 (A Poet's blest immortal theme)
 Than thine, which wear the moon-light beam
 Of reverend Time!

Long may the graceful honours smile,
 Like moss on some declining pile;
 O much revered! may filial care
 Around thee, duteous, long repair,

Thy joys with tender bliss to share,
 Thy pains beguile!

Long, long, ye snowy ringlets, wave!
 Long, long, your much-loved beauty save!
 May bliss your latest evening crown,
 Disarm life's winter of its frown,
 And soft, ye hoary hairs, go down
 In gladness to the grave!

And as the parting beams of day
 On mountain snows reflected play,
 And tints of roseate lustre shed;
 Thus, on the snow that crowns thy head,
 May joy, with evening planet, shed
 His mildest ray!

TO MY MOTHER

If e'er from human bliss or woe
 I feel the sympathetic glow;
 If e'er my heart has learn'd to know

The generous wish or prayer;
 Who sow'd the germ with tender hand?

Who mark'd its infant leaves expand?—

My mother's fostering care,
 And if *one* flower of charms refined
 May grace the garden of my mind,
 'Twas she who nursed it there:
 She loved to cherish and adorn
 Each blossom of the soil;
 To banish every weed and thorn
 That oft opposed her toil!

And oh! if e'er I sigh'd to claim
 The palm, the living palm of fame,

The glowing wreath of praise ;
 If e'er I wished the glittering stores
 That Fortune on her favourite
 pours ;
 'Twas but that wealth and fame,
 if mine,
 Round *thee* with streaming rays
 might shine,
 And gild thy sunbright days !
 Yet not that splendour, pomp, and
 power
 Might then irradiate every hour ;
 For these, my mother ! well I know,
 On thee no raptures could bestow ;—
 But could thy bounty, warm, and
 kind,
 Be, like thy wishes, *unconfined*,
 And fall as manna from the skies,
 And bid a train of blessings rise,
 Diffusing joy and peace ;
 The teardrop, grateful, pure, and
 bright,
 For thee would beam with softer
 light
 Than all the diamond's crystal
 rays,
 Than all the emerald's lucid blaze ;
 And joys of heaven would thrill thy
 heart
 To bid one bosom-grief depart,
 One tear, one sorrow cease !
 Then, oh ! may Heaven, that loves to
 bless,
 Bestow the power to cheer distress ;
 Make *thee* its minister below,
 To light the cloudy path of woe ;
 To visit the deserted cell,
 Where indigence is doom'd to
 dwell ;
 To raise, where drooping to the
 earth,
 The blossoms of neglected worth ;
 And round, with liberal hand, dis-
 pense
 The sunshine of beneficence !
 But ah ! if Fate should still deny
 Delights like these, too rich and
 high ;
 If grief and pain thy steps assail,
 In life's remote and wintry vale ;
 Then, as the wild Æolian lyre
 Complains with soft entrancing
 number,
 When the lone storm awakes the
 wire,

And bids enchantment cease to
 slumber ;
 So filial love, with soothing voice,
 E'en then shall teach thee to re-
 joice ;
 E'en *then* shall sweeter, milder
 sound,
 When sorrow's tempest raves
 around ;
 While dark misfortune's gales
 destroy,
 The frail mimosa-buds of hope and
 joy !

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER

ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN, AFTER
 THE FATAL RETREAT UNDER SIR
 JOHN MOORE, AND THE BATTLE OF
 CORUNNA

THOUGH dark are the prospects and
 heavy the hours,
 Though life is a desert, and cheer-
 less the way ;
 Yet still shall affection adorn it with
 flowers,
 Whose fragrance shall never decay !

And lo ! to embrace thee, my Bro-
 ther ! she flies,
 With artless delight, that no words
 can bespeak ;
 With a sunbeam of transport illum-
 ing her eyes,
 With a smile and a glow on her
 cheek !

From the trophies of war, from the
 spear and the shield,
 From scenes of destruction, from
 perils unblest ;
 Oh ! welcome again, to the grove and
 the field,
 To the vale of retirement and rest.

Then warble, sweet muse ! with the
 lyre and the voice,
 Oh ! gay be the measure and
 sportive the strain ;
 For light is my heart, and my spirits
 rejoice
 To meet thee, my Brother ! again.
 When the heroes of Albion, still vali-
 ant and true,
 Were bleeding, were falling, with
 victory crown'd,

How often would fancy present to my view
 The horrors that waited thee round !

How constant, how fervent, how pure was my prayer,
 That Heaven would protect thee from danger and harm ;
 That angels of mercy would shield thee with care,
 In the heat of the combat's alarm !

How sad and how often descended the tear,
 (Ah, long shall remembrance the image retain !)

How mournful the sigh, when I trembled with fear
 I might never behold thee again !

But the prayer was accepted, the sorrow is o'er,
 And the teardrop is fled, like the dew on the rose ;
 Thy dangers, our tears, have endear'd thee the more,
 And my bosom with tenderness glows.

And oh ! when the dreams, the enchantments of youth,
 Bright and transient, have fled like the rainbow away ;
 My affection for thee, still unfading in truth,
 Shall never, oh ! never decay !

No time can impair it, no change can destroy,
 Whate'er be the lot I am destined to share ;
 It will smile in the sunshine of hope and of joy,
 And beam through the cloud of despair !

TO MY ELDEST BROTHER
 (WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN PORTUGAL)

How many a day, in various hues array'd,
 Bright with gay sunshine, or eclipsed with shade,
 How many an hour, on silent wing is past,

O my loved Brother ! since we saw thee last !
 Since *then* has childhood ripen'd into youth,
 And fancy's dreams have fled from sober truth ;
 Her splendid fabrics melting into air,
 As sage experience waved the wand of care !
 Yet *still* thine absence wakes the tender sigh,
 And the tear trembles in affection's eye !
 When shall we meet again ?—with glowing ray,
 Heart-soothing hope illumines some future day ;
 Checks the sad thought, beguiles the starting tear,
 And sings benignly still *that* day is near !
 She, with bright eye, and soul-bewitching voice,
 Wins us to smile, inspires us to rejoice ;
 Tells that the hour approaches, to restore
 Our cherish'd wanderer to his home once more ;
 Where sacred ties his manly worth endear,
 To faith still true, affection still sincere !
 Then the past woes, the future's dubious lot,
 In that blest meeting shall be all forgot !
 And joy's full radiance gild that sunbright hour,
 Though all around the impending storm should lower.

Now distant far, amidst the intrepid host,
 Albion's firm sons, on Lusitania's coast
 (That gallant band, in countless dangers tried,
 Where glory's pole-star beams their constant guide),
 Say, do thy thoughts, my Brother, fondly stray
 To Cambria's vales and mountains far away ?
 Does fancy oft in busy day-dreams roam,

And paint the greeting that awaits at home ?

Does memory's pencil oft, in mellowing hue,

Dear social scenes, departed joys renew ;

In softer tints delighting to retrace
Each tender image and each well-known face ?

Yes, wanderer ! yes ! thy spirit flies to those

Whose love, unalter'd, warm and faithful glows.

Oh ! could that love, through life's eventful hours,

Illume thy scenes and strew thy path with flowers !

Perennial joy should harmonise thy breast,

No struggle rend thee, and no cares molest !

But though our tenderness can but bestow

The wish, the hope, the prayer, averting woe,

Still shall it live, with pure, unclouded flame,

In storms, in sunshine, far and near—the same !

Still dwell enthroned within the unvarying heart,

And, firm and *vital*, but with life depart !

Bronwyfla, February 8, 1811.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE "MEMOIRS OF
ELIZABETH SMITH"

O thou ! whose pure, exalted mind,
Lives in this record, fair and bright ;

O thou ! whose blameless life combined

Soft female charms, and grace refined,
With science and with light !

Celestial maid ! whose spirit soar'd
Beyond this vale of tears—

Whose clear, enlighten'd eye explored

The lore of years !

Daughter of Heaven ! if here, e'en *here*,

The wing of towering thought was thine ;

If, on this dim and mundane sphere,
Fair truth illumed thy bright career,

With morning-star divine ;

How must thy bless'd ethereal soul

Now kindle in his noontide ray,

And hail, unfetter'd by control,

The Fount of Day !

E'en *now*, perhaps, thy seraph eyes,
Undimm'd by doubt, nor veil'd by fear,

Behold a chain of wonders rise—
Gaze on the noon-beam of the skies,

Transcendent pure, and clear !

E'en *now*, the fair, the good, the true,

From mortal sight conceal'd,

Bless in one blaze thy raptured view,

In light reveal'd !

If *here* the lore of distant time,
And learning's flowers, were all thine own ;

How must thy mind ascend sublime,
Matured in heaven's empyreal clime,

To light's unclouded throne !

Perhaps e'en *now* thy kindling glance

Each orb of living fire explores,

Darts o'er creation's wide expanse,
Admires—adores !

Oh ! if that lightning-eye surveys
This dark and sublunary plain ;

How must the wreath of human praise

Fade, wither, vanish, in thy gaze,
So dim, so pale, so vain !

How, like a faint and shadowy dream,
Must quiver learning's brightest

ray ;

While on thine eyes, with lucid stream,

The sun of glory pours his beam,
Perfection's day !

THE RUIN AND ITS FLOWERS

SWEETS of the wild ! that breathe and bloom

On this lone tower, this ivied wall,
Lend to the gale a rich perfume,

And grace the ruin in its fall.

Though doom'd, remote from careless eye,

To smile, to flourish, and to die
 In solitude sublime,
 Oh ! ever may the spring renew,
 Your balmy scent and glowing hue,
 To deck the robe of time !

Breathe, fragrance ! breathe ! en-
 rich the air,
 Though wasted on its wing un-
 known !

Blow, flowerets ! blow ! though
 vainly fair,

Neglected and alone !
 These flowers that long withstood the
 blast,

These mossy towers, are mouldering
 fast,

While Flora's children stay—
 To mantle o'er the lonely pile,
 To gild Destruction with a smile,
 And beautify Decay !

Sweets of the wild ! uncultured blow-
 ing,

Neglected in luxuriance glowing ;
 From the dark ruins frowning near,
 Your charms in brighter tints appear,
 And richer blush assume ;

You smile with softer beauty crown'd,
 Whilst all is desolate around,
 Like sunshine on a tomb !

Thou hoary pile, majestic still,
 Memento of departed fame !
 While roving o'er the moss-clad hill,
 I ponder on thine ancient name !

Here Grandeur, Beauty, Valour sleep,
 That here, so oft, have shone
 supreme ;

While Glory, Honour, Fancy, weep
 That vanish'd is the golden dream !

Where are the banners, waving
 proud,

To kiss the summer gale of even—
 All purple as the morning cloud,
 All streaming to the winds of
 heaven ?

Where is the harp, by rapture strung
 To melting song or martial story ?
 Where are the lays the minstrel sung
 To loveliness or glory ?

Lorn Echo of these mouldering walls,
 To thee no festal measure calls ;

No music through the desert halls,
 Awakes thee to rejoice !
 How still thy sleep ! as death pro-
 found—

As if, within this lonely round,
 A step—a note—a *whisper'd sound*
 Had ne'er aroused thy voice !

Thou hear'st the zephyr murmuring,
 dying,

Thou hear'st the foliage waving,
 sighing ;

But ne'er again shall harp or song,
 These dark deserted courts along,
 Disturb thy calm repose.

The harp is broke, the song is fled,
 The voice is hush'd, the bard is dead ;
 And never shall thy tones repeat
 Or lofty strain or carol sweet
 With plaintive close !

Proud Castle ! though the days are
 flown

Whence once thy towers in glory
 shone ;

When music through thy turrets rung,
 When banners o'er thy ramparts
 hung,

Though 'midst thine arches, frowning
 lone,

Stern Desolation rear his throne ;
 And Silence, deep and awful, reign
 Where echo'd once the choral strain ;
 Yet oft, dark ruin ! lingering here,
 The Muse will hail thee with a tear ;
 Here when the moonlight, quivering,
 beams,

And through the fringing ivy streams,
 And softens every shade sublime,
 And mellows every tint of Time—

Oh ! here shall Contemplation love,
 Unseen and undisturb'd, to rove ;
 And bending o'er some mossy tomb,

Where Valour sleeps or Beauties
 bloom,

Shall weep for Glory's transient day
 And Grandeur's evanescent ray ;

And listening to the swelling blast,
 Shall wake the Spirit of the Past—

Call up the forms of ages fled,
 Of warriors and of minstrels dead,

Who sought the field, who struck the
 lyre,

With all Ambition's kindling fire !

Nor wilt thou, Spring ! refuse to
 breathe

Soft odours on this desert air ;
 Refuse to twine thine earliest wreath,
 And fringe those towers with gar-
 lands fair !

Sweets of the wild, oh ! ever bloom
 Unheeded on this ivied wall !
 Lend to the gale a rich perfume,
 And grace the ruin in its fall !

Thus round Misfortune's holy head,
 Would Pity wreaths of honour
 spread ;
 Like, you, thus blooming on this
 lonely pile,
 She seeks Despair, with heart-reviv-
 ing smile !

CHRISTMAS CAROL

FAIR Gratitude ! in strain sublime,
 Swell high to heaven thy tuneful
 zeal ;
 And, hailing this auspicious time,
 Kneel, Adoration ! kneel !

CHORUS

For lo ! the day, the immortal day,
 When Mercy's full, benignant ray
 Chased every gathering cloud away,
 And pour'd the noon of light !
 Rapture ! be kindling, mounting,
 glowing,
 While from thine eye the tear is flow-
 ing,
 Pure, warm, and bright !

'Twas on this day—oh, love divine !—
 The Orient Star's effulgence rose ;
 Then waked the Morn, whose eye be-
 nign
 Shall never, never close !

CHORUS

Messiah ! be Thy name adored,
 Eternal, high, redeeming Lord !
 By grateful worlds be anthems
 pour'd—
 Emanuel ! Prince of Peace !
 This day, from heaven's empyreal
 dwelling,
 Harp, lyre, and voice, in concert
 swelling,
 Bade discord cease !

Wake the loud pæan, tune the voice,
 Children of heaven and sons of
 earth !

Seraphs and men ! exult, rejoice,
 To bless the Saviour's birth !

CHORUS

Devotion ! light thy purest fire !
 Transport ! on cherub wing aspire !
 Praise ! wake to Him thy golden lyre,
 Strike every thrilling chord !
 While, at the Ark of Mercy kneeling,
 We own Thy grace, reviving, healing,
 Redeemer ! Lord !

THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS

WHENCE are those tranquil joys in
 mercy given,
 To light the wilderness with beams of
 heaven ?
 To soothe our cares, and through the
 cloud diffuse
 Their temper'd sunshine and celestial
 hues ?
 Those pure delights, ordain'd on life
 to throw
 Gleams of the bliss ethereal natures
 know ?
 Say, do they grace Ambition's regal
 throne,
 When kneeling myriads call the world
 his own ?
 Or dwell with Luxury, in the en-
 charmed bowers
 Where taste and wealth exert *creative*
 powers ?

Favour'd of Heaven ! O Genius !
 are they thine,
 When round thy brow the wreaths of
 glory shine ;
 While rapture gazes on thy radiant
 way,
 'Midst the bright realms of clear and
 mental day ?
 No ! sacred joys ! 'tis yours to dwell
 enshrined,
 Most fondly cherish'd, in the purest
 mind ;
 To twine with flowers those loved,
 endearing ties,
 On earth so sweet—so perfect in the
 skies !

Nursed in the lap of solitude and
 shade,
 The violet smiles, embosom'd in the
 glade

There sheds her spirit on the lonely
gale,
Gem of seclusion! treasure of the
vale!

Thus, far retired from life's tumult-
uous road,

Domestic Bliss has fixed her calm
abode,

Where hallow'd Innocence and sweet
Repose

May strew her shadowy path with
many a rose.

As, when dread thunder shakes the
troubled sky,

The cherub, Infancy, can close its eye,
And sweetly smile, unconscious of a
tear,

While viewless angels wave their
pinions near;

Thus, while around the storms of
Discord roll,

Borne on resistless wing from pole to
pole,

While War's red lightnings desolate
the ball,

And thrones and empires in destruc-
tion fall;

Then calm as evening on the silvery
wave,

When the wind slumbers in the ocean
cave,

She dwells unruffled, in her bower
of rest,

Her empire Home—her throne, Affec-
tion's breast!

For her, sweet Nature wears her
loveliest blooms,

And softer sunshine every scene
illumes.

When Spring awakes the spirit of the
breeze,

Whose light which undulates the
sleeping seas;

When Summer, waving her creative
wand,

Bids verdure smile, and glowing life
expand;

Or Autumn's pencil sheds, with magic
trace,

O'er fading loveliness, a moonlight
grace;

Oh! still for her, through Nature's
boundless reign,

No charm is lost, no beauty blooms
in vain;

While mental peace, o'er every pros-
pect bright,

Throws mellowing tints and harmon-
ising light!

Lo! borne on clouds, in rushing
might sublime,

Stern Winter, bursting from the
polar clime,

Triumphant waves his signal-torch
on high,

The blood-red meteor of the northern
sky!

And high through darkness rears
his giant form,

His throne the billow, and his flag the
storm!

Yet then, when bloom and sunshine
are no more

And the wild surges foam along the
shore,

Domestic Bliss, *thy* heaven is still
serene,

Thy star unclouded, and thy myrtle
green!

Thy fane of rest no raging storms
invade—

Sweet peace is thine, the seraph of the
shade!

Clear through the day, her light
around thee glows,

And gilds the midnight of thy deep
repose!

—Hail, sacred Home! where soft
Affection's hand

With flowers of Eden twines her
magic band!

Where pure and bright the social
ardours rise,

Concentring all their holiest en-
ergies!—

When wasting toil has dimm'd the
vital flame,

And every power deserts the sink-
ing frame,

Exhausted nature still from sleep
improres

The charm that lulls, the manna that
restores!

Thus, when oppress'd with rude,
tumultuous cares,

To thee, sweet Home! the fainting
mind repairs;

Still to thy breast, a wearied pilgrim,
flies,

Her ark of refuge from uncertain
skies!

Bower of repose ! when, torn from
all we love,
Through toil we struggle, or through
distance rove ;
To *thee* we turn, still faithful, from
afar—
Thee, our bright vista ! thee, our
magnet-star !
And from the martial field, the
troubled sea,
Unfetter'd thought still roves to
bliss and thee !

When ocean-sounds in awful slum-
ber die,
No wave to murmur, and no gale to
sigh ;
Wide o'er the world when Peace and
Midnight reign,
And the moon trembles on the sleep-
ing main ;
At that still hour the sailor wakes to
keep,
Midst the dead calm, the vigil of the
deep !
No gleaming shores his dim horizon
bound,
All heaven—and sea—and solitude—
around !
Then, from the lonely deck, the silent
helm,
From the wide grandeur of the
shadowy realm,
Still homeward borne, his fancy un-
confined,
Leaving the worlds of ocean far
behind,
Wings like a meteor-flash her swift
career,
To the loved scenes, so distant, and
so dear !

Lo ! the rude whirlwind rushes
from its cave,
And Danger frowns—the monarch of
the wave !
Lo ! rocks and storms the striving
bark repel,
And Death and Shipwreck ride the
foaming swell !

Child of the ocean ! is thy bier the
surge,
The grave the billow, and the wind
thy dirge ?
Yes ! thy long toil, thy weary con-
flict o'er,

No storm shall wake, no perils rouse
thee more !
Yet, in that solemn hour, that awful
strife,
The struggling agony for death or
life,
E'en *then* thy mind, embittering
every pain,
Retraced the image so beloved—in
vain !
Still to sweet Home thy last regrets
were true,
Life's parting sigh—the murmur of
adieu !

Can war's dread scenes the hallow'd
ties efface,
Each tender thought, each fond
remembrance chase ?
Can fields of carnage, days of toil,
destroy
The loved impression of domestic
joy ?

Ye daylight dreams ! that cheer
the soldier's breast,
In hostile climes, with spells benign
and blest,
Soothe his brave heart, and shed your
glowing ray
O'er the long march through Desola-
tion's way ;
Oh ! still ye bear him from the en-
sanguined plain,
Armour's bright flash, and Victory's
choral strain,
To that loved Home where pure
affection glows,
That shrine of bliss ! asylum of re-
pose !
When all is hush'd—the rage of com-
bat past,
And no dread war-note swells the
moaning blast ;
When the warm throb of many a
heart is o'er,
And many an eye is closed to wake no
more ;
Lull'd by the night-wind, pillow'd on
the ground
(The dewy deathbed of his comrades,
round) !
While o'er the slain the tears of mid-
night weep,
Faint with fatigue, he sinks in slum-
bers deep !

E'en then, soft visions, hovering
 round, portray
 The cherish'd forms that o'er his
 bosom sway ;
 He sees fond transport light each
 beaming face,
 Meets the warm teardrop and the
 long embrace !
 While the sweet welcome vibrates
 through his heart,
 " Hail, weary soldier !—never more
 to part ! "

And lo ! at last released from
 every toil,
 He comes !—the wanderer views his
 native soil !
 Then the bright raptures words can
 never speak
 Flash in his eye and mantle o'er his
 cheek !
 Then Love and Friendship, whose
 unceasing prayer
 Implored for him each guardian-
 spirit's care ;
 Who, for his fate, through sorrow's
 lingering year,
 Had proved each thrilling pulse of
 hope and fear ;
 In that blest moment, all the past
 forget—
 Hours of suspense and vigils of
 regret !

And oh ! for him, the child of rude
 alarms,
 Rear'd by stern danger in the school
 of arms !
 How sweet to change the war-song's
 pealing note
 For woodland sounds in summer air
 that float !
 Through vales of peace, o'er moun-
 tain wilds to roam,
 And breathe his native gales, that
 whisper—" Home ! "

Hail, sweet endearments of domes-
 tic ties,
 Charms of existence ! angel sympa-
 thies !
 Though Pleasure smile, a soft Cir-
 cassian queen !
 And guide her votaries through a
 fairy scene,
 Where sylphid forms beguile their
 vernal hours

With mirth and music in Arcadian
 bowers ;
 Though gazing nations hail the fiery
 car
 That bears the Son of Conquest
 from afar,
 While Fame's loud pæan bids his
 heart rejoice,
 And every life-pulse vibrates to her
 voice ;—
 Yet from your source *alone*, in mazes
 bright,
 Flows the full current of serene
 delight !

Or Freedom's wing, that every
 wild explores,
 Through realms of space, the aspir-
 ing eagle soars !
 Dart o'er the clouds, exulting to
 admire,
 Meridian glory—on her throne of
 fire !
 Bird of the Sun ! his keen unwearied
 gaze
 Hails the full noon, and triumphs in
 the blaze ;
 But soon, descending from his height
 sublime,
 Day's burning fount, and light's
 empyreal clime,
 Once more he speeds to joys more
 calmly blest,
 'Midst the dear inmates of his lonely
 nest !

Thus Genius, mounting on his
 bright career
 Through the wide regions of the
 mental sphere,
 And proudly waving in his gifted
 hand,
 O'er Fancy's worlds, Invention's
 plastic wand.
 Fearless and firm, with lightning-eye
 surveys
 The clearest heaven of intellectual
 rays !
 Yet, on his course though loftiest
 hopes attend,
 And kindling raptures aid him to
 ascend
 (While in his mind, with high-born
 grandeur fraught,
 Dilate the noblest energies of
 thought),

Still, from the bliss, ethereal and refined,
Which crowns the soarings of triumphant mind,
At length he flies, to that serene retreat,
Where calm and pure the mild affections meet;
Embosom'd there, to feel and to impart
The softer pleasures of the social heart!

Ah! weep for those, deserted and forlorn,
From every tie by fate relentless torn;
See, on the barren coast, the lonely isle,
Mark'd with no step, uncheer'd by human smile,
Heartsick and faint the shipwreck'd wanderer stand,
Raise the dim eye, and lift the suppliant hand!
Explore with fruitless gaze the billowy main,
And weep—and pray—and linger—but in vain!

Thence, roving wild through many a depth of shade,
Where voice ne'er echo'd, footstep never stray'd,
He fondly seeks, o'er cliffs and deserts rude,
Haunts of mankind 'midst realms of solitude!
And pauses oft, and sadly hears alone
The wood's deep sigh, the surge's distant moan!
All else is hush'd! so silent, so profound,
As if some viewless power, presiding round,
With mystic spell, unbroken by a breath,
Had spread for ages the repose of death!
Ah! still the wanderer, by the boundless deep,
Lives but to watch—and watches but to weep!
He sees no sail in faint perspective rise,

His the dread loneliness of sea and skies!
Far from his cherish'd friends, his native shore,
Banish'd from being—to return no more;
There must he die!—within that circling wave,
That lonely isle—that prison and his grave!

Lo! through the waste, the wilderness of snows,
With fainting step, Siberia's exile goes!
Homeless and sad, o'er many a Polar wild,
Where beam, or flower, or verdure never smiled;
Where frost and silence hold their despot reign,
And bind existence in eternal chain!
Child of the desert! pilgrim of the gloom!
Dark is the path which leads thee to the tomb!
While on thy faded cheek the Arctic air
Congeals the bitter teardrop of despair!
Yet not that fate condemns thy closing day [ray;
In that stern clime to shed its parting
Not that fair nature's loveliness and light
No more shall beam enchantment on thy sight;
Ah! not for *this*—far, far beyond relief,
Deep in thy bosom dwells the hopeless grief;
But that no friend of kindred heart is there,
Thy woes to mitigate, thy toils to share;
That no mild soother fondly shall assuage
The stormy trials of thy lingering age;
No smile of tenderness, with angel power,
Lull the dread pangs of dissolution's hour;
For this alone, despair, a withering guest,
Sits on thy brow, and cankers in thy breast!

Yes ! there, e'en there, in that tremendous clime,
 Where desert grandeur frowns in pomp sublime ;
 Where winter triumphs, through the Polar night,
 In all his wild magnificence of might ;
 E'en *there*, affection's hallow'd spell might pour
 The light of heaven around the inclement shore !
 And, like the vales with gloom and sunshine graced,
 That smile, by circling Pyrenees embraced,
 Teach the pure heart with vital fires to glow,
 E'en 'midst the world of solitude and snow !
 The halcyon's charm, thus dreaming fictions feign,
 With mystic power could tranquillise the main ;
 Bid the loud wind, the mountain billow sleep,
 And peace and silence brood upon the deep !

And thus, Affection, can *thy* voice compose
 The stormy tide of passions and of woes ;
 Bid every throb of wild emotion cease,
 And lull misfortune in the arms of peace !

Oh ! mark yon drooping form, of aged mien,
 Wan, yet resign'd, and hopeless, yet serene !
 Long ere victorious time had sought to chase
 The bloom, the smile, that once illumed his face,
 That faded eye was dimm'd with many a care,
 Those waving locks were silver'd by despair !
 Yet filial love can pour the sovereign balm,
 Assuage his pangs, his wounded spirit calm !
 He, a sad emigrant ! condemn'd to roam
 In life's pale autumn from his ruin'd home,

Has borne the shock of Peril's darkest wave,
 Where joy—and hope—and fortune—found a grave !
 'Twas his to see Destruction's fiercest band
 Rush, like a Typhon, on his native land,
 And roll triumphant on their blasted way,
 In fire and blood, the deluge of dismay !
 Unequal combat raged on many a plain,
 And patriot valour waved the sword in vain ! [bled,
 Ah ! gallant exile ! nobly, long, he
 Long braved the tempest gathering o'er his head !
 Till all was lost ! and horror's darken'd eye
 Roused the stern spirit of despair to die !

Ah ! gallant exile ! in the storm that roll'd
 Far o'er his country, rushing uncontroll'd,
 The flowers that graced his path with loveliest bloom,
 Torn by the blast, were scatter'd on the tomb !
 When carnage burst, exulting in the strife,
 The bosom ties that bound his soul to life,
 Yet one was spared ! and she, whose filial smile
 Can soothe his wanderings and his tears beguile,
 E'en *then* could temper, with divine relief,
 The wild delirium of unbounded grief ;
 And, whispering peace, conceal with duteous art,
 Her own deep sorrows in her inmost heart !
 And now, though time, subduing every trace,
 Has *mellow'd* all, he *never* can *erase* ;
 Oft will the wanderer's tears in silence flow,
 Still sadly faithful to remember'd woe !
 Then she, who feels a father's pang alone

(Still fondly struggling to suppress her own),
 With anxious tenderness is ever nigh,
 To chase the image that awakes the sigh !
 Her angel voice his fainting soul can raise
 To brighter visions of celestial days !
 And speak of realms, where Virtue's wing shall soar
 On eagle-plume—to wonder and adore ;
 And friends, divided here, shall meet at last,
 Unite their kindred souls—and smile on all the past !

Yes ! we may hope that nature's deathless ties,
 Renew'd, refined, shall triumph in the skies !
 Heart-soothing thought ! whose loved, consoling powers
 With seraph dreams can gild reflection's hours,
 Oh ! still be near, and brightening through the gloom,
 Beam and ascend ! the day-star of the tomb !
 And smile for those, in sternest ordeals proved,
 Those lonely hearts, bereft of all they loved.

Lo ! by the couch where pain and chill disease
 In every vein the ebbing life-blood freeze ;
 Where youth is taught, by stealing, slow decay,
 Life's closing lesson—in its dawning day ;
 Where beauty's rose is withering ere its prime,
 Unchanged by sorrow and unsoil'd by time ;
 There, bending still, with fix'd and sleepless eye,
 There, from her child, the mother learns to die ;
 Explores, with fearful gaze, each mournful trace
 Of lingering sickness in the faded face ;
 Through the sad night, when every hope is fled,
 Keeps her lone vigil by the sufferer's bed ;

And starts each morn, as deeper marks declare
 The spoiler's hand—the blight of death is there !
 He comes ! now feebly in the exhausted frame,
 Slow, languid, quivering, burns the vital flame ;
 From the glazed eyeball sheds its parting ray—
 Dim, transient spark, that fluttering fades away !
 Faint beats the hovering pulse, the trembling heart ;
 Yet fond existence lingers ere she part !

'Tis past ! the struggle and the pang are o'er,
 And life shall throb with agony no more ;
 While o'er the wasted form, the features pale,
 Death's awful shadows throw their silvery veil.
 Departed spirit ! on this earthly sphere
 Though poignant suffering mark'd thy short career,
 Still could maternal love beguile thy woes,
 And hush thy sighs—an angel of repose !

But who may charm *her* sleepless pang to rest,
 Or draw the thorn that rankles in her breast ?
 And, while she bends in silence o'er thy bier,
 Assuage the grief, too heartsick for a tear ?
 Visions of hope in loveliest hues array'd,
 Fair scenes of bliss by fancy's hand portray'd !
 And were ye doom'd with false, illusive smile,
 With flattering promise, to enchant awhile ?
 And are ye vanish'd, never to return,
 Set in the darkness of the mouldering urn ?
 Will no bright hour departed joys restore ?
 Shall the sad parent meet her child no more ?

Behold no more the soul-illumin'd face, The expressive smile, the animated grace ! Must the fair blossom, wither'd in the tomb, Revive no more in loveliness and bloom ? Descend, blest faith ! dispel the hopeless care, And chase the gathering phantoms of despair ; Tell that the flower, transplanted in its morn, Enjoys bright Eden, freed from every thorn ; Expands to milder suns, and softer dews, The full perfection of immortal hues ; Tell, that when mounting to her native skies, By death released, the parent spirit flies ; There shall the child, in anguish mourn'd so long, With rapture hail her 'midst the cherub throng, And guide her pinion on exulting flight, Through glory's boundless realms, and worlds of living light. Ye gentle spirits of departed friends ! If e'er on earth your buoyant wing descends ; If, with benignant care, ye linger near, To guard the objects in existence dear ; If, hovering o'er, ethereal band ! ye view The tender sorrows, to <i>your</i> memory true ; Oh ! in the musing hour, at midnight deep, While for your loss affection wakes to weep ; While every sound in hallow'd still- ness lies, But the low murmur of her plaintive sighs ; Oh ! then, amidst that holy calm be near, Breathe your light whisper softly in her ear ;	With secret spells her wounded mind compose, And chase the faithful tear—for you that flows : Be near—when moonlight spreads the charm you loved O'er scenes where once your <i>earthly</i> footstep roved. Then, while she wanders o'er the sparkling dew, Through glens and wood-paths, once endear'd by you, And fondly lingers in your favourite bowers, And pauses oft, recalling former hours ; Then wave your pinion o'er each well-known vale, Float in the moonbeam, sigh upon the gale ; Bid your wild symphonies remotely swell, Borne by the summer wind from grot and dell ; And touch your viewless harps, and soothe her soul With soft enchantments and divine control ! Be near, sweet guardians ! watch her sacred rest, When Slumber folds her in his magic vest ; Around her, smiling, let your forms arise, Return'd in dreams, to bless her mental eyes ; Efface the memory of your last farewell— Of glowing joys, of radiant prospects tell ; The sweet communion of the past renew, Reviving former scenes, array'd in softer hue. Be near when death, in virtue's brightest hour, Calls up each pang, and summons all his power ; Oh ! then, transcending Fancy's loveliest dream, Then let your forms unveil'd around her beam ; Then waft the vision of unclouded light, A burst of glory, on her closing sight ;
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Wake from the harp of heaven the immortal strain, To hush the final agonies of pain ; With rapture's flame the parting soul illumine, And smile triumphant through the shadowy gloom ! [day Oh ! still be near, when, darting into The exulting spirit leaves her bonds of clay ; Be yours to guide her fluttering wings on high [sky ; O'er many a world, ascending to the There let your presence, once her earthly joy, Though dimm'd with tears and clouded with alloy, [shore Now form her bliss on that celestial Where death shall sever kindred hearts no more.	Yes ! in the noon of that Elysian clime, Beyond the sphere of anguish, death, or time ; Where mind's bright eye, with reno- vated fire, Shall beam on glories never to ex- pire ; Oh ! there the illumined soul may fondly trust, More pure, more perfect, rising from the dust, Those mild affections, whose consol- ing light Sheds the soft moonbeam on terres- trial night, Sublimed, ennobled, shall for ever glow, Exalting rapture—not assuaging woe !
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SCENES AND HYMNS OF LIFE

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.,

IN TOKEN OF DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND FERVENT GRATITUDE
FOR MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL BENEFIT DERIVED FROM REVEREN-
TIAL COMMUNION WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS POETRY, THIS
VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

FELICIA HEMANS

PREFACE.—I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of religious poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted), but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward, striving flame of a mountain watchfire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the deathbed, bearing "healing on its wings" to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for "perils in the wilderness"—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present,

interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature ; and I lay this little volume before the public with that deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers than by their reverential application to things divine.—FELICIA HEMANS.

1834.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

A SCENE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY

Thy face
Is all at once spread over with a calm
More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy !
I am no more disconsolate.—WILSON.

SCENE I.—*A Prison*EDITH *alone*

Edith. Morn once again ! Morn in
the lone, dim cell,
The cavern of the prisoner's fever-
dream ;
And morn on all the green, rejoicing
hills,
And the bright waters round the pris-
oner's home,
Far, far away ! Now wakes the
early bird,
That in the lime's transparent foliage
sings,
Close to my cottage-lattice—he
awakes,
To stir the young leaves with his gush-
ing soul,
And to call forth rich answers of de-
light
From voices buried in a thousand
trees
Through the dim, starry hours. Now
doth the lake
Darken and flash in rapid inter-
change
Unto the matin breeze ; and the blue
mist
Rolls, like a furling banner, from the
brows
Of the forth-gleaming hills and woods
that rise
As if new-born. Bright world ! and
I am here !
And thou, O thou ! the awakening
thought of whom
Was more than dayspring, dearer
than the sun,
Herbert ! the very glance of whose
clear eye
Made my soul melt away to one pure
fount

Of living, bounding gladness !—where
art *thou* ?

My friend ! my only and my blessed
love !

Herbert, my soul's companion !

GOMEZ, a Spanish Priest, enters

Gom. Daughter, hail !

I bring thee tidings.

Ed. Heaven will aid my soul

Calmly to meet whate'er thy lips
announce.

Gom. Nay, lift a song of thanks-
giving to heaven,

And bow thy knee down for deliver-
ance won !

Hast thou not pray'd for life, and
wouldst thou not

Once more be free ?

Ed. Have I not pray'd for life ?

I, that am so beloved ! that love again
With such a heart of tendrils ? Hea-
ven ! *thou* know'st

The gushings of my prayer ! And
would I not

Once more be free ? I that have been
a child

Of breezy hills, a playmate of the
fawn

In ancient woodlands from mine in-
fancy !

A watcher of the clouds and of the
stars,

Beneath the adoring silence of the
night ;

And a glad wanderer with the happy
streams,

Whose laughter fills the mountains !
Oh ! to hear

Their blessed sounds again !

Gom. Rejoice, rejoice !

Our queen hath pity, maiden ! on thy
youth ;

She wills not thou shouldst perish. I
am come

To loose thy bonds.

Ed. And shall I see *his* face,

And shall I listen to *his* voice again,

And lay my head upon his faithful
breast,

Weeping there in my gladness?

Will this be?

Blessings upon thee, father! my quick heart

Hath deem'd thee stern—say, wilt thou not forgive

The wayward child, too long in sunshine rear'd—

Too long unused to chastening? Wilt thou not?

But Herbert, Herbert! Oh, my soul hath rush'd

On a swift gust of sudden joy away, Forgetting all beside! Speak, father! speak!

Herbert—is he, too, free?

Gom. His freedom lies

In his own choice—a boon like thine.

Ed. Thy words

Fall changed and cold upon my bod- ing heart.

Leave not this dim suspense o'er- shadowing me;

Let all be told.

Gom. The monarchs of the earth Shower not their mighty gifts without a claim

Unto some token of true vassalage, Some mark of homage.

Ed. Oh! unlike to Him

Who freely pours the joy of sun- shine forth,

And the bright, quickening rain, on those who serve

And those who heed Him not!

Gom. (laying a paper before her.)

Is it so much

That thine own hand should set the crowning seal

To thy deliverance? Look, thy task is here! [life.]

Sign but these words for liberty and

Ed. (examining and then throwing it from her.) Sign but these words! and wherefore saidst thou not

—“Be but a traitor to God's light within?”

Cruel, oh cruel! thy dark sport hath been

With a young bosom's hope! Fare- well, glad life!

Bright opening path to love and home, farewell!

And thou—now leave me with my God alone!

Gom. Dost thou reject heaven's mercy?

Ed. Heaven's! doth heaven

Woo the free spirit for dishonour'd breath

To sell its birthright?—doth heaven set a price

On the clear jewel of unsullied faith, And the bright calm of conscience?

Priest, away!

God hath been with me 'midst the holiness

Of England's mountains. Not in sport alone

I trod their heath-flowers; but high thoughts rose up

From the broad shadow of the endur- ing rocks,

And wander'd with me into solemn glens, [word.]

Where my soul felt the beauty of His I have heard voices of immortal truth,

Blent with the everlasting torrent- sounds

That make the deep hills tremble.— Shall I quail?

Shall England's daughter sink? No! He who there

Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,

Will not forsake His child!

Gom. (turning from her.) Then perish! lost

In thine own blindness!

Ed. (suddenly throwing herself at his feet.) Father! hear me yet!

Oh! if the kindly touch of human love

Hath ever warm'd thy breast—

Gom. Away—away!

I know not love.

Ed. Yet hear! if thou hast known

The tender sweetness of a mother's voice—

If the true vigil of affection's eye Hath watch'd thy childhood—if fond tears have e'er

Been shower'd upon thy head—if parting words

E'er pierced thy spirit with their tenderness— [more,

Let me but look upon his face once

Let me but say, 'Farewell, my soul's beloved!'

And I will bless thee still!

Gom. (aside.) Her soul may yield,
Beholding him in fetters; woman's
faith

Will bend to woman's love.

Thy prayer is heard;
Follow, and I will guide thee to his
cell.

Ed. O stormy hour of agony and
joy!

But I shall see him—I shall hear his
voice!

[*They go out.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Prison*

HERBERT, EDITH

Ed. Herbert! my Herbert! is it
thus we meet?

Her. The voice of my own Edith!
Can such joy

Light up this place of death! And
do I feel

Thy breath of love once more upon
my cheek,

And the soft floating of thy gleamy
hair,

My blessed Edith! Oh, so pale! so
changed!

My flower, my blighted flower! thou
that wert made

For the kind fostering of sweet,
summer airs,

How hath the storm been with thee?
Lay thy head

On this true breast again, my gentle
one!

And tell me all.

Ed. Yes! take me to thy heart,
For I am weary, weary! Oh! that
heart!

The kind, the brave, the tender!—
how my soul

Hath sicken'd in vain yearnings for
the balm

Of rest on that warm heart!—full,
deep repose!

One draught of dewy stillness after
storm!

And God hath pitied me, and I am
here—

Yet once before I die.

Her. They cannot slay

One young, and meek, and beautiful
as thou,

My broken lily! Surely the long
days

Of the dark cell have been enough for
thee!

Oh! thou shalt live, and raise thy
gracious head

Yet in calm sunshine.

Ed. Herbert! I have cast

The snare of proffer'd mercy from my
soul

This very hour. God to the weak
hath given

Victory o'er life and death. The
tempter's price

Hath been rejected—Herbert, I must
Her. O Edith! Edith! I, that led
thee first

From the old path wherein thy
fathers trod—

I, that received it as an angel's task,
To pour the fresh light on thine ar-
dent soul,

Which drank it as a sunflower—I
have been

Thy guide to death.

Ed. To heaven! my guide to
heaven,

My noble and my blessed! Oh!
look up,

Be strong, rejoice, my Herbert! But
for *thee*, [to God

How could my spirit have sprung up
Through the dark cloud which o'er
its vision hung,

The night of fear and error?—thy
dear hand

First raised that veil, and show'd the
glorious world

My heritage beyond. Friend! love,
and friend!

It was as if thou gavest me mine own
soul

In those bright days! Yes! a new
earth and heaven,

And a new sense for all their splen-
dours born—

These were thy gifts; and shall I not
rejoice

To die, upholding their immortal
worth,

Even for *thy* sake? Yes! fill'd with
nobler life

By thy pure love, made holy to the
truth,

Lay me upon the altar of thy God,
The first fruits of thy ministry be-
low—

Thy work, thine own!

Her. My love, my sainted love !
 Oh ! I *can* almost yield thee unto
 heaven ;
 Earth would but sully thee ! Thou
 must depart,
 With the rich crown of thy celestial
 gifts
 Untainted by a breath. And yet,
 alas !
 Edith ! what dreams of holy happi-
 ness,
 Even for *this* world, were ours !—the
 low sweet home,
 The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied
 porch,
 And lattice gleaming through the
 leaves—and thou
 My life's companion ! Thou, beside
 my hearth,
 Sitting with thy meek eyes, or greet-
 ing me
 Back from brief absence with thy
 bounding step,
 In the green meadow-path, or by my
 side
 Kneeling—thy calm uplifted face to
 mine,
 In the sweet hush of prayer ! And
 now—oh, now !—
 How have we loved—how fervently !
 how long !
 And *this* to be the close !
Ed. Oh ! bear me up
 Against the unutterable tenderness
 Of earthly love, my God !—in the sick
 hour
 Of dying human hope, forsake me
 not !
 Herbert, my Herbert ! even from
 that sweet home
 Where it had been too much of
 Paradise
 To dwell with thee—even thence the
 oppressor's hand
 Might soon have torn us ; or the
 touch of death
 Might one day there have left a
 widow'd heart,
 Pining alone. We will go hence,
 beloved !
 To the bright country where the
 wicked cease
 From troubling, where the spoiler
 hath no sway ;
 Where no harsh voice of worldliness
 disturbs

The Sabbath peace of love. We will
 go hence, [heaven :
 Together with our wedded souls, to
 No solitary lingering, no cold void,
 No dying of the heart ! Our lives
 have been
 Lovely through faithful love, and in
 our deaths
 We will not be divided.
Her. Oh ! the peace
 Of God is lying far within thine eyes,
 Far underneath the mist of human
 tears
 Lighting those blue, still depths, and
 sinking thence
 On my worn heart. Now am I girt
 with strength,
 Now I can bless thee, my true bride
 for heaven !
Ed. And let me bless *thee*, Her-
 bert !—in this hour
 Let my soul bless thee with prevailing
 might !
 Oh ! thou hast loved me nobly ! thou
 didst take
 An orphan to thy heart—a thing un-
 prized
 And desolate ; and thou didst guard
 her there,
 That lone and lowly creature, as a
 pearl
 Of richest price ; and thou didst fill
 her soul
 With the high gifts of an immortal
 wealth.
 I bless, I bless thee ! Never did
 thine eye
 Look on me but in glistening tender-
 ness,
 My gentle Herbert ! Never did thy
 voice [speak
 But in affection's deepest music
 To thy poor Edith ! Never was thy
 heart
 Aught but the kindest sheltering
 home to mine,
 My faithful, generous Herbert !
 Woman's peace
 Ne'er on a breast so tender and so true
 Reposed before. Alas ! thy shower-
 ing tears
 Fall fast upon my cheek—forgive,
 forgive !
 I should not melt thy noble strength
 away
 In such an hour.

Her. Sweet Edith, no ! my heart
Will fail no more. God bears me up
through thee,
And by thy words, and by thy
heavenly light
Shining around thee, through thy
very tears,
Will yet sustain me ! Let us call on
Him !
Let us kneel down, as we have knelt
so oft,
Thy pure cheek touching mine, and
call on Him,
The all-pitying One, to aid,

[*They kneel.*

Oh, look on us,
Father above !—in tender mercy look
On us, Thy children !—through the
o'ershadowing cloud
Of sorrow and mortality, send aid—
Save, or we perish ! We would pour
our lives

Forth as a joyous offering to Thy
truth ;

But we are weak—we, the bruised
reeds of earth,

Are sway'd by every gust. Forgive,
O God !

The blindness of our passionate
desires,

The fainting of our hearts, the linger-
ing thoughts

Which cleave to dust ! Forgive the
strife ; accept

The sacrifice, though dim with mortal
tears,

From mortal pangs wrung forth !
And if our souls,

In all the fervent dreams, the fond
excess,

Of their long-clasping love, have
wander'd not,

Holiest ! from Thee—oh ! take them
to Thyself,

After the fiery trial—take them
home

To dwell, in that imperishable bond
Before Thee link'd, for ever. Hear !

—thro' Him

Who meekly drank the cup of agony,
Who pass'd through death to victory,
hear and save !

Pity us, Father ! we are girt with
snares :

Father in Heaven ! we have no help
but Thee.

[*They rise.*

Is thy soul strengthen'd, my beloved
one ?

O Edith ! couldst thou lift up thy
sweet voice,

And sing me that old solemn-breath-
ing hymn

We loved in happier days—the strain
which tells

Of the dread conflict in the olive
shade ?

EDITH sings

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and
pray'd,

When but His Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's
shade

On that dread agony ;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow HIM !

That He Who gave man's breath,
might know
The very depths of human woe.

He proved them all !—the doubt,
the strife,

The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting
life,

All gather'd round his head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away !

It pass'd not—though the stormy
wave

Had sunk beneath His tread

It pass'd not—though to Him the
grave

Had yielded up its dead.

But there was sent Him from on
High

A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay ?

How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way ?

Through Him—through Him that
path Who trod.

—Save, or we perish, Son of God !

Hark, hark ! the parting signal.

[Prison attendants enter.

Fare thee well !

O thou unutterably loved, farewell !

Let our hearts bow to God !

Her. One last embrace—

On earth the last ! We have eternity

For love's communion yet ! Fare-
well !—farewell ! *[She is led out.*

'Tis o'er !—the bitterness of death is
past !

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS

Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens and through the middle
air,

Joyfully ringing with the skylark's song,
I wept ! and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be.—WILSON.

*Apartment in an English country-
house.—LILIAN reclining, as sleep-
ing on a couch. Her mother watch-
ing beside her. Her sister enters with
flowers.*

Mother. Hush ! lightly tread !

Still tranquilly she sleeps,

As when a babe I rock'd her on my
heart.

I've watch'd, suspending e'en my
breath, in fear

To break the heavenly spell. Move
silently !

And oh ! those flowers ! Dear Jessy !
bear them hence—

Dost thou forget the passion of quick
tears

That shook her trembling frame, when
last we brought

The roses to her couch ? Dost thou
not know

What sudden longings for the woods
and hills,

Where once her free steps moved so
buoyantly,

These leaves and odours with strange
influence wake

In her fast-kindled soul ?

Jessy. Oh ! she would pine,

Were the wild scents and glowing
hues withheld,

Mother ! far more than *now* her spirit
yearns

For the blue sky, the singing birds
and brooks,

And swell of breathing turf, whose
lightsome spring

Their blooms recall.

Lilian. (raising herself.) Is that my
Jessy's voice ?

It woke me not, sweet mother ! I
had lain

Silently, visited by waking dreams,
Yet conscious of thy brooding watch-
fulness,

Long ere I heard the sound. Hath
she brought flowers ?

Nay, fear not now thy fond child's
waywardness,

My thoughtful mother !—in her
chasten'd soul

The passion-colour'd images of life,
Which, with their sudden, startling
flush, awoke

So oft those burning tears, have died
away ;

And night is there—still, solemn, holy
night !

With all her stars, and with the gentle
tune

Of many fountains, low and musical,
By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore *night*, my
child ? *[dawn,*

Thou art a creature all of life and
And from thy couch of sickness yet
shalt rise.

And walk forth with the dayspring.

Lilian. Hope it not !

Dream it no more, my mother !—
there are things

Known but to God, and to the part-
ing soul,

Which feels His thrilling summons.
But my words

Too much o'ershadow those kind,
loving eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessy !
Ah ! thy step,

Well do I see, hath not alone explored
The garden bowers, but freely visited

Our wilder haunts. This foamlike
meadowsweet

Is from the cool, green, shadowy river-
nook,

Where the stream chimes around the
old mossy stones

With sounds like childhood's laughter.
Is that spot

Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd
it first ?
Still doth the golden willow bend,
and sweep
The clear brown wave with every
passing wind ?
And through the shallower waters,
where they lie
Dimpling in light, do the vein'd
pebbles gleam
Like bedded gems ? And the white
butterflies,
From shade to sun-streak are they
glancing still
Among the poplar boughs ?
Jessy. All, all is there
Which glad midsummer's wealthiest
hours can bring ;
All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightning-
smile !
Therefore I stood in sadness 'midst
the leaves,
And caught an under-music of lament
In the stream's voice. But Nature
waits thee still,
And for thy coming piles a fairy
throne
Of richest moss.
Lilian. Alas ! it may not be !
My soul hath sent her farewell voice-
lessly
To all these blessed haunts of song
and thought ;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials,—strew them
o'er my couch
Till it grow like a forest-bank in
spring,
All flush'd with violets and anemones.
Ah ! the pale brier-rose ! touch'd so
tenderly,
As a pure ocean-shell, with faintest
red,
Melting away to pearliness ! I know
How its long, light festoons o'erarch-
ing hung
From the grey rock that rises altar-
like,
With its high, waving crown of
mountain ash,
'Midst the lone grassy dell. And this
rich bough
Of honey'd woodbine tells me of the
oak,
Whose deep, midsummer gloom sleeps
heavily,

Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er
the face
Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see
it now ;
I look up through the stirring of its
leaves
Unto the intense blue, crystal firma-
ment.
The ringdove's wing is flitting o'er my
head,
Casting at times a silvery shadow
down
'Midst the large water-lilies. Beauti-
ful !
How beautiful is all this fair, free
world
Under God's open sky !
Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
Once more, my child ! The dewy,
trembling light
Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
Oh, hush, dear Lilian ! turn thee to
repose.
Lilian. Mother ! I cannot. In
my soul the thoughts
Burn with too subtle and too swift
a fire ;
Importunately to my lips they throng,
And with their earthly kindred seek
to blend
Ere the veil drop between. When I
am gone—
(For I *must* go)—then the remember'd
words
Wherein these wild imaginings flow
forth,
Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
Held there, with life and love. And
weep not thus,
Mother ! dear sister !—kindest,
gentlest ones !
Be comforted that now *I* weep no
more
For the glad earth and all the golden
light
Whence I depart.
No ! God hath purified my spirit's
eye,
And in the folds of this consummate
rose
I read bright prophecies. I see not
there,
Dimly and mournfully, the word
“ *farewell* ”
On the rich petals traced. No—in
soft veins

And characters of beauty, I can read
—“*Look up, look heavenward!*”

Blessed God of Love!
I thank Thee for these gifts, the
precious links

Whereby my spirit unto Thee is
drawn!

I think Thee that the loveliness of
earth

Higher than earth can raise me!
Are not these

But germs of things unperishing, that
bloom

Beside the immortal streams. Shall
I not find

The lily of the field, the Saviour's
flower,

In the serene and never-moaning air,
And the clear starry light of angel
eyes,

A thousandfold more glorious?
Richer far

Will not the violet's dusky purple
glow,

When it hath ne'er been press'd to
broken hearts,

A record of lost love?

Mother. My Lilian! thou
Surely in *thy* bright life hast little
known

Of lost things or of changed!

Lilian. Oh! little yet,
For *thou* hast been my shield! But
had it been

My lot on this world's billows to be
thrown

Without thy love, O mother! there
are hearts

So perilously fashion'd, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness
enough

To waken, and not break, their
thrilling strings!—

We will not speak of this!

By what strange spell
Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
I dream of music? Something in
their hues,

All melting into colour'd harmonies,
Wafts a swift thought of interwoven
chords,

Of blended singing-tones, that swell
and die

In tenderest falls away. Oh, bring
thy harp,

Sister! A gentle heaviness at last

Hath touch'd mine eyelids; sing to
me, and sleep

Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear?
the Italian peasant's lay,
Which makes the desolate Campagna
ring

With “*Roma! Roma!*” or the
madrigal

Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily?
Or the old ditty left by troubadours
To girls of Languedoc?

Lilian. Oh, no! not these.

Jessy. What then?—the Moorish
melody still known

Within the Alhambra city? or those
notes

Born of the Alps, which pierce the
exile's heart

Even unto death?

Lilian. No, sister! nor yet these—
Too much of dreamy love, of faint
regret,

Of passionately fond remembrance,
breathes

In the caressing sweetness of their
tones,

For one who dies. They would but
woo me back

To glowing life with those Arcadian
sounds—

And vainly, vainly. No! a loftier
strain,

A deeper music!—something that
may bear

The spirit upon slow yet mighty
wings,

Unsway'd by gusts of earth; some-
thing all fill'd

With solemn adoration, tearful
prayer,

Sing me that antique strain which
once I deem'd

Almost too sternly simple, too austere
In its grave majesty! I love it now—

Now it seems fraught with holiest
power to hush

All billows of the soul, e'en like His
voice

That said of old—“Be still!” Sing
me that strain,

“The Saviour's dying hour.”

JESSY sings to the Harp

O Son of Man!

In Thy last mortal hour

Shadows of earth closed round Thee
fearfully !

All that on us is laid,
All the deep gloom,
The desolation and the abandon-
ment,
The dark amaze of death—
All upon *Thee*, too, fell,
Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang
Wherewith the silver cord
Of earth's affection from the soul
is wrung ;
The uptearing of those tendrils which
have grown
Into the quick, strong heart ;
This, *this*—the passion and the
agony
Of battling love and death,
Surely was not for *Thee*,
Holy One ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !
E'en this cup was Thine !
Fond, wailing voices call'd Thy
spirit back :
E'en' midst the mighty
thoughts
Of that last crowning hour—
E'en on Thine awful way to
victory,
Wildly they call'd Thee back !
And weeping eyes of love
Unto thy heart's deep core
Pierced through the folds of death's
mysterious veil.
Suffer ! Thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled
With thy costly-blood-drops,
In the shadow of the atoning
cross ;
And the friend, the faithful,
He that on Thy bosom
Thence imbibing heavenly love,
had lain—
He, a pale sad watcher,
Met with looks of anguish
All the anguish in *Thy* last meek
glance—
Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto Thee,
Thou that hast known all woes
Bound in the girdle of mortality !

Thou that wilt lift the reed
Which storms have bruised,
To Thee may sorrow through each
conflict cry,
And, in that tempest-hour, when
love and life
Mysteriously must part,
When tearful eyes
Are passionately bent
To drink earth's last fond meaning
from our gaze,
Then, then forsake us not
Shed on our spirits then
The faith and deep submissiveness
of Thine !
Thou that didst love
Thou that didst weep and die—
Thou that didst rise a victor
glorified ;
Conqueror ! Thou Son of God !

CATHEDRAL HYMN

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine in hours of
fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here.
WORDSWORTH.

A DIM and mighty minster of old
time !
A temple shadowy with remem-
brances
Of the majestic past ! The very
light
Streams with a colouring of heroic
days
In every ray, which leads through
arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering
back
To other years !—and the rich fretted
roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer
leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured
rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose
light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves ;—
all these things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship pour'd a
wealth of love !
Honour be with the dead ! The
people kneel

Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from
 banners thrown,
 And 'midst the forms, in pale, proud
 slumber carved,
 Of warriors on their tombs. The
 people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt ;
 where jewell'd crowns
 On the flush'd brows of conquerors
 have been set ;
 Where the high anthems of old vic-
 tories
 Have made the dust give echoes.
 Hence, vain thoughts !
 Memories of power and pride, which
 long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have
 sunk
 In twilight-depths away. Return,
 my soul !
 The Cross recalls thee. Lo ! the
 blessed Cross !
 High o'er the banners and the crests
 of earth,
 Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy !
 And lo ! the throng of beating human
 hearts,
 With all their secret scrolls of buried
 grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal
 hope,
 Gather'd before their God ! Hark !
 how the flood
 Of the rich organ-harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves !—a
 mighty burst !
 A forest-sounding music ! Every
 tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their
 harping wings
 From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is
 blent :
 And the old minster—forest-like
 itself—
 With its long avenues of pillar'd
 shade,
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as
 that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrill'd by the strong
 sympathy
 Answering the electric notes. Join,
 join, my soul !
 In thine own lowly, trembling con-
 sciousness,

And thine own solitude, the glorious
 hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire !
 In solemn joy aspire,
 Deepening thy passion still, O choral
 strain !
 On thy strong rushing wind
 Bear up from humankind
 Thanks and implorings—be they not
 in vain !

Father, Which art on high !
 Weak is the melody
 Of harp or song to reach Thine awful
 ear,
 Unless the heart be there,
 Winging the words of prayer
 With its own fervent faith or suppli-
 ant fear.

Let, then, Thy Spirit brood
 Over the multitude—
 Be Thou amidst them, through that
 heavenly Guest !
 So shall their cry have power
 To win from Thee a shower
 Of healing gifts for every wounded
 breast.

What griefs that make no sign,
 That ask no aid but Thine,
 Father of mercies ! here before Thee
 swell !
 As to the open sky,
 All their dark waters lie
 To Thee reveal'd, in each close bosom-
 cell.

The sorrow for the dead,
 Mantling its lonely head
 From the world's glare, is, in Thy
 sight, set free ;
 And the fond, aching love,
 Thy minister to move
 All the wrong spirit, softening it for
 Thee.

And doth not Thy dread eye
 Behold the agony
 In that most hidden chamber of the
 heart,
 Where darkly sits remorse,
 Beside the secret source
 Of fearful visions, keeping watch
 apart ?

Yes! here before Thy throne
 Many—yet each alone—
 To Thee that terrible unveiling make:
 And still, small whispers clear
 Are startling many an ear,
 As if a trumpet bade the dead awake.

How dreadful is this place!
 The glory of Thy face
 Fills it too searchingly for mortal
 sight.
 Where shall the guilty flee?
 Over what far-off sea?
 What hills, what woods, may shroud
 him from that light?

Not to the cedar shade
 Let his vain flight be made;
 Nor the old mountains, nor the desert
 sea;
 What, but the Cross, can yield
 The hope—the stay—the shield?
 Thence may the Atoner lead him up
 to Thee!

Be Thou, be Thou his aid!
 Oh, let Thy love pervade
 The haunted caves of self-accusing
 thought!
 There let the living stone
 Be cleft—the seed be sown—
 The song of fountains from the silence
 brought!

So shall Thy breath once more
 Within the soul restore
 Thine own first image—Holiest and
 Most High!
 As a clear lake is fill'd
 With hues of heaven, instill'd.
 Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
 Link'd by the ascending song,
 There are whose thoughts in trembling
 rapture soar;
 Thanks, Father! that the power
 Of joy, man's early dower,
 Thus, e'en 'midst tears, can fervently
 adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
 Eternal praise be Thine,
 Blessing and love, O Thou that
 hearest prayer!
 Let the hymn pierce the sky,
 And let the tombs reply!

For seed, that waits the harvest-time,
 is there.

WOOD-WALK AND HYMN¹

Move along these shades
 In gentleness of heart: with gentle hand
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.
 WORDSWORTH.

FATHER—CHILD

Child. There are the aspens, with
 their silvery leaves
 Trembling, for ever trembling;
 though the lime
 And chestnut boughs, and those long
 arching sprays
 Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
 Were all one picture!

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
 The peasant's legend of that quiver-
 ing tree?

Child. No, father: doth he say
 the fairies dance
 Amidst the branches?

Father. Oh! a cause more deep,
 More solemn far, the rustic doth
 assign

To the strange restlessness of those
 wan leaves!

The Cross he deems, the blessed Cross,
 whereon

The meek Redeemer bow'd His head
 to death,

Was framed of aspen wood; and
 since that hour,

Through all its race the pale tree hath
 sent down

A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
 Making them tremulous, when not a
 breeze

Disturbs the airy thistledown, or
 shakes

The light lines of the shining gossamer.

¹ "It is not often we find the superstitions of dark and ignorant ages dealt with in so gentle and agreeable a manner as by Mrs. Hemans. She seizes, in common with others, the poetic aspect these present, but diffuses over them, at the same time, a refinement of sentiment gathered entirely from her own feelings. A subject which, from another pencil, would have been disagreeable and offensive to us, is made by her graceful touches to win upon our imagination. Witness the poem called 'The Wood-Walk and Hymn'; we will quote the commencement of it—

'There are the aspens with their silvery leaves,'"
 etc.

Child. (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father?

Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet,
even now,
With something of a lingering love, I
read

The characters, by that mysterious
hour,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of
man

In visionary days; and thence
thrown back

On the fair forms of nature. Many a
sign

Of the great sacrifice which won us
heaven,

The woodman and the mountaineer
can trace

On rock, on herb, and flower. And
be it so!

They do not wisely that, with hurried
hand,

Would pluck these salutary fancies
forth

From their strong soil within the
peasant's breast,

And scatter them—far, far too fast!
—away

As worthless weeds. Oh! little do
we know

When they have soothed, when saved!
But come, dear boy!

My words grow tinged with thought
too deep for thee.

Come—let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not
More of the legends which the wood-
men tell

Amidst the trees and flowers?

Father. Wilt thou know more?
Bring then the folding leaf, with
dark-brown stains

There—by the mossy roots of yon old
beech,

'Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—seest
thou not?

There is a spray of woodbine from the
tree

Just bending o'er it with a wild bee's
weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?

Father. Yes. These deep inwrought
marks,

The villager will tell thee (and with
voice

Lower'd in his true heart's reverent
earnestness)

Are the flower's portion from the
atoning blood

On Calvary shed. Beneath the Cross
it grew;

And, in the vase-like hollow of its
leaf,

Catching from that dread shower of
agony

A few mysterious drops, transmitted
thus

Unto the groves and hills, their
sealing stains,

A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away!

And hast thou seen
The passion-flower? It grows not in
the woods,

But 'midst the bright things brought
from other climes.

Child. What! the pale star-
shaped flower, with purple
streaks,

And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.

Yes! a pale, starry, dreamy-looking
flower,

As from a land of spirits! To mine
eye

Those faint, wan petals—colourless,
and yet

Not white, but shadowy—with the
mystic lines

(As letters of some wizard language
gone)

Into their vapourlike transparence
wrought,

Bear something of a strange solemn-
ity,

Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's
thought

Loves, in their cloudy pencilling, to
find

Dread symbols of his Lord's last
mortal pangs

Set by God's hand—the coronal of
thorns—

The Cross, the wounds—with other
meanings deep

Which I will teach thee when we
meet again

That flower, the chosen for the mar-
tyr's wreath,

The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause:

Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
Of the old wood. How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom ! Scarce doth one ray,
Even when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades ;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glowworm-colour'd light.

Here, in the days
Of pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood nymphs !
Through these oaks
A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom, or a sculptured form,
Dryad, or fountain goddess of the gloom,
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain. But *we*, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit, Who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth ;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
To fill and hallow all the solitude—
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.

What ! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young heart, that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand
Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !
'Tis love, not fear, whose vernal breath pervades
The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,

Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
With dark exuberance ; and beneath these plumes
Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
In its pure, crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
The starry dew of morning. Rest awhile,
And let me hear once more the woodland verse
I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.
Child speaks.

WOOD HYMN

Broods there some spirit here ?
The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud ;
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
And something of a tender cloistral gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light that streams
Through the dim, dewy veil of foliage round
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams—
As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here ?
A swift wind, fraught with change, comes rushing by ;
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade !

Yes ! lightly, softly move !
There *is* a power, a presence in the woods ;
A viewless being that, with life and love,
Informs the reverential solitudes :

The rich air knows it, and the mossy
sod—
Thou—*Thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread
The minster-floor, beneath the storied
pane,
And, 'midst the mouldering banners
of the dead,
Shall the green, voiceful wild seem
less Thy fane,
Where Thou alone hast built?—where
arch and roof
Are of Thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of
Thee ;
The temple-twilight of the gloom
profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper
thrill'd—
All, all with Thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by love and lowly
thought,
Thy presence, holiest One ! to re-
cognise
In these majestic aisles which Thou
hast wrought
And, 'midst their sealike murmurs,
teach mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that
tone
With no faint thrill or self-accusing
start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to
own—
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious
bowers
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er nature thrown by guilt !—the
boding sky,
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and
strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-
shadows lie !
Father ! oh ! keep my footsteps pure
and free,
To walk the woods with Thee !

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT

Soul of our souls ! and safeguard of the world
Sustain—Thou only canst—the sick at heart ;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine.
WORDSWORTH.

NIGHT—holy night—the time
For mind's free breathings in a purer
clime !

Night !—when in happier hour the
unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul
To meet its revelations, clear and
high,
With the strong joy of immortality !
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd
me, strange and deep—
And my thoughts faint, and shadows
o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-
plumed, to sweep
Far beyond earth's control.

Wherefore is this ? I see the stars
returning,
Fire after fire in heaven's rich temple
burning :
Fast shine they forth—my spirit-
friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost
tides ;
They shine—but faintly, through a
quivering haze :
Oh ! is the dimness *mine* which clouds
those rays ?
They from whose glance my child-
hood drank delight !
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They that, unfolding to more thought-
ful sight
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my
youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow
of truth ;
Shall they shower blessing, with their
beams divine,
Down to the watcher on the stormy
sea,
And to the pilgrim toiling for his
shrine
Through some wild pass of rocky
Apennine,
And to the wanderer lone

On wastes of Afric thrown,
 And not to *me* ?
 Am I a thing forsaken ?
 And is the gladness taken
 From the bright-pinion'd nature
 which hath soar'd
 Through realms by royal eagle ne'er
 explored,
 And, bathing there in streams of fiery
 light,
 Found strength to gaze upon the
 Infinite ?

And now an alien ! Wherefore must
 this be ?

How shall I rend the chain ?

How drink rich life again

From those pure urns of radiance,
 welling free ?

—Father of Spirits ! let me turn to
 Thee !

Oh ! if too much exulting in her
 dower,

My soul, not yet to lowly thought
 subdued,

Hath stood without Thee on her hill
 of power—

A fearful and a dazzling solitude !
 And therefore from that haughty
 summit's crown

To dim desertion is by Thee cast
 down ;

Behold ! Thy child submissively hath
 bow'd—

Shine on him through the cloud !

Let the now darken'd earth and
 curtain'd heaven

Back to his vision with Thy face be
 given !

Bear him on high once more,

But in Thy strength to soar,

And wrapt and still'd by that o'er-
 shadowing might,

Forth on the empyreal blaze to look
 with chasten'd sight.

Or if it be that, like the ark's lone
 dove,

My thoughts go forth, and find no
 resting-place,

No sheltering home of sympathy and
 love

In the responsive bosoms of my race,
 And back return, a darkness and a
 weight,

Till my unanswer'd heart grows
 desolate—

Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest !—I am
 vow'd

To solemn service high ;

And shall the spirit, for Thy tasks
 endow'd,

Sink on the threshold of the sanctu-
 ary,

Fainting beneath the burden of the
 day,

Because no human tone

Unto the altar-stone

Of that pure spousal fane inviolate,
 Where it should make eternal truth
 its mate,

May cheer the sacred, solitary way ?

Oh ! be the whisper of Thy voice
 within

Enough to strengthen ! Be the hope
 to win

A more deep-seeing homage for Thy
 name,

Far, far beyond the burning dream
 of fame !

Make me Thine only !—Let me add
 but one

To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
 Which glorious minds have piled

Through bright self-offering, earnest,
 childlike, lone

For mounting to Thy throne !

And let my soul, upborne

On wings of inner morn,

Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
 Of that bless'd work, its own high
 recompense.

The dimness melts away

That on your glory lay,

O ye majestic watchers of the skies !
 Through the dissolving veil,

Which made each aspect pale,

Your gladdening fires once more I
 recognise ;

And once again a shower

Of hope, and joy, and power,

Streams on my soul from your im-
 mortal eyes.

And if that splendour to my sober'd
 sight

Come tremulous, with more of pensive
 light—

Something, though beautiful, yet
 deeply fraught

With more that pierces through each
 fold of thought
 Than I was wont to trace
 On heaven's unshadow'd face—
 Be it e'en so!—be mine, though set
 apart
 Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
 A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting
 heart,
 Bow'd before Thee, O Mightiest!
 Whose bless'd will
 All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.¹

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG

FATHER! guide me! Day declines,
 Hollow winds are in the pines;
 Darkly waves each giant bough
 O'er the sky's last crimson glow:
 Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
 Which erewhile with breezy swell
 From the purple mountains bore
 Greeting to the sunset-shore.
 Now the sailor's vesper hymn
 Dies away.
 Father! in the forest dim,
 Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
 Of the leaves that late hung still;
 In the dull and muffled tone
 Of the sea-waves' distant moan;
 In the deep tints of the sky,
 There are signs of tempests nigh.
 Ominous, with sullen sound,
 Falls the closing dusk around.
 Father! through the storm and shade,
 O'er the wild,
 Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
 Save Thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
 Homewards, through the boding
 gloom,
 O'er my way hath flitted fast
 Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
 From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
 And the pools, now lone and dark,
 Where the wakening night-winds sigh
 Through the long reeds mournfully.

¹ Written after hearing the introductory
 Lecture on Astronomy delivered in Trinity
 College, Dublin, by Sir William Hamilton, As-
 tronomer Royal for Ireland, on the 8th November,
 1832.

Homeward, homeward, all things
 haste—
 God of might!
 Shield the homeless 'midst the waste!
 Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
 Now my babe is laid to rest;
 Beautiful its slumber seems
 With a glow of heavenly dreams—
 Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
 Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
 Where his mother bends to pray
 For the loved and far away.
 Father! guard that household bower,
 Hear that prayer!
 Back, through Thine all-guiding
 power,
 Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night;
 Not a star sends quivering light
 Through the massy arch of shade
 By the stern, old forest made.
 Thou! to Whose unslumbering eyes
 All my pathway open lies,
 By Thy Son Who knew distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Where no roof to that bless'd Head
 Shelter gave—
 Father! through the time of dread,
 Save—oh, save!

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river
 in an American forest. A tent
 under pine trees in the foreground.
 AGNES sitting before the tent, with
 a child in her arms apparently
 sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a
 fever-dream!
 The desolation and the agony—
 The strange, red sunrise, and the
 gloomy woods, [boughs,
 So terrible with their dark giant
 And the broad, lonely river!—all a
 dream!
 And my boy's voice will wake me,
 with its clear,
 Wild singing tones, as they were wont
 to come
 Through the wreath'd sweetbrier at
 my lattice panes

In happy, happy England! Speak
to me!
Speak to thy mother, bright one!
she hath watch'd
All the dread night beside thee, till
her brain
Is darken'd by swift waves of fan-
tasies,
And her soul faint with longing for
thy voice.
Oh! I *must* wake him with one gentle
kiss
On his fair brow!
(*Shudderingly.*) The strange, damp,
thrilling touch!
The marble chill! Now, now it
rushes back—
Now I know all!—dead—dead!—a
fearful word!
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed
light
In his deep, loving eyes. He's gone!
—he's gone!

Her HUSBAND enters

Husband. Agnes! my Agnes!
hast thou look'd thy last
On our sweet slumberer's face! The
hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last
repose.

Agnes. Not yet! thou canst not
take him from me yet!
If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing time to
draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now
—oh! *now*,
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladdening summer
through my soul
—Never on earth again. Yet, yet
delay!

Thou canst not take him from me.
Husband. My beloved!
Is it not God hath taken him? the
God

That took our first-born, o'er whose
early grave

Thou didst bow down thy saintlike
head, and say,

"His will be done!"

Agnes. Oh! that near household
grave

Under the turf of England, seem'd
not half—

Not half so much to part me from my
child

As these dark woods. It lay beside
our home,

And I could watch the sunshine,
through all hours,

Loving and clinging to the grassy
spot;

And I could dress its greensward with
fresh flowers,

Familiar meadow flowers. O'er *thee*,
my babe!

The primrose will not blossom! Oh!
that now,

Together, by thy fair young sister's
side,

We lay 'midst England's valleys!

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er
the deep

An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
Then, after many a conflict cheerily
met,

My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive! forgive!

My Edmund, pardon me! Oh,
grief is wild—

Forget its words, quick spray-drops
from a fount

Of unknown bitterness! Thou art
my home!

Mine only and my blessed one!
Where'er

Thy warm heart beats in its true
nobleness,

There is my country! *there* my head
shall rest,

And throb no more! Oh! still, by
thy strong love,

Bear up the feeble reed!

(*Kneeling with the child in her arms.*)

And thou, my God!

Hear my soul's cry from this dread
wilderness!

Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I
have made

This treasure, sent from Thee, too
much the ark

Fraught with mine earthward-cling-
ing happiness,

Forgetting Him Who gave, and might
resume,

Oh, pardon me!

If nature hath rebell'd,

And from Thy light turn'd wilfully
 away,
 Making a midnight of her agony,
 When the despairing passion of her
 clasp
 Was from its idol stricken at one touch
 Of Thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon
 me!
 By Thy Son's anguish, pardon! In
 the soul
 The tempests and the waves will know
 Thy voice—
 Father! say, "Peace, be still!"
(Giving the child to her husband.)
 Farewell, my babe!
 Go from my bosom now to other rest!
 With this last kiss on thine unsullied
 brow,
 And on thy pale, calm cheek these
 contrite tears,
 I yield thee to thy Maker!
Husband. Now, my wife!
 Thine own meek holiness beams forth
 once more
 A light upon my path. Now shall I
 bear,
 From thy dear arms, the slumberer
 to repose—
 With a calm, trustful heart.
Agnes. My Edmund! where—
 Where wilt thou lay him?
Husband. Seest thou where the
 spire [sun
 Of yon dark cypress reddens in the
 To burning gold?—there—o'er yon
 willow-tuft?
 Under that native desert monument
 Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since
 the dawn,
 With the grey mosses of the wilder-
 ness
 Hath lined it closely through; and
 there breathed forth,
 E'en from the fullness of his own pure
 heart,
 A wild, sad forest hymn—a song of
 tears,
 Which thou wilt learn to love. I
 heard the boy
 Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
 As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling
 leaves,
 Perchance unconsciously.
Agnes. My gentle son!
 The affectionate, the gifted! With
 what joy—

Edmund, rememberest thou?—with
 what bright joy
 His baby brother ever to his arms
 Would spring from rosy sleep, and
 playfully
 Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming
 hair
 In that kind, useful breast! Oh!
 now no more!
 But strengthen me, my God! and
 melt my heart,
 Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
 For many a blessing left.
(Bending over the child.) Once more,
 farewell!
 Oh, the pale, piercing sweetness of
 that look!
 How can it be sustain'd? Away,
 away!
(After a short pause.)
 Edmund! my woman's nature still
 is weak—
 I cannot see thee render dust to dust!
 Go thou, my husband! to thy solemn
 task;
 I will rest here, and still my soul with
 prayer
 Till thy return,
Husband. Then strength be with
 thy prayer!
 Peace on thy bosom! Faith and
 heavenly hope
 Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a
 while!
 We must be pilgrims of the woods
 again,
 After this mournful hour.

*(He goes out with the child.—AGNES
 kneels in prayer.—After a time,
 voices without are heard singing.)*

FUNERAL HYMN

Where the long reeds quiver,
 Where the pines make moan,
 By the forest river,
 Sleeps our babe alone.
 England's field-flowers may not deck
 his grave,
 Cypress shadows o'er him darkly
 wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
 'Midst the mighty wild;
 Yet with God we leave him,
 Blessed, blessed child!

And our tears gush o'er his lovely
dust
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of
trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lighten'd
Half our hearts' dismay ;
Still in hope we give back what was
given,
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall heaven restore him
From his pale, sweet sleep !
Those blue eyes of love and peace
again
Through her soul will shine, undimm'd
by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river
Earth to earth alone !
God and Father ! may our journey-
ings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is
gone !

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled ;
Thou hast call'd him to a sweeter
home
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's
foam.

Now let thought behold him,
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him,
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their Good Shep-
herd's breast
When His voice their tender meekness
blest.

Turn thee, now, fond mother !
From, thy dead, oh turn !
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn :
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to
God !

EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD

THERE is a waking on the mighty
hills,
A kindling with the spirit of the
morn !
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the
thousand rills,
And a soft visionary hue is born
On the young foliage, worn
By all the embosom'd woods—a
silvery green,
Made up of spring and dew, harmoni-
ously serene.

And lo ! where, floating through a
glory, sings
The lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !
Lo ! where the darkness of his buoy-
ant wings,
Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
Trembles with melody !
While the far-echoing solitudes re-
joice
To the rich laugh of music in that
voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
Is on you cast, O mountains of the
earth !
And for your dwellers nobler joy is
won
Than the sweet echoes of the sky-
lark's mirth,
By this glad morning's birth !
And gifts more precious by its breath
are shed
Than music on the breeze, dew on
the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illu-
mined eye
O'er nature's face the colouring glory
flows ;
Gifts from the fount of immortality,
Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to
human woes,
Lay hush'd in dark repose,
Till thou, bright dayspring ! madest
its waves our own,
By Thine unsealing of the burial
stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral
strains, ye hills !
And let a full victorious tone be given,

By rock and cavern, to the wind
 which fills
 Your urn-like depths with sound !
 The tomb is riven,
 The radiant gate of heaven
 Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
 By death's o'ersweeping wing, from
 the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf
 I stand,
 Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's
 dead,
 Time, with a soft and reconciling
 hand,
 The covering mantle of bright moss
 hath spread
 O'er every narrow bed :
 But not by time, and not by nature
 sown
 Was the celestial seed, whence round
 you peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen ! Oh ! not one
 cherish'd head
 Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been
 pillow'd here
 Without a hope (howe'er the heart
 hath bled
 In its vain yearnings o'er the uncon-
 scious bier),
 A hope, upspringing clear
 From those majestic tidings of the
 morn,
 Which lit the living way to all of
 woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, O human
 love !
 E'en on this greensward : night
 hath heard thy cry,
 Heart-stricken one ! thy precious
 dust above—
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth
 no reply
 Unto thine agony !
 But He Who wept like thee, thy Lord,
 thy guide,
 Christ hath arisen, O love ! thy tears
 shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of
 those tears,
 Heavy the unsleeping phantom of
 the tomb

On thine impassion'd soul, in elder
 years,
 When, burden'd with the mystery of
 its doom,
 Mortality's thick gloom
 Hung o'er the sunny world, and with
 the breath
 Of the triumphant rose came blending
 thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love ! and by thy sister,
 Fear,
 Then was the ideal robe of beauty
 wrought
 To veil that haunting shadow, still
 too near,
 Still ruling secretly the conqueror's
 thought,
 And where the board was fraught
 With wine and myrtles in the summer
 bower,
 Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence
 and a power.

But that dark night is closed : and
 o'er the dead,
 Here, where the gleamy primrose-
 tufts have blown,
 And where the mountain-heath a
 couch has spread,
 And, settling oft on some grey,
 letter'd stone,
 The redbreast warbles lone ;
 And the wild-bee's deep drowsy
 murmurs pass,
 Like a low thrill of harp-strings,
 through the grass :

Here, 'midst the chambers of the
 Christian's sleep,
 We o'er death's gulf may look with
 trusting eye ;
 For Hope sits, dovelike, on the gloomy
 deep,
 And the green hills wherein these
 valleys lie
 Seem all one sanctuary
 Of holiest thought—nor needs their
 fresh, bright sod,
 Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all
 dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen ! O mountain-
 peaks ! attest—
 Witness, resounding glen and torrent-
 wave !

The immortal courage in the human
breast
Sprung from that victory—tell how
oft the brave
To camp 'midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their strug-
gling faith have borne,
Planting the Cross on high above the
clouds of morn !

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings
for to-day—
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper
tone
Have thrill'd their pines, when those
that knelt to pray
Rose up to arm ! The pure, high
snows have known
A colouring not their own,
But from true hearts, which, by that
crimson stain,
Gave token of a trust that call'd no
suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains
wear no more
The solemn splendour of the martyr's
blood ;
And may that awful record, as of
yore,
Never again be known to field or
flood !
E'en though the faithful stood,
A noble army, in the exulting sight
Of earth and heaven, which bless'd
their battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts
unshaken
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;
And many a bitter cup is meekly
taken ;
And, for the strength whereby the
just and pure
Thus steadfastly endure,
Glory to Him Whose victory won that
dower !
Him from Whose rising stream'd that
robe of spirit-power.

Glory to Him ! Hope to the suffer-
ing breast !
Light to the nations ! He hath
roll'd away
The mists which, gathering into
deathlike rest,

Between the soul and heaven's calm
ether lay—
His love hath made it day
With those that sat in darkness.
Earth and sea !
Lift up glad strains for man by truth
divine made free !

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.

WORDSWORTH.

I SAW him at his sport erewhile,
The bright, exulting boy !
Like summer's lightning came the
smile
Of his young spirit's joy—
A flash that, wheresoe'er it broke,
To life undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play,
By a clear fountain's side,
Where jewel-colour'd pebbles lay
Beneath the shallow tide ;
And pearly spray at times would
meet
The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-
flowers,
Which drank that streamlet's dew ;
He flung them o'er the wave in
showers,
Till, gazing, scarce I knew
Which seem'd more pure, or bright,
or wild,
The singing fount or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom
Made earth one festal scene,
Where the dull shadow of the tomb
Seem'd as it ne'er had been.
How could one image of decay
Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day ?

I saw once more that aspect bright—
The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light,
And, like a golden cloud—
The still cloud of a pictured sky—
His locks droop'd round it lovingly.

And if my heart had deem'd him fair,
 When, in the fountain-glade,
 A creature of the sky and air,
 Almost on wings he play'd;
 Oh! how much holier beauty now
 Lit the young human being's brow!

The being born to toil, to die,
 To break forth from the tomb
 Unto far nobler destiny
 Than waits the skylark's plume!
 I saw him, in that thoughtful hour,
 Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The *soul*, the awakening *soul* I saw—
 My watching eye could trace
 The shadows of its new-born awe
 Sweeping o'er that fair face:
 As o'er a flower might pass the shade
 By some dread angel's pinion made!

The *soul*, the mother of deep fears,
 Of high hopes infinite,
 Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
 Of sleepless inner sight;
 Lovely, but solemn, it arose,
 Unfolding what no more might close.

The red-leaved tablets,¹ undefiled,
 As yet, by evil thought—
 Oh! little dream'd the brooding
 child
 Of what within me wrought,
 While *his* young heart first burn'd
 and stirr'd,
 And quiver'd to the eternal Word.

And reverently my spirit caught
 The reverence of *his* gaze—
 A sight with dew of blessing fraught
 To hallow after-days;
 To make the proud heart meekly wise,
 By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
 Before me brightly there;
 And in the depths of its repose,
 My soul o'erflow'd with prayer,
 Feeling a solemn presence nigh—
 The power of infant sanctity!

O Father! mould my heart once
 more
 By Thy prevailing breath!

Teach me! oh teach me to adore
 E'en with that pure one's faith—
 A faith, all made of love and light,
 Child-like, and therefore full of
 might!

A POET'S DYING HYMN

Be mute who will, who can,
 Yet I will praise Thee with impassion'd voice!
 Me didst Thou constitute a priest of Thine
 In such a temple as we now behold,
 Rear'd for Thy presence; therefore am I bound
 To worship, here and everywhere.

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—
 I lift mine eye,
 And bless Thee, O my God! that I
 have met
 And own'd Thine image in the ma-
 jesty
 Of their calm temple still!—that,
 never yet,
 There hath Thy face been shrouded
 from my sight
 By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm
 of night:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure
 expanse,
 I see the mercy of Thine aspect
 shine,
 Touching death's features with a
 lovely glance
 Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,
 And lending to each holy star a ray
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul
 away:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard Thy voice nor been
 afraid,
 In the earth's garden—'midst the
 mountains old,
 And the low thrillings of the forest-
 shade,
 And the wild sound of waters un-
 controll'd—
 And upon many a desert plain and
 shore—
 No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more:
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if Thy spirit on Thy child hath
 shed
 The gift, the vision of the unseal'd
 eye,

¹ "All this, and more than this, is now en-
 graved upon the red-leaved tablets of my heart."—
 HAYWOOD.

To pierce the mist o'er life's deep
meanings spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-
urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept
it free

And pure, a consecration unto Thee:
I bless Thee, O my God !

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee
been fraught
With an awakening power—if Thou
hast made

Like the wing'd seed, the breathings
of my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them
be convey'd

To lands of other lays, and there
become

Native as early melodies of home:
I bless Thee, O my God !

Not for the brightness of a mortal
wreath,

Not for a place 'midst kingly min-
strels dead,

But that, perchance, a faint gale of
Thy breath,

A still small whisper, in my song
hath led

One struggling spirit upwards to Thy
throne,

Or but one hope, one prayer,—for
this alone

I bless Thee, O my God !

That I have loved—that I have
known the love

Which troubles in the soul the
tearful springs,

Yet, with a colouring halo from
above,

Tinges and glorifies all earthly
things,

Whate'er its anguish or its woe may
be,

Still weaving links for intercourse
with Thee:

I bless Thee, O my God !

That by the passion of its deep dis-
tress,

And by the o'erflowing of its mighty
prayer,

And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their
stream to bear,

I have been drawn still closer to Thy
shrine,

Wellspring of love, the unfathom'd,
the divine,

I bless Thee, O my God !

That hope hath ne'er my heart or
song forsaken,

High hope, which even from mys-
tery, doubt, or dread,

Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath
taken

Whereby its torchlight for the race
was fed:

That passing storms have only fann'd
the fire

Which pierced them still with its
triumphal spire,

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying
day;

Thou leav'st me not—though early
life grows pale,

I am not darkly sinking to decay ;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolv-
ing shroud

Melts off to radiance, as a silvery
cloud.

I bless Thee, O my God !

And if this earth, with all its choral
streams,

And crowning woods, and soft or
solemn skies,

And mountain sanctuaries for poet's
dreams,

Be lovely still in my departing
eyes—

'Tis not that fondly I would linger
here,

But that Thy footprints on its dust
appear:

I bless Thee, O my God !

And that the tender shadowing I
behold,

The tracery veining every leaf and
flower,

Of glories cast in more consummate
mould,

No longer vassals to the changeful
hour;

That life's last roses to my thoughts
can bring

Rich visions of imperishable spring ;
I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes ! the young, vernal voices in the
skies

Woo me not back, but, wandering
past mine ear,

Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and
clear—

The full of soul, yet passionate no
more :

Let *me*, too, joining those pure strains,
adore !

I bless Thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still. To Thee I
come—

Make Thou my dwelling where Thy
children are !

And for the hope of that immortal
home,

And for Thy Son, the bright and
morning Star,

The Sufferer and the Victor-King of
death,

I bless Thee with my glad song's
dying breath !

I bless Thee, O my God !

["I have lately written what I consider one of
my best pieces—'A Poet's Dying Hymn.' It
appeared in the last number of *Blackwood*,"
(April 1832).—*Letter from Mrs. Hemans*.

"It is impossible to read this affecting poem
without feeling how distinctly it breathes the in-
ward echoes of the soul to the frequent warnings
of the Summoner ; those presentiments which
must have long silently possessed her, here for
the first time finding utterance. Still more
strongly does it evidence that subdued and
serene frame of mind, into which her once viva-
cious temperament and painfully vibrating sen-
sibilities were now so gently and happily sub-
siding."—*Memoir*, p. 254.]

THE FUNERAL DAY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

Many an eye
May wail the dimming of our shining star.
SHAKESPEARE.

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased !
Mournfully, reverently—the funeral
chant

Breathe reverently ! There is a
dreamy sound,

A hollow murmur of the dying year,
In the deep woods. Let it be wild
and sad !

A more Æolian, melancholy tone
Than ever wail'd o'er bright things
perishing !

For *that* is passing from the darken'd
land,

Which the green summer will not
bring us back—

Though all her songs return. The
funeral chant

Breathe reverently ! They bear the
mighty forth,

The kingly ruler in the realms of
mind ;

They bear him through the household
paths, the groves,

Where every tree had music of its own
To his quick ear of knowledge taught
by love—

And he is silent ! Past the living
stream

They bear him now ; the stream
whose kindly voice,

On alien shores, his true heart burn'd
to hear—

And he is silent ! O'er the heathery
hills,

Which his own soul had mantled
with a light

Richer than autumn's purple, now
they move—

And he is silent !—he, whose flexile
lips

Were but unseal'd, and lo ! a thousand
forms,

From every pastoral glen and fern-
clad height,

In glowing life upsprang,—vassal
and chief,

Rider and steed, with shout and
bugle-peal,

Fast-rushing through the brightly
troubled air,

Like the Wild Huntsman's band.
And still they live,

To those fair scenes imperishably
bound,

And, from the mountain-mist still
flashing by,

Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd
there

To the seer's voice : phantoms of
colour'd thought,

Surviving him who raised. O elo-
quence !

O power, whose breathings thus could
wake the dead !

Who shall wake *thee*? lord of the
buried past!
And art thou *there*—to those dim
nations join'd,
Thy subject-host so long? The
wand is dropp'd,
The bright lamp broken, which the
gifted hand
Touch'd, and the genii came! Sing
reverently
The funeral chant! The mighty is
borne home,
And who shall be his mourners?
Youth and age,
For each hath felt his magic—love
and grief,
For he hath communed with the
heart of each:
Yes—the free spirit of humanity
May join the august procession, for
to him
Its mysteries have been tributary
things,
And all its accents known. From
field or wave,
Never was conqueror on his battle-
bier,
By the veil'd banner and the muffled
drum,
And the proud drooping of the crested
head,
More nobly follow'd home. The last
abode,
The voiceless dwelling of the bard
is reach'd:
A still, majestic spot, girt solemnly
With all the imploring beauty of
decay;
A stately couch 'midst ruins! meet
for him
With his bright fame to rest in, as a
king
Of other days, laid lonely with his
sword
Beneath his head. Sing reverently
the chant
Over the honour'd grave! The
grave!—oh, say
Rather the shrine!—an altar for the
love,
The light, soft pilgrim steps, the
votive wreaths
Of years unborn—a place where leaf
and flower,
By that which dies not of the sove-
reign dead,

Shall be made holy things, where
every weed
Shall have its portion of the inspiring
gift
From buried glory breathed. And
now what strain
Making victorious melody ascend
High above sorrow's dirge, befits
the tomb
Where he that sway'd the nations
thus is laid—
The crown'd of men?
A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine!

A spirit on its way,
Sceptred the earth to sway,
From Thee was sent:
Now call'st Thou back Thine own—
Hence is that radiance flown—
To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bow'd we saw,
Beneath Thy hand!
Fill'd by one hope, one fear,
Now o'er a brother's bier
Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!—the lord
Of each deep bosom-chord,
To meet Thy sight,
Unmantled and alone,
On Thy bless'd mercy thrown,
O Infinite!

So, from his harvest-home,
Must the tired peasant come,
So, in one trust,
Leader and king must yield
The naked soul reveal'd
To Thee, All just!

The sword of many a fight—
What *then* shall be its might?
The lofty lay
That rush'd on eagle wing—
What shall its memory bring?
What hope, what stay?

O Father ! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him Who bow'd to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From Whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away—
Aid us, O God !

Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine,
Hear, hear our suppliant breath !
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDER- NESS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF
CORREGGIO'S

In the deep wilderness unseen she
pray'd
The daughter of Jerusalem ; alone
With all the still, small whispers of
the night,
And with the searching glances of
the stars,
And with her God, alone : she lifted
up
Her sweet, sad voice, and, trembling
o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer
—the tearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repen-
tant love.

Father of Spirits, hear !
Look on the inmost heart to Thee
reveal'd,
Look on the fountain of the burning
tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd !

Hear, Father ! hear, and aid !
If I have loved too well, if I have
shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal
head,
Gifts on Thy shrine, my God ! more
fitly laid ;

If I have sought to live
But in *one* light, and made a human
eye
The lonely star of mine idolatry,
Thou that art Love ! oh, pity and
forgive !

Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling
spirit burns,
But, fix'd on Thee, from that wild
worship turns—
What have I said ?—the deep dream
is not past !

Yet hear !—if *still* I love,
Oh ! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes my heart
between
And Thy calm glory, Father ! throned
above ;

If still a voice is near
(E'en while I strive these wanderings
to control),
An earthly voice disquieting my soul
With its deep music, too intensely
dear ;

O Father ! draw to Thee
My lost affections back !—the dream-
ing eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the
heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its
pinions free !

I must love on, O God !
This bosom must love on !—but let
Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that
knows not death,
Bearing it up to heaven—love's own
abode !

Ages and ages past, the wilderness,
With its dark cedars, and the thrill-
ing night,
With her clear stars, and the mys-
terious winds,
That waft all sound, were conscious
of those prayers.
How many such hath woman's burst-
ing heart
Since then, in silence and in darkness
breathed,
Like the dim night-flower's odour, up
to God !

PRISONERS' EVENING SERVICE

A SCENE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down,
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes and emperors, and the crown and palms
Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed !
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own.—WORDSWORTH.

SCENE.—*Prison of the Luxembourg in Paris, during the Reign of Terror*

D'AUBIGNÉ, *an aged Royalist—*
BLANCHE, *his daughter, a young girl.*

Blanche. What was your doom,
my father ? In thine arms
I lay unconsciously through that
dread hour.

Tell me the sentence ! Could our
judges look,

Without relenting, on thy silvery
hair ?

Was there not mercy, father ? Will
they not

Restore us to our home ?

D'Aubigné. Yes, my poor child !
They send us home.

Blanche. Oh, shall we gaze again
On the bright Loire ? Will the old
hamlet spire,

And the grey turret of our own
château,

Look forth to greet us through the
dusky elms ?

Will the kind voices of our villagers,
The loving laughter in their children's
eyes,

Welcome us back at last ? But how
is this ?

Father ! thy glance is clouded—on
thy brow

There sits no joy !

D'Aubigné. Upon my brow, dear
girl !

There sits, I trust, such deep and
solemn peace

As may befit the Christian who re-
ceives,

And recognises in submissive awe,
The summons of his God.

Blanche. Thou dost not mean—
No, no ! it cannot be ! Didst thou
not say

They sent us home ?

D'Aubigné. Where is the spirit's
home ?

Oh ! most of all, in these dark, evil
days,

Where should it be—but in that
world serene,

Beyond the sword's reach and the
tempest's power.

—Where, but in heaven ?

Blanche. My father !

D'Aubigné. We must die.

We must look up to God, and calmly
die.

Come to my heart, and weep there !
For awhile

Give nature's passion way ; then
brightly rise

In the still courage of a woman's heart.
Do I not know thee ? Do I ask too
much

From mine own noble *Blanche* ?

Blanche. (*falling on his bosom.*)

Oh ! clasp me fast !

Thy trembling child ! Hide, hide
me in thine arms—

Father !

D'Aubigné. Alas ! my flower,
thou'rt young to go—

Young, and so fair ! Yet were it
worse, methinks,

To leave thee where the gentle and
the brave,

The loyal-hearted and the chivalrous,
And they that loved their God, have
all been swept,

Like the sere leaves, away. For
them no hearth

Through the wide land was left in-
volute,

No altar holy ; therefore did they
fall,

Rejoicing to depart. The soil is
steep'd

In noble blood ; the temples are
gone down ;

The voice of prayer is hush'd, or
fearfully

Mutter'd, like sounds of guilt. Why,
who would live

Who hath not panted, as a dove, to
flee,

To quit for ever the dishonour'd soil,
The burden'd air ! Our God upon
the Cross—

Our king upon the scaffold—let us
think

Of these—and fold endurance to our hearts,
And bravely die !

Blanche. A dark and fearful way !
An evil doom for thy dear, honour'd head !

O thou, the kind, the gracious ! whom all eyes

Bless'd as they look'd upon ! Speak yet again—

Say, will they part us ?

D'Aubigné. No, my Blanche ; in death,

We shall not be divided.

Blanche. Thanks to God !

He, by Thy glance, will aid me—I shall see

His light before me to the last. And when—

Oh, pardon these weak shrinkings of thy child !—

When shall the hour befall ?

D'Aubigné. Oh ! swiftly now,
And suddenly, with brief, dread interval,

Comes down the mortal stroke. But of that hour

As yet I know not. Each low throbbing pulse

Of the quick pendulum may usher in Eternity !

Blanche. (*kneeling before him.*) My father ! lay thy hand

On thy poor Blanche's head, and once again

Bless her with thy deep voice of tenderness—

Thus breathing saintly courage through her soul,

Ere we are call'd.

D'Aubigné. If I may speak through tears !—

Well may I bless thee, fondly, fervently,

Child of my heart ! thou who dost look on me

With thy lost mother's angel eyes of love !

Thou, that hast been a brightness in my path,

A guest of heaven unto my lonely soul,

A stainless lily in my widow'd house,

There springing up, with soft light round thee shed,

For immortality ! Meek child of God !

I bless thee—He will bless thee ! In His love

He calls thee now from this rude stormy world

To thy Redeemer's breast ! And thou wilt die,

As thou hast lived—my duteous, holy Blanche !

In trusting and serene submissiveness, Humble, yet full of heaven.

Blanche. (*rising.*) Now is there strength

Infused through all my spirit. I can rise

And say, " Thy will be done ! "

D'Aubigné. (*pointing upwards.*) See'st thou, my child !

Yon faint light in the west ? The signal star

Of our due vesper service, gleaming in

Through the close dungeon grating ! Mournfully

It seems to quiver ; yet shall this night pass,

This night alone, without the lifted voice

Of adoration in our narrow cell, As if unworthy fear or wavering faith

Silenced the strain ? No ! let it waft to heaven

The prayer, the hope, of poor mortality,

In its dark hour once more ! And we will sleep,

Yes—calmly sleep, when our last rite is closed.

[*They sing together.*]

PRISONERS' EVENING SONG

We see no more in Thy pure skies,
How soft, O God ! the sunset dies ;

How every colour'd hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood :

Yet, by the precious memories won
From bright hours now for ever gone,

Father ! o'er all Thy works, we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's

glow ;
Still touching every cloud and tree

With glory, eloquent of Thee ;
Still feeding all Thy flowers with light,

Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.

We know Thou reign'st, the Un-
changing One, the All-just !
And bless Thee still with free and
boundless trust !

We read no more, O God ! Thy
ways

On earth, in these wild, evil days.
The red sword in the oppressor's
hand

Is ruler of the weeping land ;
Fallen are the faithful and the pure,
No shrine is spared, no hearth
secure. [past,

Yet, by the deep voice from the
Which tells us these things cannot
last—

And by the hope which finds no ark
Save in Thy breast, when storms
grow dark—

We trust Thee ! As the sailor
knows

That in its place of bright repose
His pole-star burns, though mist
and cloud

May veil it with a midnight shroud,
We know Thou reign'st, All-holy One,
All-just !

And bless Thee still with love's own
boundless trust.

We feel no more that aid is nigh,
When our faint hearts within us
die.

We suffer—and we know our doom
Must be one suffering till the tomb.
Yet, by the anguish of Thy Son
When His last hour came darkly
on ;

By His dread cry, the air which
rent

In terror of abandonment ;
And by His parting word, which
rose

Through faith victorious o'er all
woes—

We know that Thou mayst wound,
mayst break

The spirit, but wilt ne'er forsake !
Sad suppliants whom our brethren
spurn,

In our deep need to Thee we turn !
To Whom but Thee ? All-merciful,
All-just !

In life, in death, we yield Thee bound-
less trust !

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUN- TAINERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION

Thanks be to God for the mountains !

—Howitt's *Book of the Seasons*.

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain-sod,
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge

Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky :

The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

For the dark, resounding caverns,
Where Thy still, small voice is
heard ;

For the strong pines of the forests,
That by Thy breath are stirr'd ;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights ;

But we, for *Thy* communion,
Have sought the mountain-sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves ;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves :

Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode ;

For the strength of the hills we bless
Thee,

Our God, our fathers' God !

For the shadow of Thy presence,
 Round our camp of rock outspread ;
 For the stern defiles of battle,
 Bearing record of our dead ;
 For the snows and for the torrents,
 For the free heart's burial-sod ;
 For the strength of the hills we bless
 Thee,
 Our God, our fathers' God !

PRAYER AT SEA AFTER VICTORY

The land shall never rue,
 So England to herself do prove but true.
SHAKESPEARE.

THROUGH evening's bright repose
 A voice of prayer arose,
 When the sea-fight was done
 The sons of England knelt,
 With hearts that now could melt,
 For on the wave her battle had been
 won.

Round their tall ship, the main
 Heaved with a dark red stain,
 Caught not from sunset's cloud ;
 While with the tide swept past
 Pennon and shiver'd mast,
 Which to the Ocean Queen that day
 had bow'd,

But free and fair on high,
 A native of the sky,
Her streamer met the breeze ;
 It flow'd o'er fearless men,
 Though, hush'd and childlike then,
 Before their God they gather'd on the
 seas.

Oh ! did not thoughts of home
 O'er each bold spirit come,
 As from the land sweet gales ?
 In every word of prayer
 Had not some hearth a share,
 Some bower, inviolate 'midst Eng-
 land's vales ?

Yes ! bright, green spots that lay
 In beauty far away,
 Hearing no billow's roar,
 Safer from touch of spoil,
 For that day's fiery toil,
 Rose on high hearts, that now with
 love gush'd o'er.

A solemn scene and dread !
 The victors and the dead,

The breathless burning sky !
 And, passing with the race
 Of waves that keep no trace,
 The wild, brief signs of human vic-
 tory !

A stern, yet holy scene !
 Billows, where strife hath been,
 Sinking to awful sleep ;
 And words, that breathe the sense
 Of God's omnipotence,
 Making a minster of that silent deep.

Borne through such hours afar,
 Thy flag hath been a star,
 Where eagle's wings ne'er flew :
 England ! the unprofaned,
 Thou of the earth unstain'd,
 Oh ! to the banner and the shrine be
 true !

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY

[Circumstances similar to those on which this scene is founded are recorded in *Carne's Narrative of the Moravian Missions in Greenland*, and gave rise to the dramatic sketch.]

But by my wrongs and by my wrath,
 To-morrow Areouski's breath
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
 Shall light me to the foe !
Indian Song in Gertrude of Wyoming.

SCENE.—*The shore of a Lake sur-
 rounded by deep woods. A solitary
 cabin on its banks, overshadowed
 by maple and sycamore trees. HERR-
 MANN, the missionary, seated alone
 before the cabin. The hour is
 evening twilight.*

Herrmann. Was that the light
 from some lone, swift canoe
 Shooting across the waters ?—No, a
 flash

From the night's first, quick firefly,
 lost again
 In the deep bay of cedars. Not a
 bark

Is on the wave ; no rustle of a breeze
 Comes through the forest. In this
 new, strange world,
 Oh ! how mysterious, how eternal,
 seems

The mighty melancholy of the woods !
 The desert's own great spirit, infinite !

Little they know, in mine own father-land,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst

The wild Harz mountains, or the sylvan glades

Deep in the Odenwald—they little know

Of what is solitude! In hours like this,

There, from a thousand nooks, the cottage hearths

Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,

To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home-path; while round his

lowly perch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,

The cluster'd faces of his children shine

To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts!

Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope

By your vain, earthward yearnings.
O my God!

Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires

May with Thyself be fill'd! Be it enough

At once to gladden and to solemnise
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here

In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer, and toil, and watching, I

may win
The offering of one heart, one human

heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!

Hark! a step,
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy

sound—
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass

Gliding so serpent-like.

(*He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.*)

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet

scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

Enonio. My father speaks my name.

Herrmann. Are not the hunters from the chase return'd?

The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

Enonio. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey

Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave

The lone path free.

Herrmann. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest

thee awhile

Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak

Of these things further.

Enonio. Tell me not of rest!

My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift.

I must begone.

Herrmann (*solemnly*). No, warrior! thou must stay!

The Mighty One hath given me power to search

Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,

And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart

Be grown thus restless, is it not because

Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up

Some burning thought of ill?

Enonio (*with sudden impetuosity*).

How should I rest?—

Last night the spirit of my brother came,

An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,

And said, "*Avenge me!*" In the clouds this morn

I saw the frowning colour of his blood—

And that, too, had a voice. I lay at noon

Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake

a tone—

A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—

And said "*Avenge me!*" Therefore have I raised

The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,

That I may send the shadow from my couch,

And take the strange sound from the cataract,

And sleep once more.

Herrmann. A better path, my son!

Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—
e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst
thou love
That lost one well?

Enonio. Know'st thou not we
grew up
Even as twin roes amidst the wilder-
ness?

Unto the chase we journey'd in one
path;

We stemm'd the lake in one canoe;
we lay

Beneath one oak to rest. When fever
hung

Upon my burning lips, my brother's
hand

Was still beneath my head; my
brother's robe

Cover'd my bosom from the chill
night air—

Our lives were girdled by one belt of
love

Until he turn'd him from his father's
gods.

And then my soul fell from him—
then the grass

Grew in the way between our parted
homes;

And wheresoe'er I wander'd, then it
seem'd

That all the woods were silent. I
went forth—

I journey'd, with my lonely heart,
afar,

And so return'd—and where was he?
The earth

Own'd him on more.

Herrmann. But thou thyself, since
then,

Hast turn'd thee from the idols of thy
tribe,

And, like thy brother, bow'd the
suppliant knee

To the one God.

Enonio. Yes! I have learn'd to
pray

With my white father's words, yet all
the more

My heart, that shut against my
brother's love,

Hath been within me as an arrowy
fire,

Burning my sleep away. In the
night hush,

'Midst the strange whispers and dim
shadowy things

Of the great forests, I have call'd
aloud,

"Brother! forgive, forgive!" He
answer'd not—

His deep voice, rising from the land
of souls,

Cries but "*Avenge me!*"—and I go
forth now

To slay his murderer, that when next
his eyes

Gleam on me mournfully from that
pale shore,

I may look up, and meet their glance,
and say,

"I have avenged thee!"

Herrmann. Oh! that human love
Should be the root of this dread

bitterness,
Till heaven through all the fever'd

being pours
Transmuting balsam! Stay, *Enonio!*

stay!
Thy brother calls thee not! The

spirit world,
Where the departed go, sends back

to earth
No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might

Of the strong passion, the remorseful
grief

At work in thine own breast, which
lends the voice

Unto the forest and the cataract,
The angry colour to the clouds of

morning,
The shadow to the moonlight. Stay,

my son!
Thy brother is at peace. Beside his

couch,
When of the murderer's poison'd

shaft he died,
I knelt and pray'd; he named his

Saviour's name,
Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of

thee
In pity and in love.

Enonio (hurriedly). Did he not
say

My arrow should avenge him?

Herrmann. His last words

Were all forgiveness.

Enonio. What! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of

treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?

Herrmann. Was he not once
Thy brother's friend? Oh! trust
me, not in joy
He walks the frowning forest. Did
keen love,
Too late repentant of its heart es-
tranged,
Wake in *thy* haunted bosom, with its
train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall
he escape?
Enonio, dream it not! Our God, the
All-just,
Unto Himself reserves this royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty
heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that
purifies,
Leave it with him! Yet make it not
thy *hope*:
For that strong heart of thine—oh!
listen yet—
Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very
wish
For death or torture to the guilty one,
Ere it can sleep again.
Enonio. My father speaks
Of change, for man too mighty.
Herrmann. I but speak
Of that which hath been, and again
must be,
If thou wouldst join thy brother, in
the life
Of the bright country where, I well
believe,
His soul rejoices. *He* had known
such change:
He died in peace. He, whom his
tribe once named
The Avenging Eagle, took to his
meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those
words
Which, from the Saviour's cross, went
up to heaven—
"Forgive them, for they know not
what they do!"—And o'er the
eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master pass'd. He waits
thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heaven-
ward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness. He calls

His brother to the land of golden light
And ever-living fountains—couldst
thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it
would say,
"My brother! oh! be pure, be
merciful!
That we may meet again."
Enonio (*hesitating*). Can I return
Unto my tribe, and unavenged?
Herrmann. To Him,
To Him return, from Whom thine
erring steps
Have wander'd far and long! Re-
turn, my son,
To thy Redeemer! Died He not in
love—
The Sinless, the Divine, the Son of
God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all
agonies?
And *we*, dare *we* be ruthless? By His
aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's
place
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace
the way [heart
Back to thy Saviour! He rejects no
E'en with the dark stains on it, if
true tears
Be o'er them shower'd. Ay! weep,
thou Indian chief!
For, by the kindling moonlight, I
behold
Thy proud lips working—weep,
relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood,
in the hour
Of its great conflict.
Enonio (*giving up his weapons to*
HERRMANN). Father! take the
bow,
Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters
call
Forth to the chase once more. And
let me dwell
A little while, my father! by thy
side,
That I may hear the blessed words
again—
Like water-brooks amidst the sum-
mer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth; for in
my heart [sound
The music and the memory of their
Too long have died away,

Herrmann. Oh, welcome back,
 Friend, rescued one! Yes, thou
 shalt be my guest,
 And we will pray beneath my sycamore
 Together, morn and eve; and I will
 spread
 Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep
 at last—

After the visiting of holy thoughts—
 With dewy wings shall sink upon
 thine eyes!

Enter my home, and welcome, welcome
 come back,

To peace, to God, thou lost and found
 again!

*(They go into the cabin together.—
 HERRMANN, lingering for a moment
 on the threshold, looks up to the
 starry skies.)*

Father! that from amidst yon glorious
 worlds

Now look'st on us, Thy children!
 make this hour

Blessed for ever! May it see the
 birth

Of Thine own image in the unfathom'd
 deep

Of an immortal soul,—a thing to
 name

With reverential thought, a solemn
 world!

To Thee more precious than those
 thousand stars

Burning on high in Thy majestic
 heaven!

EVENING SONG OF THE WEARY

FATHER of heaven and earth!

I bless Thee for the night,

The soft, still night!

The holy pause of care and mirth,
 Of sound and light!

Now, far in glade and dell,

Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,

Have shut around the sleeping wood-
 lark's nest;

The bee's long murmuring toils
 are done,

And I, the o'erwearied one,

O'erwearied and o'erwrought,

Bless Thee, O God! O Father of the
 oppress'd!

With my last waking thought,
 In the still night!

Yes! e'er I sink to rest,

By the fire's dying light,

Thou Lord of earth and heaven!

I bless Thee, Who hast given,

Unto life's fainting travellers, the
 night—

The soft, still, holy night.

THE DAY OF FLOWERS

A MOTHER'S WALK WITH HER CHILD

One spirit—His

Who wore the platted thorn with bleeding brows,
 Rules universal nature. Not a flower
 But shows some touch, in freckle, freak, or stain,
 Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
 Their balmy odours and imparts their hues,
 And bathes their eyes with nectar,
 Happy who walks with Him!—COWPER.

COME to the woods, my boy!

Come to the streams and bowery
 dingles forth,

My happy child! The spirit of
 bright hours

Woos us in every wind; fresh wild-
 leaf scents,

From thickets, where the lonely
 stockdove broods,

Enter our lattice; fitful songs of joy
 Float in with each soft current of the

air;—

And we will hear their summons;
 we will give

One day to flowers, and sunshine, and
 glad thoughts,

And thou shalt revel 'midst free
 nature's wealth,

And for thy mother twine wild
 wreaths; while she,

From thy delight, wins to her own
 fond heart

The vernal ecstasy of childhood back.
 Come to the woods, my boy!

What! wouldst thou lead already to
 the path

Along the copsewood brook? Come,
 then! in truth

Meet playmate for a child, a blessed
 child,

Is a glad, singing stream, heard or
 unheard,

Singing its melody of happiness

Amidst the reeds, and bounding in
 free grace

To that sweet chime. With what a
 sparkling life
 It fills the shadowy dingle !—now the
 wing
 Of some low-skimming swallow
 shakes bright spray
 Forth to the sunshine from its dimpled
 wave ;
 Now, from some pool of crystal
 darkness deep,
 The trout springs upward, with a
 showery gleam
 And plashing sound of waters. What
 swift rings
 Of mazy insects o'er the shallow tide
 Seem, as they glance, to scatter
 sparks of light
 From burnish'd films! And mark
 yon silvery line
 Of gossamer, so tremulously hung
 Across the narrow current, from the
 tuft
 Of hazels to the hoary poplar's bough!
 See, in the air's transparence, how it
 waves,
 Quivering and glistening with each
 faintest gale,
 Yet breaking not—a bridge for fairy
 shapes,
 How delicate, how wondrous !
 Yes, my boy !
 Well may we make the stream's
 bright, winding vein
 Our woodland guide, for He Who
 made the stream
 Made it a clue to haunts of loveliness,
 For ever deepening. Oh, forget Him
 not,
 Dear child! That airy gladness
 which thou feel'st
 Wafting thee after bird and butterfly,
 As 'twere a breeze within thee, is not
 less
 His gift, His blessing on thy spring-
 time hours,
 Than this rich, outward sunshine,
 mantling all
 The leaves, and grass, and mossy-
 tinted stones
 With summer glory. Stay thy
 bounding step, [while
 My merry wanderer !—let us rest a
 By this clear pool, where, in the
 shadow flung
 From alder boughs and osiers o'er its
 breast,
 The soft red of the flowering willow-
 herb
 So vividly is pictured. Seems it not
 E'en melting to a more transparent
 glow
 In that pure glass? Oh! beautiful
 are streams!
 And, through all ages, human hearts
 have loved
 Their music, still accordant with each
 mood
 Of sadness or of joy. And love hath
 grown
 Into vain worship, which hath left
 its trace
 On sculptured urn and altar, gleam-
 ing still
 Beneath dim olive boughs, by many a
 fount
 Of Italy and Greece. But we will
 take
 Our lesson e'en from erring hearts,
 which bless'd
 The river deities or fountain nymphs,
 For the cool breeze, and for the
 freshening shade,
 And the sweet water's tune. The
 One supreme,
 The All-sustaining, Ever-present God,
 Who dower'd the soul with immor-
 tality,
 Gave also *these* delights, to cheer on
 earth
 Its fleeting passage; therefore let us
 greet
 Each wandering flower-scent as a
 boon from Him,
 Each bird-note, quivering 'midst light
 summer leaves,
 And every rich celestial tint unnamed,
 Wherewith transpierced, the clouds
 of morn and eve,
 Kindle and melt away !
 And now, in love,
 In grateful thoughts rejoicing, let us
 bend
 Our footsteps onward to the dell of
 flowers
 Around the ruin'd mansion. Thou,
 my boy !
 Not yet, I deem, hast visited that
 lorn
 But lovely spot, whose loveliness for
 thee
 Will wear no shadow of subduing
 thought—

No colouring from the past. This way our path	The air with mournful fragrance—for it speaks
Winds through the hazels. Mark how brightly shoots	Of life gone hence; and the faint, Southern breath
The dragon-fly along the sunbeam's line,	Of myrtle leaves, from yon forsaken porch,
Crossing the leafy gloom. How full of life,	Startles the soul with sweetness! Yet rich knots
The life of song, and breezes, and free wings,	Of garden flowers, far wandering, and self-sown
Is all the murmuring shade! and thine, oh <i>thine</i> !	Through all the sunny hollow, spread around
Of all the brightest and the happiest here,	A flush of youth and joy, free nature's joy,
My blessed child! <i>my</i> gift of God! that makest	Undimm'd by human change. How kindly here,
My heart o'erflow with summer! Hast thou twined	With the low thyme and daisies, they have blent!
Thy wreath so soon! yet will we loiter not,	And, under arches of wild eglantine, Drooping from this tall elm, how strangely seems
Though here the bluebell wave, and gorgeously	The frail gum cistus o'er the turf to snow
Round the brown, twisted roots of yon scathed oak	Its pearly flower-leaves down! Go, happy boy!
The heath-flower spread its purple. We must leave	Rove thou at will amidst these roving sweets;
The copse, and through yon broken avenue,	Whilst I, beside this fallen dial-stone, Under the tall moss-rose tree, long unpruned,
Shadow'd by drooping walnut foliage, reach	Rest where thick clustering pansies weave around
The ruin's glade.	Their many-tinged mosaic, 'midst dark grass
And lo! before us, fair	Bedded like jewels.
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day	He hath bounded on,
It stands, that house of silence! wedded now	Wild with delight!—the crimson on his cheek
To verdant Nature by the o'ermantling growth	Purer and richer e'en than that which lies
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands	In this deep-hearted rose-cup! Bright moss-rose!
Once loved to train. How the rich wallflower scent	Though now so lorn, yet surely, gracious tree!
From every niche and mossy cornice floats, [alone	Once thou wert cherish'd! and, by human love,
Embalming its decay! The bee	Through many a summer duly visited
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more	For thy bloom-offerings, which o'er festal board,
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,	And youthful brow, and e'en the shaded couch
Watching some homeward footstep. See! unbound	Of long-secluded sickness, may have shed
From the old fretted stonework, what thick wreaths	A joy, now lost.
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,	Yet shall there still be joy,
Trail through the grass their gleaming stars, and load,	

Where God hath pour'd forth beauty, and the voice	Remembers youth and love, and hopefully
Of human love shall still be heard in praise	Turns unto Thee, Who call'st earth's buried germs
Over His glorious gifts! O Father! Lord!	From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed
The All-beneficent! I bless Thy name,	Shall, at Thy summons, from the grave spring up
That Thou hast mantled the green earth with flow'rs,	To put on glory, to be girt with power, And fill'd with immortality. Receive
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love	Thanks, blessings, love, for these, Thy lavish boons,
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first	And, most of all, their heavenward influences,
Into her deep recesses are beguiled— Her minster-cells—dark glen and forest bower,	O Thou that gavest us flowers! Return, my boy!—
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,	With all thy chaplets and bright bands, return!
Amidst the low, religious whisperings And shivery leaf-sounds of the soli- tude,	See, with how deep a crimson eve hath touch'd
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made	And glorified the ruin!—glowworm light
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,	Will twinkle on the dewdrops, ere we reach
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,	Our home again. Come! with thy last sweet prayer
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,	At thy bless'd mother's knee, to-night shall thanks
That sing of Thee! back to free childhood's heart,	Unto our Father in His heaven arise, For all the gladness, all the beauty shed
Fresh with the dew's of tenderness! Thou bidd'st	O'er one rich day of flowers.
The lilies of the field with placid smile	
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse	
Through his worn soul a more un- worldly life,	
With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left	
His purer nature, with its fine desires, Uncared for in this universe of Thine!	
The glowing rose attests it, the be- loved	
Of poet-hearts, touch'd by their fervent dreams	
With spiritual light, and made a source	
Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age	
Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: the old man's eye	
Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul	

HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S
HOUSEHOLD ON HIS RETURN

IN THE OLDEN TIME

Joy! the lost one is restored!
Sunshine comes to hearth and board,
From the far-off countries old
Of the diamond and red gold;
From the dusky archer-bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands;
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden, silent death;
He hath reach'd his home again,
Where we sing
In Thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King!

Mightiest! unto Thee he turn'd
When the noonday fiercest burn'd;
When the fountain-springs were far,
And the sounds of Arab war
Swell'd upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,

Unto Thee he cried ; and Thou,
 Merciful ! didst hear his vow !
 Therefore unto Thee again
 Joy shall sing
 Many a sweet and thankful strain,
 God our King !

Thou wert with him on the main,
 And the snowy mountain-chain,
 And the rivers, dark and wide,
 Which through Indian forests glide :
 Thou didst guard him from the wrath
 Of the lion in his path,
 And the arrows on the breeze,
 And the dropping poison-trees,
 Therefore from our household train
 Oft shall spring
 Unto Thee a blessing strain,
 God our King !

Thou to his lone, watching wife
 Hast brought back the light of life !
 Thou hast spared his loving child
 Home to greet him from the wild.
 Though the suns of Eastern skies
 On his cheek have set their dyes,
 Though long toils and sleepless cares
 On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,
 Yet the night of fear is flown—
 He is living, and our own !
 Brethren ! spread his festal board,
 Hang his mantle and his sword,
 With the armour, on the wall—
 While this long, long silent hall
 Joyfully doth hear again
 Voice and string
 Swell to Thee the exulting strain,
 God our King !

THE PAINTER'S LAST WORK

[Suggested by the closing scene in the life of the painter Blake, which is beautifully related by Allan Cunningham.]

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
 Of life, while I can feel thy dear caress ;
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat,
 oh ! think,
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
 And friend to more than human friendship
 just—
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
 And by the hope of an immortal trust,
 God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in
 dust !—CAMPBELL.

*The Scene is an English Cottage. The
 lattice opens upon a Landscape at
 sunset.*

EUGENE, TERESA

Teresa. The fever's hue hath left
 thy cheek, beloved !
 Thine eyes, that make the dayspring
 in my heart,
 Are clear and still once more ! Wilt
 thou look forth ?
 Now, while the sunset with low
 streaming light—
 The light thou lovest—hath made
 the elm-wood stems
 All burning bronze, the river molten
 gold !
 Wilt thou be raised upon thy couch,
 to meet
 The rich air fill'd with wandering
 scents and sounds ?
 Or shall I lay thy dear, dear head
 once more
 On this true bosom, lulling thee to
 rest
 With our own evening hymn ?
Eugene. Not now, dear love !
 My soul is wakeful—lingering to look
 forth,
 Not on the sun, but thee ! Doth the
 light sleep
 On the stream tenderly ? and are the
 stems
 Of our own elm trees, by its alchemy,
 So richly changed ? and is the sweet-
 brier scent
 Floating around ? But I have said
 farewell,
 Farewell to earth, Teresa !—not to
 thee ;
 Nor yet to our deep love—nor yet
 awhile
 Unto the spirit of mine art, which
 flows
 Back on my soul in mastery. One
 last work !
 And I will shrine my wealth of glow-
 ing thoughts,
 Clinging affections, and undying
 hopes,
 All, all in that memorial !
Teresa. Oh, what dream
 Is this, mine own Eugene ? Waste
 thou not thus
 Thy scarce-returning strength ; keep
 thy rich thoughts
 For happier days—they will not melt
 away
 Like passing music from the lute.
 Dear friend !

Dearest of friends ! thou canst win
back at will

The glorious visions.

Eugene. Yes ! the unseen land
Of glorious visions hath sent forth a
voice

To call me hence. Oh, be thou not
deceived !

Bind to thy heart no *earthly* hope,
Teresa !

I must, *must* leave thee ! Yet be
strong, my love !

As thou hast still been gentle.

Teresa. O Eugene !
What will this dim world be to me,
Eugene !

When wanting thy bright soul, the
life of all— [on ?

My only sunshine ? How can I bear
How can we part ?—we that have
loved so well,

With clasping spirits link'd so long
by grief,

By tears, by prayer ?

Eugene. E'en *therefore* we can part,
With an immortal trust, that such
high love

Is not of things to perish.

Let me leave
One record still of its ethereal flame
Brightening through death's cold
shadow. Once again,

Stand with thy meek hands folded on
thy breast,

And eyes half veil'd, in thine own soul
absorb'd,

As in thy watchings ere I sink to
sleep ;

And I will give the bending, flower-
like grace

Of that soft form, and the still sweet-
ness throned

On that pale brow, and in that quiver-
ing smile

Of voiceless love, a life that shall
outlast

Their delicate earthly being. There !
thy head

Bow'd down with beauty, and with
tenderness,

And lowly thought—even thus—my
own Teresa !

Oh ! the quick-glancing radiance and
bright bloom,

That once around thee hung, have
melted now

Into more solemn light—but holier
far,

And dearer, and yet lovelier in mine
eyes,

Than all that summer-flush ! For by
my couch,

In patient and serene devotedness,
Thou hast made those rich hues and

sunny smiles

Thine offering unto me. Oh ! I may
give

Those pensive lips, that clear Ma-
donna brow,

And the sweet earnestness of that
dark eye,

Unto the canvas ; I may catch the
flow

Of all those drooping locks, and
glorify, [thus—

With a soft halo, what is imaged
But how much rests unbreathed, my

faithful one !

What thou hast been to me ! This
bitter world !

This cold, unanswering world, that
hath no voice

To greet the gentle spirit, that drives
back

All birds of Eden, which would
sojourn here

A little while—how have I turn'd
away

From its keen, soulless air, and in my
heart

Found ever the sweet fountain of
response

To quench my thirst for home !

The dear work grows
Beneath my hand,—the last !

Teresa (falling on his neck in tears).

Eugene ! Eugene !

Break not my heart with thine excess
of love !—

Oh ! must I lose thee—thou that hast
been still

The tenderest—best !

Eugene. Weep, weep not thus,
beloved !

Let my true heart o'er thine retain
its power

Of soothing to the last ! Mine own
Teresa !

Take strength from strong affection !
Let our souls,

Ere this brief parting, mingle in one
strain

Of deep, full thanksgiving, for God's
rich boon—
Our perfect love! Oh, blessed have
we been
In that high gift! thousands o'er
earth may pass,
With hearts unfreshen'd by the
heavenly dew,
Which hath kept *ours* from wither-
ing. Kneel, true wife!
And lay thy hands in mine.

(She kneels beside the couch—he prays.)

Oh, thus receive
Thy children's thanks, Creator! for
the love
Which Thou hast granted, through all
earthly woes,
To spread heaven's peace around
them—which hath bound
Their spirits to each other and to Thee,
With links whereon unkindness ne'er
hath breathed,
Nor wandering thought. We thank
Thee, gracious God!
For all its treasured memories, tender
cares,
Fond words, bright, bright sustaining
looks, unchanged
Through tears and joy! O Father!
most of all,
We thank, we bless Thee, for the price-
less trust,
Through Thy redeeming Son vouch-
safed to those
That love in Thee, of union, in Thy
sight
And in Thy heavens, immortal! Hear
our prayer!
Take home our fond affections, puri-
fied
To spirit-radiance from all earthly
stain;
Exalted, solemnised, made fit to
dwell,
Father! where all things that are
lovely meet,
And all things that are pure—for
evermore
With Thee and Thine!

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION

BLESSINGS, O Father! shower—
Father of Mercies! round his preci-
ous head!

On his lone walks and on his thought-
ful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight
bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most
beloved—
Fame, fortune, power: oh! be his
spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy
will!
But let Thy peace be wedded to his
lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of
ill,
With its dove-pinion still!
Let such a sense of thee,
Thy watching presence, thy sustain-
ing love,
His bosom-guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimmed! a gladness rest
his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world un-
known!
Such as from childhood's morning
land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly, gleams—
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly
flown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy Spirit free;
And when Thou call'st him from his
mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness
given,
That joyful trust! and brightly let
him part,
With lamp clear burning, and un-
lingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

MOTHER'S LITANY BY THE SICKBED OF A CHILD

SAVIOUR, that of woman born,
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn—
Thou, with Whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love—
Hear and aid!

Low he lies, my precious child,
With his spirit wandering wild
From its glad some tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away—
Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on his brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now ;
Round his lip is quivering strife,
In his hand unquiet life—
Aid ! oh, aid !

Saviour ! loose the burning chain
From his fever'd heart and brain,
Give, oh ! give his young soul back
Into its own cloudless track !
Hear and aid !

Thou that saidst, " Awake ! arise !"
E'en when death had quench'd the
eyes—

In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erwearied hope is dying,
Hear and aid !

Yet, oh ! make him Thine, all Thine,
Saviour ! whether Death's or mine !
Yet, oh ! pour on human love,

Strength, trust, patience, from above !
Hear and aid !

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA

THE WORDS WRITTEN FOR A MELODY
BY FELTON

NIGHT sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh ! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in heaven unsleeping,
O'er Thy children vigil keeping
Hear, hear, and save !

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, Whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more ! our prayer fulfill-
ing—
Power dwells with Thee !

SONNETS

FEMALE CHARACTERS OF SCRIPTURE

Your tents are desolate ; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains : your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change !

INVOCATION

As the tired voyager on stormy seas
Invokes the coming of bright birds
from shore,
To waft him tidings, with the gentler
breeze,
Of dim, sweet woods that hear no
billows roar ;
So, from the depth of days, when
earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew,
I call you, gracious Forms ! Oh,
come ! restore

Awhile that holy freshness, and
renew
Life's morning dreams. Come with
the voice, the lyre,
Daughters of Judah ! with the
timbrel rise !
Ye of the dark, prophetic, Eastern
eyes,
Imperial in their visionary fire ;
Oh ! steep my soul in that old, glori-
ous time,
When God's Own whisper shook the
cedars of your clime !

INVOCATION CONTINUED

AND come, ye faithful ! round Mes-
siah seen,
With a soft harmony of tears and
light
Streaming through all your spiritual
mien—
As in calm clouds of pearly stillness
bright,

Showers weave with sunshine, and
transpierce their slight
Ethereal cradle. From *your* heart
subdued
All haughty dreams of power had
wing'd their flight,
And left high place for martyr fortitude,
True faith, long-suffering love. Come
to me, come!
And as the seas, beneath your
Master's tread,
Fell into crystal smoothness, round
Him spread
Like the clear pavement of His
heavenly home;
So, in your presence, let the soul's
great deep
Sink to the gentleness of infant
sleep.

THE SONG OF MIRIAM

A SONG for Israel's God! Spear,
crest, and helm
Lay by the billows of the old Red
Sea,
When Miriam's voice o'er that sepulchral realm
Sent on the blast a hymn of jubilee.
With her lit eye, and long hair floating free,
Queenlike she stood, and glorious
was the strain,
E'en as instinct with the tempestuous
glee
Of the dark waters, tossing o'er the
slain.
A song for God's own victory! Oh,
thy lays,
Bright poesy! were holy in their
birth;
How hath it died, thy seraph note of
praise,
In the bewildering melodies of
earth!
Return from troubling, bitter founts
—return,
Back to the life-springs of thy native
urn!

RUTH

THE plumelike swaying of the au-
burn corn,
By soft winds to a dreamy motion
fann'd,

Still brings me back thine image—O
forlorn,
Yet not forsaken Ruth! I see
thee stand
Lone, 'midst the gladness of the
harvest-band—
Lone, as a wood-bird on the ocean's
foam
Fall'n in its weariness, Thy
fatherland
Smiles far away! yet to the sense of
home—
That finest, purest, which can re-
cognise
Home in affection's glance—for
ever true
Beats thy calm heart; and if thy
gentle eyes
Gleam tremulous through tears,
'tis not to rue
Those words, immortal in their deep
love's tone,
"Thy people and thy God shall be
mine own!"

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH

And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took
sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock,
from the beginning of harvest until water dropped
upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither
the birds of the air to rest on them by day,
nor the beasts of the field by night.—2 Sam.
xxi. 10.

Who watches on the mountain with
the dead,
Alone before the awfulness of
night?—
A seer awaiting the deep spirit's
might?
A warrior guarding some dark pass of
dread?
No—a lorn woman! On her droop-
ing head,
Once proudly graceful, heavy beats
the rain;
She recks not—living for the un-
buried slain,
Only to scare the vulture from their
bed.
So, night by night, her vigil hath she
kept
With the pale stars, and with the
dews hath wept:
Oh! surely some bright Presence
from Above
On those wild rocks the lonely one
must aid!

E'en so ; a strengthener through all
storm and shade,
The unconquerable angel, might-
iest Love !

THE REPLY OF THE SHUNAM- MITE WOMAN

And she answered, I dwell among mine own
people.—2 *Kings* iv. 13.

" I DWELL among mine own,"—oh,
happy thou !

Not for the sunny clusters of the
vine,

Not for the olives on the mountain's
brow,

Nor the flocks wandering by the
flowery line

Of streams, that make the green
land where they shine

Laugh to the light of waters—not for
these,

Nor the soft shadow of ancestral trees,
Whose kindly whisper floats o'er
thee and thine—

Oh ! not for *these* I call thee richly
blest,

But for the meekness of thy woman's
breast,

Where that sweet depth of still con-
tentment lies ;

And for thy holy, household love,
which clings

Unto all ancient and familiar
things,

Weaving from each some link for
home's dear charities,

THE ANNUNCIATION

LOWLIEST of women, and most glori-
fied !

In thy still beauty sitting calm and
lone,

A brightness round thee grew—and
by thy side,

Kindling the air, a form ethereal
shone,

Solern, yet breathing gladness.
From her throne

A queen had risen with more imperial
eye,

A stately prophetess of victory
From her proud lyre had struck a
tempest's tone,

For such high tidings as to *thee* were
brought,

Chosen of heaven ! that hour :
but thou, oh ! thou

E'en as a flower with gracious rains
o'erfraught,

Thy virgin head beneath its crown
didst bow,

And take to thy meek breast the all
holy word,

And own thyself *the handmaid of the*
Lord.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN

YET as a sunburst flushing mountain-
snow,

Fell the celestial touch of fire ere
long

On the pale stillness of thy thoughtful
brow,

And thy calm spirit lighten'd into
song.

Unconsciously, perchance, yet free
and strong

Flow'd the majestic joy of tuneful
words,

Which living harps the choirs of
heaven among

Might well have link'd with their
divinest chords.

Full many a strain, borne far on
glory's blast,

Shall leave, where once its haughty
music pass'd,

No more to memory than a reed's
faint sigh ;

While thine, O childlike Virgin !
through all time

Shall send its fervent breath o'er
every clime,

Being of God, and therefore not to
die.

THE PENITENT ANOINTING CHRIST'S FEET

THERE was a mournfulness in angel
eyes,

That saw thee, woman ! bright in
this world's train,

Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
Thyself the idol of the enchanted
strain.

But from thy beauty's garland,
brief and vain,

When one by one the rose-leaves had
been torn ;

When thy heart's core had quiver'd
to the pain
Through every life-nerve sent by
arrowy scorn ;
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet
odours forth
On the Redeemer's feet, with many
a sigh,
And showering teardrop, of yet richer
worth
Than all those costly balms of
Araby ;
Then was there joy, a song of joy in
heaven,
For thee, the child won back, the
penitent forgiven !

MARY AT THE FEET OF CHRIST

Oh ! bless'd beyond all daughters of
the earth !
What were the Orient's thrones to
that low seat
Where thy hush'd spirit drew celestial
birth,
Mary ! meek listener at the
Saviour's feet ?
No feverish cares to that divine
retreat
Thy woman's heart of silent worship
brought,
But a fresh childhood, heavenly
truth to meet
With love, and wonder, and sub-
missive thought.
Oh ! for the holy quiet of thy breast,
'Midst the world's eager tones and
footsteps flying,
Thou, whose calm soul was like a
wellspring, lying
So deep and still in its transparent
rest,
That e'en when noontide burns upon
the hills,
Some one bright solemn star all its
lone mirror fills.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY AFTER THE DEATH OF LAZARUS

One grief, one faith, O sisters of the
dead !
Was in your bosoms—thou, whose
steps, made fleet
By keen hope fluttering in the heart
which bled,

Bore thee, as wings, the Lord of
Life to greet ;
And thou, that duteous in thy still
retreat
Didst wait His summons, then with
reverent love
Fall weeping at the bless'd Deliver-
er's feet,
Whom e'en to heavenly tears thy woe
could move.
And which to *Him*, the All-seeing and
All-just,
Was loveliest—that quick zeal, or
lowly trust ?
Oh ! question not, and let no law be
given
To those unveilings of its deepest
shrine,
By the wrung spirit made in out-
ward sign :
Free service from the heart is all in all
to heaven.

THE MEMORIAL OF MARY

Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this
gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there
shall also this, that this woman hath done, be
told for a memorial of her.—*Matt. xxvi. 13.*
—See also *John xii. 3.*

THOU hast thy record in the mon-
arch's hall,
And on the waters of the far mid-
sea ;
And where the mighty mountain
shadows fall,
The Alpine hamlet keeps a thought
of thee !
Where'er, beneath some Oriental
tree,
The Christian traveller rests—
where'er the child
Looks upward from the English
mother's knee,
With earnest eyes in wondering
reverence mild,
There art thou known—where'er the
Book of light
Bears hope and healing, there, beyond
all blight,
Is borne thy memory, and all praise
above.
Oh ! say what deed so lifted thy
sweet name,
Mary ! to that pure, silent place of
fame ?

One lowly offering of exceeding
love.

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM AT THE CROSS

LIKE those pale stars of tempest-
hours, whose gleam

Waves calm and constant on the
rocking mast,

Such by the Cross doth your bright
lingering seem,

Daughters of Zion! faithful to
the last!

Ye, through the darkness o'er the
wide earth cast

By the death-cloud within the
Saviour's eye,

E'en till away the heavenly spirit
pass'd,

Stood in the shadow of His agony.
O blessed faith! a guiding lamp,

that hour
Was lit for woman's heart! To her,

whose dower
Is all of love and suffering from her
birth,

Still hath your act a voice—through
fear, through strife,

Bidding her bind each tendril of her
life

To that which her deep soul hath
proved of holiest worth.

proved of holiest worth.

MARY MAGDALENE AT THE SEPULCHRE

WEEPER! to thee how bright a morn
was given

After thy long, long vigil of despair,
When that high Voice which burial-

rocks had riven
Thrill'd with immortal tones the
silent air!

Never did clarion's royal blast
declare

Such tale of victory to a breathless
crowd,

As the deep sweetness of *one* word
could bear

Into thy heart of hearts, O woman!
bow'd

By strong affection's anguish! one
low word—

"*Mary!*" and all the triumph
wrung from death

Was thus reveal'd; and thou, that
so hadst err'd,

So wept, and been forgiven, in
trembling faith

Didst cast thee down before the all-
conquering Son,

Awed by the mighty gift thy tears
and love had won!

MARY MAGDALENE BEARING TIDINGS OF THE RESUR- RECTION

THEN was a task of glory all thine own,
Nobler than e'er the still, small

voice assign'd
To lips in awful music making known

The stormy splendours of some
prophet's mind.

"*Christ is arisen!*"—by thee, to
wake mankind,

First from the sepulchre those words
were brought!

Thou wert to send the mighty
rushing wind

First on its way, with those high
tidings fraught—

"*Christ is arisen!*" Thou, *thou*, the
sin-enthral'd!

Earth's outcast, heaven's own ran-
som'd one, wert call'd

In human hearts to give that
rapture birth:

Oh, raised from shame to brightness!
there doth lie

The tenderest meaning of *His*
ministry,

Whose undespairing love still
own'd the spirit's worth.

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL

THE SACRED HARP

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-

years—
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturb-

ing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the
brain?

Dark, evil wings took flight before
the strain,

And showers of holy quiet, with
its fall,

Sank on the soul. Oh! who may
now recall

The mighty music's consecrated
reign?

Spirit of God! Whose glory once
o'erhung

A throne, the ark's dread cherubim
between,

So let Thy presence brood, though
now unseen,

O'er those two powers by whom the
harp is strung,

Feeling and Thought! till the re-
kindled chords,

Give the long-buried tone back to
immortal words.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE

WHAT household thoughts around
thee, as their shrine,

Cling reverently? Of anxious
looks beguiled,

My mother's eyes upon thy page
divine

Each day were bent—her accents,
gravely mild,

Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a
dreamy child,

Wander'd on breezelike fancies oft
away,

To some lone tuft of gleaming
springflowers wild,

Some fresh-discover'd nook for wood-
land play,

Some secret nest. Yet would the
solemn Word,

At times, with kindlings of young
wonder heard,

Fall on thy waken'd spirit, there to
be

A seed not lost,—for which, in
darker years,

O Book of Heaven! I pour, with
grateful tears,

Heart-blessings on the holy dead
and thee!

REPOSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE

UNDER a palm tree, by the green, old
Nile,

Lull'd on His mother's breast, the
fair child lies,

With dovelike breathings, and a
tender smile

Brooding above the slumber of His
eyes;

While, through the stillness of the
burning skies,

Lo! the dread works of Egypt's
buried kings,

Temple and pyramid, beyond Him
rise, [things.

Regal and still as everlasting
Vain pomps! from Him, with that

pure, flowery cheek,
Soft shadow'd by His mother's

drooping head,
A new-born spirit, mighty, and yet

meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal

air shall spread;
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast

the crown,
Before the suffering and the lowly,

down.

PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS

ALL the bright hues from Eastern
garlands glowing,

Round the young child luxuriantly
are spread;

Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings,
bestowing

In adoration, o'er His cradle shed.
Roses, deep-fill'd with rich mid-

summer's red,
Circle His hands: but, in His grave,

sweet eye,
Thought seems e'en now to wake,

and prophesy [head.
Of ruder coronals for that meek

And thus it was! a diadem of thorn
Earth gave to Him Who mantled

her with flowers;
To Him Who pour'd forth blessings

in soft showers
O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter

scorn!
And *we* repine, for whom that cup

He took,
O'er blooms that mock'd our hope,

o'er idols that forsook!

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST

AN ECCE HOMO BY LEONARDO DA
VINCI

I MET that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and, sinking with a

still'd surprise,

The pride of life, before those
 holy eyes,
 In my quick heart died thoughtfully
 away,
 Abash'd to mute confession of a
 sway
 Awful, though meek. And now
 that, from the strings
 Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's
 mighty wings
 Have struck forth tones which then
 unawaken'd lay ;
 Now that, around the deep life of my
 mind,
 Affections, deathless as itself, have
 twined,
 Oft does the pale, bright vision
 still float by ;
 But more divinely sweet, and speak-
 ing *now*
 Of One Whose pity, throned on that
 sad brow,
 Sounded all depths of love, grief,
 death, humanity !

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in
 whose sight
 Ye grew, fair children ! hallow'd
 from that hour
 By your Lord's blessing. Surely
 thence a shower
 Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted
 light
 Hung on your brows and eyelids,
 meekly bright,
 Through all the after years, which
 saw ye move
 Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
 The conscious glory of the Saviour's
 love !
 And honour'd be all childhood, for
 the sake
 Of that high love ! Let reverential
 care
 Watch to behold the immortal spirit
 wake,
 And shield its first bloom from
 unholy air ;
 Owing, in each young suppliant
 glance, the sign
 Of claim upon a heritage divine.

H.P.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES

He went up to a mountain apart to pray.
 A CHILD 'midst ancient mountains I
 have stood,
 Where the wild falcons make their
 lordly nest
 On high. The spirit of the solitude
 Fell solemnly upon my infant
 breast,
 Though then I pray'd not ; but deep
 thoughts have press'd
 Into my being since it breathed
 that air,
 Nor could I *now* one moment live the
 guest
 Of such dread scenes, without the
 springs of prayer
 O'erflowing all my soul. No minsters
 rise
 Like them in pure communion with
 the skies,
 Vast, silent, open unto night and
 day ;
 So might the o'erburden'd Son of
 Man have felt,
 When, turning where inviolate
 stillness dwelt,
 He sought high mountains, there
 apart to pray.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD

Consider the lilies of the field.

FLOWERS ! when the Saviour's calm,
 benignant eye
 Fell on your gentle beauty—when
 from you
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts
 He drew,
 Eternal, universal, as the sky—
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,
 A voice He set, as in a temple-
 shrine,
 That life's quick travellers ne'er
 might pass you by
 Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle
 divine.
 And though too oft its low, celestial
 sound
 By the harsh notes of work-day Care
 is drown'd,
 And the loud steps of vain, unlisten-
 ing Haste,
 Yet, the great ocean hath no tone
 of power

M M

Mightier to reach the soul, in
thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus
and graced!

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR

And behold the birds of the air.

YE, too, the free and fearless birds of
air,

Were charged that hour, on mission-
ary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas
to bear,

Heaven-guided wanderers, with
the winds of spring.
Sing on, before the storm and after,
sing!

And call us to your echoing woods
away

From worldly cares; and bid our
spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from
your lay.

So may those blessed vernal strains
renew

Childhood, a childhood yet more pure
and true

E'en than the first, within the
awaken'd mind;

While sweetly, joyously, they tell of
life,

That knows no doubts, no question-
ings, no strife,

But hangs upon its God, uncon-
sciously resign'd.

THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON

And he that was dead sat up and began to
speak.

*He that was dead rose up and spoke—
He spoke!*

Was it of that majestic world un-
known?

Those words, which first the bier's
dread silence broke,

Came they with revelation in each
tone?

Were the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness
or sleep,

For man uncurtain'd by that spirit
lone,

Back from their portal summon'd
o'er the deep?

Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of
darkness lay

Still drawn; thy Lord call'd back
the voice departed

To spread His truth, to comfort His
weak-hearted,

Not to reveal the mysteries of its
way.

Oh! take that lesson home in silent
faith,

Put on submissive strength to *meet*,
not *question*, death!

THE OLIVE TREE

THE palm—the vine—the cedar—
each hath power

To bid fair Oriental shapes glance
by;

And each quick glistening of the
laurel bower

Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's
eye.

But thou, pale Olive! in *thy*
branches lie

Far deeper spells than prophet-grove
of old

Might e'er enshrine: I could not
hear thee sigh

To the wind's faintest whisper, nor
behold

One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery
green,

Without high thoughts and solemn,
of that scene

When, in the garden, the Redeemer
pray'd—

When pale stars look'd upon His
fainting head,

And angels, ministering in silent
dread,

Trembled, perchance, within *thy*
trembling shade.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCI- FIXION

ON Judah's hills a weight of darkness
hung,

Felt shudderingly at noon: the
land had driven

A Guest divine back to the gates of
heaven—

A Life, Whence all pure founts of
healing sprung,

All grace, all truth. And when, to
anguish wrung,

From the sharp Cross the enlight-
 ening spirit fled,
 O'er the forsaken earth a pall of
 dread
 By the great shadow of that death
 was flung.
 O Saviour! O Atoner!—Thou that
 fain
 Wouldst make Thy temple in each
 human heart,
 Leave not such darkness in my soul
 to reign;
 Ne'er may Thy presence from its
 depths depart,
 Chased thence by guilt! Oh! turn
 not *Thou* away,
 The bright and Morning Star, my
 guide to perfect day!

PLACES OF WORSHIP

God is a spirit.

SPIRIT! Whose life-sustaining pres-
 ence fills
 Air, ocean, central depths by man
 untried,
 Thou for Thy worshippers hast
 sanctified
 All place, all time! The silence of
 the hills
 Breathes veneration,—founts and
 choral rills
 Of Thee are murmuring,—to its
 inmost glade,
 The living forest with Thy whisper
 thrills,
 And there is holiness in every
 shade.
 Yet must the thoughtful soul of man
 invest
 With dearer consecration those
 pure fanes,
 Which, sever'd from all sound of
 earth's unrest,
 Hear nought but suppliant or
 adoring strains
 Rise heavenward. Ne'er may rock
 or cave possess
 Their claim on human hearts to
 solemn tenderness.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH
PARK

CROWNING a flowery slope, it stood
 alone

In gracious sanctity. A bright rill
 wound,
 Caressingly, about the holy ground;
 And warbled, with a never-dying
 tone,
 Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages
 gone
 Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that
 solemn gleam
 Of tower and cross, pale-quivering
 on the stream,
 O'er all the ancestral woodlands to be
 thrown—
 And something yet more deep. The
 air was fraught
 With noble memories, whispering
 many a thought
 Of England's fathers: loftily
 serene,
 They that had toil'd, watch'd,
 struggled, to secure,
 Within such fabrics, worship free
 and pure,
 Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing
 spirit of the scene.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES

BLESSINGS be round it still! that
 gleaming fane,
 Low in its mountain glen! Old,
 mossy trees
 Mellow the sunshine through the
 untinted pane;
 And oft, borne in upon some fitful
 breeze,
 The deep sound of the ever-pealing
 seas,
 Filling the hollows with its anthem-
 tone,
 There meets the voice of psalms!
 Yet not alone
 For memories lulling to the heart as
 these,
 I bless thee, 'midst thy rocks, grey
 house of prayer!
 But for *their* sakes who unto thee
 repair
 From the hill-cabins and the ocean-
 shore.
 Oh! may the fisher and the moun-
 taineer
 Words to sustain earth's toiling
 children hear,
 Within thy lowly walls, for ever-
 more!

LOUISE SCHEPLER

[Louise Schepler was the faithful servant and friend of the pastor Oberlin. The last letter addressed by him to his children for their perusal after his decease, affectingly commemorates her unwearied zeal in visiting and instructing the children of the mountain hamlets, through all seasons, and in all circumstances of difficulty and danger.]

A FEARLESS journeyer o'er the mountain snow

Wert thou, Louise! The sun's decaying light

Oft, with its latest, melancholy glow,
Redden'd thy steep, wild way:
the starry night

Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,

Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell

Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,

Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright

Oft in mid-storms—oh! not with beauty's eye,

Nor the proud glance of genius keenly burning;

No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!

Thy spell was *love*—the mountain deserts turning

To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice

When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice!

TO THE SAME

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,

Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,

Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,

A wild, neglected flock! to seek, and find,

And meekly win! there feeding each young mind

With balms of heavenly eloquence: not *thine*,

Daughter of Christ! but His, Whose love divine

Its own clear spirit in thy breast had shrined,

A burning light! Oh! beautiful, in truth,

Upon the mountains are the feet of those

Who bear His tidings! From thy morn of youth,

For this were all thy journeyings; and the close

Of that long path, heaven's own bright Sabbath-rest,

Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy Saviour's breast.

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